MAN'S MAGAZINE

a psychiatrist reveals
YOUR WIFE'S SECRET SEX THOUGHTS

"MY WAR WITH MEXICO"
BOAT CAPTAIN BATTLES HIGH-SEA PIRACY

BOOK BONUS
THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP EVERYONE HATED

THE DEATH HOUSE
Ordeal of a Convict's Last Days

NOVEMBER 35c

INVASION!
The Heroic Combat Story of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

CRIMINOLOGY

HOW TO DETECT MURDER

This good one-volume course will help you train to be a detective. Includes valuable examination questions and answers. These lessons are arranged for men who want to qualify for professional work in criminology. Also of enormous value to detectives and investigators, sheriffs, guardians and any law enforcement official. This valuable **up-to-date** instruction on criminal investigation may be your ticket to advantage by lawyers, detective story writers, etc. Complete, only **$6.95.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today by circling **No. 10** in coupon below.

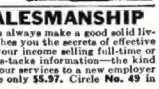
REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

Train yourself for a profitable career in this booming profession! Practical lessons on appraisals, valuations, management, investments, real estate operating low-cost housing, the law on real estate transactions including legal forms, salesmanship, etc. Strictly up-to-date! Complete price only **$10.95.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Circle **No. 31** in coupon.

MONEY-MAKING SALESMANSHIP

GOOD salesmen are always wanted and can always make a good solid living. This fine up-to-date short course teaches you the secrets of effective salesmanship. Shows you how to increase your income selling full-time or spare time. Very practical step-by-step brass-tacks information—the kind you can bank! Also shows you how to sell your services to a new employer and get the best deal for yourself. Full price only **$5.97.** Circle **No. 49** in coupon.

SIGN PAINTING



Teaches you commercial sign painting and sign building as it is being done TODAY in leading shops all over the country. A good practical course for self-instruction. Shows latest methods of doing truck lettering, office doors, wood lettering, reflecting signs, plastics, sprayed signs, gold leaf, silk screen process, alphabets, etc. Includes money-making business information. Full price only **$5.95.** Satisfaction guaranteed! Just circle **No. 101** in coupon.

SHOW CARD WRITING

Practical training for beginners and tricks-of-the-trade for those already in the field. Very complete teaching plan takes you through each step of the lettering business. You learn at home in your own show card studio successfully. Tells you where and how to begin in this field, teaches alphabets, layout, spacing, color application, etc. All fully illustrated with actual commercial work as practical examples. Complete price only **$5.95.** Circle **No. 102** in the coupon. Satisfaction or refund!

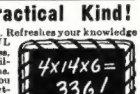
COMPLETE SLIDE RULE MANUAL

Only **$3.97**

Self-Instruction text with logarithmic tables, including 10-place tables. Explains practical use of the slide rule for all purposes as employed by draftsmen, engineers, electricians, mechanics, businessmen, merchants, etc. Shows you how to solve nearly all problems with ease, speed, accuracy. Price only **$3.97.** Order "Complete Slide Rule Manual." Circle **No. 104** in coupon below. Satisfaction or refund.

MATHEMATICS—The Practical Kind!

Valuable self-instruction text for ready reference. Refreshes your knowledge of common everyday figuring . . . the USEFUL kind of mathematics used regularly in business, trades, professions. Includes many interesting illustrations and helpful worked-out problems. These practical self-teaching lessons show you step-by-step the easiest and quickest ways of getting right answers to ALL problems. Answers included. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Full price, only **$4.95.** Circle **No. 109** in coupon.



How to Mix COLORS and PAINTS

Expert up-to-date information for interior decorators, house painters, artists and craftsmen. Full list of easy-to-follow formulas. Extra color charts included. Also includes full information on white lead, paint oils, thinners, driers, paint mixing methods, color theories, matching secrets, aluminum paints, color harmony, color schemes, etc. Newest edition. Price only **$4.49.** Order "Colors & Paints." Circle **No. 105** in coupon below. Satisfaction or money back!

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE SERVICING

Practical guide to job and business success in this BIG and important new field. Illustrated how-to-do-it information on repairing all common household appliances: food mixers, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, ironers, roasters, waffle irons, chimes, percolators toasters, etc. Valuable self-instruction lessons for the handy man who wants information fast and hates to waste time! Full price only **$4.97.** Circle **No. 103** in coupon.

Learn SHEET METAL WORK

Virtually a self-instruction course complete in one handy volume. Practical, usable information on pattern drafting and construction work, in light and heavy gauge metal, including sky-lights, roofing cornice work, patterns for forced air furnaces, etc. Air conditioning is creating wonderful opportunities for ambitious men in the sheet metal field. This big illustrated treatise is the latest revised edition! Price only **$4.47.** Satisfaction or refund. Circle **No. 106** in the coupon.

The HUMAN BODY!

Teaches you how your body is constructed, how it works. Big 640-page course explains EVERY part of the body with hundreds of excellent illustrations. Learn about your nervous system, blood pressure, sex and reproduction, stomach, heart, lungs, digestion, muscles, brain, skin, the five senses, etc. Only **$4.98.** Satisfaction or refund. Circle **No. 107** in coupon below.

HANDYMAN'S CYCLOPEDIA

SHOWS YOU HOW TO SAVE HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AROUND YOUR HOME EVERY YEAR! Like having a dependable hired man around your place 24 hours each day. Tells everything . . . shows everything . . . repairing, remodeling, modernizing . . . carpentry, painting, decorating . . . plumbing, heating, electric wiring and appliance repairing, furniture repairs, etc. Wonderfully illustrated—every operation pictured! Will save you trouble and money . . . and will make you the smartest handy man on your street. Full price only **$4.97.** Satisfaction or refund. Circle **No. 114** in coupon.

IT'S EASY TO ORDER

In coupon draw a circle around the number of each course you want us to send you. Print your name and full address clearly, then mail coupon right away. Send full payment with your order and we'll prepay all postage charges—on C.O.D. shipments you pay charges. Satisfaction or refund guaranteed . . . you take no risk.

FREE!! Select two or more courses from this page and we will include an **EXTRA** educational item as a special bonus . . . without any additional cost to you! You may **keep** this excellent Dividend Item, as your own, even should you send back for refund the courses you order. We reserve the right to withdraw this unusual offer when present limited stock is gone. Don't lose out—**mail coupon today!**

NELSON-HALL CO., *(Established 1909)*
210 S. Clinton St., Dept. LS-125, Chicago 6, Ill.

How to Have a BETTER HOUSE

How to Build . . . Buy . . . Remodel

A priceless guide for prospective owners! Tells you in detail how to plan a new house from selection of the lot to arrangement of the furniture. Gives you a wealth of practical help on improvements and remodeling jobs, instructs you on the art of getting the most or your money—how to select an architect, builder, contractor, material dealer. How to finance at lowest cost. Includes actual photographs and floor plans! Price only **$4.95.** Satisfaction or refund. Circle **No. 116** in coupon.

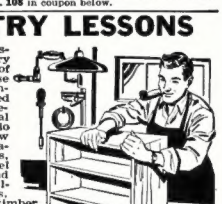
WORRY AND NERVOUSNESS

Do you have the jitters? Are you being worn down by nervous fatigue? Sometimes overanxious and irritable? Let a famous physician give you secrets that will help you develop calm, quiet confidence. When your nervous system behaves you'll sleep better, feel more rested and live a more satisfying life. Price only **$3.97.** Circle **No. 61** in coupon.

PLUMBING Made EASY

Practical one-volume short course. Written especially for the beginner in the trade and for the handy man homeowner. Shows you how to plan, install, maintain common plumbing systems economically and without violating regulations. Everything you want to know simply explained and well illustrated. Includes details on traps, drains, vents, stacks, water supply, valves, pipe fitting, joints, hot water supply, care, emergency repairing, etc. Latest printing! Price only **$2.98.** Satisfaction or your money back. Circle **No. 108** in coupon below.

CARPENTRY LESSONS



Fully explains and illustrates practically every step from selection of proper tools, how to use them, and how to do hundreds of kinds of finished jobs. Will instruct the beginner and the practical home-owner in how to do professional work. Show you through clear illustrations how to hang doors, sharpen tools, use steel square, make window and door frames, floor and ceiling work, boxing, siddings, roofing, screens, heavy timber framing and reinforcing, how to use power tools, etc. Full price only **$4.98.** New edition. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order "Carpentry." Circle **No. 110** in coupon.

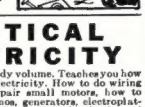
STEEL SQUARE

Complete practical study of the steel square and how to use it. Teaches you which of your craft problems can be solved by a steel square—and shows you step by step how to solve them! Valuable to anyone in the building trades as well as the practical home-owner who wants to do professional-looking work. Hundreds of helpful illustrations. Full price only **$3.97.** Circle **No. 111** in coupon.

CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION

Complete illustrated instructions! Teaches you the best methods—as used TODAY. Including proper procedure for building forms and pouring concrete. Details on materials to use and how to mix different kinds of concrete. You'll learn the tricks-of-the-trade for doing sidewalks, driveways, steps, etc. What tools to use and how to use them; how to make columns, walls, etc. Price is only **$4.95.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Circle **No. 113** in coupon below.

REFRIGERATION



Practical service manual—like a self-instruction course—teaches you the newest professional methods of repairing and taking care of electric refrigerators and refrigeration systems. Up-to-date! Complete price only **$3.97.** Circle **No. 119** in coupon.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICITY

A short course in one handy volume. Teaches you how to understand and use electricity. How to do wiring for lights and power, repair small motors, how to work on circuits, dynamos, generators, electroplating, heating, etc. Simple enough for beginners! Price **$3.95.** Circle **No. 115** in coupon.

SPRAY PAINTING

A real good how-to-do-it text! For both industrial and Commercial use. These practical instructions teach the fundamental principles of spraying technique, together with the latest developments and practice of this craft. Arranged as a self-instruction course for sprayagum operators in industrial concerns and commercial studios such as sign shops, interior and exterior decoration, etc. Includes excellent sections on flock and suede finishes, automobile work, etc. Unusually complete and well illustrated! Full price, only **$4.97** postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Order "Spray Painting." Circle **No. 122** in coupon at bottom of page.

MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE

Unusually complete study of all the standard operations performed on lathe, drill press, shaper, planer, milling machine, grinding machine, etc. Also includes practical information on layouts, measurements and the use of machinists' hand tools. Shows you step-by-step how to read a blueprint. How to do practical machine shop work. Full price only **$4.95** postpaid. Satisfaction or your money back. Circle **No. 121** in coupon below.

PAINTING & DECORATING Complete Cyclopedia

ONLY **$4.98**

Professionals in the trade use this handy one-volume course as a reference to keep abreast with the latest methods. But it is written so simply and illustrated so thoroughly that the average home-owner and beginner in the trade finds the lessons easy to understand and practical to follow. You will find everything from A to Z at your finger-tips—nothing left for you to guess at.

347 STEP-BY-STEP ILLUSTRATIONS!

Shows you how to do ceilings, with paint, paper, whitewash, calcimine, etc.; shows you how to do floors and steps; how to do walls, inside and outside; what tools to use, what materials you need, how to prepare surfaces to simplify your work, how to stain, paint, varnish, marble, enamel, fume; complete detailed instructions on how to do a thousand and one jobs! Full price only **$4.98** postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circle **No. 123** in coupon.

ROOF FRAMING

Practical self-instruction course complete in one handy volume. Teaches you the how-to-do-it steps as well as the important underlying principles. Hundreds of specially-made illustrations guide you. Here is expert, up-to-date training for the experienced carpenter as well as the practical handyman interested in all kinds of roof framing. Full price, only **$4.95.** Satisfaction or refund guaranteed. Circle **No. 117** in coupon.

HEATING, COOLING and AIR CONDITIONING

Especially prepared by experts *for the amateur.* Combined reference manual and instruction text. Ideal for the home-owner, as well as the ambitious man who wants to get into these fine growing trades. Illustrated practical information on how to select, install and operate all standard types of equipment. Contains extra section on radiant heating. Very valuable one-volume course! New revised edition. Price only **$4.98** postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circle **No. 120** in coupon.

Blacksmithing & Horseshoeing

Useful instruction fresh from the anvil. Written by a successful, working blacksmith—not a school teacher. Here is the everyday how-to-do-it information you need on shop equipment, tools, methods of horseshoeing, Wagon wheels and axle repair. Plowshares, hardening, pointing, sharpening, setting. Boiler work, Hoisting hooks. Horse diseases and treatments, etc. Good clear helpful illustrations. Full price only **$3.97** postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed! Circle **No. 118** in coupon.

PAPER HANGING

Self-Instruction Text—Only $3.97

Thoroughly illustrated, step-by-step, one-volume course for self-instruction. Simple enough for the average home-owner. Each job, each step is explained in detail. Easy to follow and get perfect results.

Teaches you about paste-table work, hanging patterns, hanging side-wall and ceiling paper, hanging panel paper, etc. Complete price only **$3.97.** Satisfaction or refund. Just circle **No. 124** in the coupon below.

PROSTATE GLAND DISORDER

World-famous specialist explains in ordinary language the kinds of prostatic ailments and discusses causes and methods of treatment. "I do not wish to emphasize, however," he says, "that in a large number of instances prostatic enlargement can be prevented." Helpful and interesting! Only **$4.95.** Order "Prostate Gland Disorder." **No. 25** in coupon below.

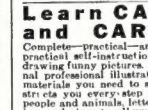
DIESEL ENGINES

Not technical—written for the average mechanically-minded man. Practical instructions on the care, operation and adjustment of all common Diesel engines. Excellent sections on the principles and construction of Diesel engines—and also the care and operation of electrical power equipment in connection with Diesel engines. Very complete and helpful lessons! Hundreds of illustrations. Full price only **$4.95.** Circle **No. 126** in coupon.

FINGERPRINTING

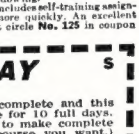
Well-illustrated simplified course in one handy volume. Teaches you the science of reading, classifying and indentifying fingerprints. Includes many sample prints enlarged for easy study. Also includes questions and answers for self-instruction! Full price only **$3.97.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Circle **No. 127** in coupon.

MAKE MONEY WRITING!



How to write short articles, fillers, brief paragraphs, how-to stuff, etc. You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. This excellent one-volume course tells you exactly what to write, where and how to sell it, how to put across your short salable ideas in the right way so that editors will send you lots of checks, regularly. Complete, only **$3.95.** Circle **No. 60** in coupon.

Learn CARTOONING and CARICATURING



Complete—practical—and easy-to follow. A good short practical self-instruction course in earning and drawing funny pictures. Contains more than 100 original professional illustrations! Tells you exactly what materials you need to start with. Then carefully instructs you every step of the way through drawing people and animals, lettering, shading and shadowing. Includes self-training assignment to help you improve your techniques more quickly. An excellent how and where to sell your drawings, etc. One-volume course! Full price only **$4.95.** Just circle **No. 125** in coupon below.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

NELSON-HALL COMPANY, Dept. LS-125, 210 South Clinton Street, Chicago 6, Ill.

Please rush me the practical concentrated courses I have circled below. I understand each is complete and this is the full price, nothing more for me to pay. I have the right to examine everything you send me for 10 full days. Then if I am not more than satisfied in every way I will return the material and you **guarantee** to make complete immediate refund, without question or quibble. (Draw a circle around the number of each course you want.)

10	**25**	**31**	**49**	**60**	**61**	**101**	**102**	**103**	**104**	**105**
106	**107**	**108**	**109**	**110**	**111**	**113**	**114**	**115**	**116**	**117**
118	**119**	**120**	**121**	**122**	**123**	**124**	**125**	**126**	**127**	**128**

☐ I enclose $..... in full payment. Ship entirely postpaid.
☐ Ship C.O.D. for $..... plus postage.

☐ Check here if above order is for two or more numbers. In this case we send you, **without extra charge,** a fine, educational volume as a bonus. You'll be delighted with this excellent gift. And it is yours to keep, free, even if you return the courses after inspection. MAIL this coupon NOW—this special bonus offer is subject to cancellation when our present stock runs out.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY STATE

DON'T JUST SIT THERE!

Ever see a man get to first base in his job and then "die"?

He camps there, waiting for something or someone else to advance him. And all too often, he just waits . . . and waits . . . and waits.

In the competitive game of business and industry, it's every man for himself. You advance on your own. And the best way to get ahead is to make yourself better qualified than the next guy.

But how? For the man with a family to support, a job to hold down, there's no more sensible method than spare-time training with I.C.S.

It's convenient! It's fast! It's low in cost! *And it works!*

Give us the chance to prove this and we'll send you three helpful and valuable books—*free!* We'll demonstrate the I.C.S. method with a sample lesson—we'll show you in an illustrated catalog how quickly and thoroughly you can master any of 259 courses. And you'll get the rewarding career guidebook, "How to Succeed."

Don't just sit there! Mark and mail the coupon!

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.** **Accredited Member, National Home Study Council**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 19015J, SCRANTON 15, PENNA. (Partial list of 259 courses)

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED" and the opportunity booklet about the field BEFORE which I have marked X (plus sample lesson):

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING CONSTRUCTION
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing and Designing
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP
- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION
- ☐ General Electronics Tech.
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD
- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
- ☐ Throwing
- ☐ Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Worsted Manufacturing

Name_____ Age_____ Home Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____ Working Hours_____ A.M. to P.M._____

Occupation_____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

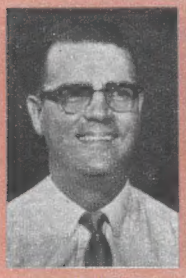
man's corner

I'VE run into trouble," wrote Van Hetherly, who covers Texas for MAN'S. Hetherly had been assigned to find out what really was going on between U.S. shrimpers working the Gulf and the Mexicans. There was evidence of high-sea piracy and even bloodshed.

"I contacted," Hetherly's report continued, "the Texas Shrimp Association and asked how I could interview the shrimp captains involved in the 'war.' The Association refused to give me the information and urged me to abandon the story altogether. They contended that the shrimpers wouldn't talk anyway.

"But I think they will talk," Hetherly added.

"I'm trying to find Capt. Tom Wilson, who has an outstanding yarn. He had



HETHERLY

WILSON

a boat confiscated by the Mexicans, was shot and captured after a sea chase and held for a time in Mexico.

"As soon as I can locate him and set up an interview, I'll be off to Brownsville (350-mile hop from Van's home base of Houston)," he promised.

With typical bird-dog tenacity — evident in other Hetherly-gathered stories ("They Call Me a Collaborator," "Flash Flood!" "Lost on the Sahara") — Van kept writing, phoning and driving to Brownsville until he nabbed his man.

Capt. Wilson did talk, and when he got through, MAN'S had a lead story. "My War with Mexico" (page 9) reveals not only Mexican intimidation of U.S. vessels in international waters but also the debatable policy of the State Department — to refrain from calling our Latin neighbor to task for overt acts of piracy.

The right of Americans — and all peoples — to use the waters outside the territorial limits of a nation are at stake. Also America's reputation.

Read Capt. Wilson's story, written in collaboration with Van Hetherly, and see if you don't think it's time Uncle Sam went into action.

— Phil Hirsch

MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Pyramid Publication

Editor ..... PHIL HIRSCH
Art Director ..... ROLF ERIKSON
Associate Editors ..... F. G. BYRNE, MORTON ROSS, GROVER PEET
Outdoor Editor ..... B. DALRYMPLE
Art Associate ..... ALLEN BELLMAN

CONTENTS NOVEMBER, 1958 VOL. 6, NO. 11

EXCLUSIVE

"MY WAR WITH MEXICO" ..... Captain Tom Wilson 9
"Mexican piracy's gone too far. For proof, I'll show you the bullet hole in my back! Uncle Sam says, 'Keep it hushed,' but everyone should know the truth about the war of the shrimp boats."

YOUR WIFE'S SECRET SEX THOUGHTS ..... Shailer Upton Lawton, M.D. 22
In a frank, realistic article, this noted psychiatrist-author says: "If you understood her intimate yearnings, then you would have the key to permanent marital bliss."

ADVENTURE

MERCY FLIGHT ..... Michael Gladych 20
Somewhere beyond that brutal storm, an airman lay dying. . . .

"GET THE REBEL BUTCHER" ..... Stepan Wolf 24
His growing guerrilla army kept 70,000 U.S. troops pinned down.

THE INCREDIBLE TREK ..... Grover Peet 32
He vowed to reach the Pole despite Nature's "arctic strangle hold."

FIVE-MAN INVASION OF VENTOTENE ..... Stan Smith 40
Doug Fairbanks leading a real D-Day commando raid.

GLAMOUR

MAN'S DISCOVERS LINDA ..... photographs by Hugh Bell 38
Her kingdom for a horse — a winning one!

PERSONALITY

HOLLYWOOD'S TOUGHEST ACTOR ..... Mark Sufrin 35
A fluke changed him from a penniless soldier of fortune to a star.

CRIME

CASE OF THE SEXY SALVATIONIST ..... Dick Halvorsen 28
Wrapped in a filmy nightgown, she preached to stir-crazy cons.

THE DEATH HOUSE ..... Martin Haver 14
How it feels to face every murderer's nightmare: the chair.

FICTION

THE ONLY TIME ..... Chandler Brossard 12
Bobo found Marie sexy, but I latched on to better stuff — her jewels!

HUMOR

THE NERVE OF IRV ..... cartoons by Irving Roir 30
This longshoreman's ship came in!

BOOK BONUS

THE CHAMPION EVERYONE HATED ..... Tony Van Den Bergh 16
He had a punch like the kick of a mule, knew more ring generalship than any man in the brutal game. But the color of his skin and the quirks in his personality made boxing fans despise him.

DEPARTMENTS

MAN'S CORNER 4
OUTDOOR MAN 52
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 6
SHOPPING WITH MAN'S 72

Publishers ALFRED PLAINE • MATTHEW HUTTNER

cover painting by TOM RYAN

MAN'S MAGAZINE is published monthly by ALMAT PUBLISHING CORP., 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1958 by ALMAT PUBLISHING CORP.

Vol. 6, No. 11; November, 1958. Price: 35c per copy; subscription rate: $4.20 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. National advertising representative: SPACE ASSOCIATES, 228 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Make More Money Soon Fixing Electric Appliances

Actual Lesson FREE

Fast Growing Field Offers Good Pay, Security Interesting Work

Over 40 Years Experience Backs Up NRI Training

Learn at Home in Spare Time

Earn more money. Enjoy doing important, interesting work. Learn Electrical Appliance Servicing. This is a field of increasing opportunity. Today there is an average of 8 appliances in every wired home. More than eighty million additional appliances, valued at about 8 billion dollars sold in one year. Find out more about this great, growing field. Find out how NRI can train you, at home and in spare time to be an Appliance Service Technician. See how you can start soon to make extra money servicing appliances.

Add to Your Income Soon After Enrollment

Opportunities Increasing for Service Technicians

NRI Training is practical, thorough. You get easy-to-understand lessons, *and* NRI supplies parts to build professional type Multi-Use Tester. Use it to get practical experience. Soon, you can add to your income by servicing appliances. Build a profitable *sideline* for your spare time—qualify for a good job—develop a business and be your own boss. As an Appliance Service Technician, your opportunities are broad—your services wanted, gladly paid for, highly regarded in your community.

Appliances are necessary to comfortable, convenient living. Owners pay well to keep them in repair. The field is amazingly big. In addition to major appliances such as electric ranges, air conditioners, refrigerators, there are over 40,000,000 electric irons, 5,000,000 electric blankets, 15,000,000 coffee makers, plus more millions of vacuum cleaners, fans, toasters, mixers, etc.

Find Out What Appliance Repair Offers You

Learn and Earn With Tester Diploma When You Finish

Locate appliance troubles easily with Portable Appliance Tester you build. You use it to learn and do actual electric appliance repair jobs. For only $3.00 with enrollment and $6 per month, get training including Tester—a small price to pay for increased earnings. Mail coupon for Sample Lesson and Book—your first step toward more interesting work, bigger earnings. **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. E7M8 , Washington 16, D. C.**

Mail Coupon FOR LESSON AND BOOK FREE

National Radio Institute
Dept. E7M8 Washington 16, D. C.

Please send me Electric Appliance Servicing Lesson and Book FREE. (I understand no salesman will call.)

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS ...

Address: Letters Editor, MAN'S MAGAZINE, 444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

post script

Gentlemen:

Thank you for the fine presentation of my article, "Coming In with Two Motors Gone" (July).

I thought you might be interested to know that the stricken aircraft's commander, Major Samuel Tyson, has been selected as the first recipient of the Kolligian Trophy. The award is presented annually to the pilot or aircrew member who most successfully coped with an emergency during flight. The trophy has been donated to the Air Force in memory of First Lieutenant Koren Kolligian Jr., missing on a 1955 T-33 flight off the coast of California.

Major Tyson had previously been awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross, the Aviation Valor Award and the Special Public Service Award from Mutual of Omaha in recognition of his feat.

Glen Infield
Beaver Falls, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I am an ardent reader of MAN'S MAGAZINE and it really paid off when I read "Coming In with Two Motors Gone" (July). To my surprise the co-pilot, Lieutenant Gene D. Lambert, a very close friend of mine with whom I lost contact about two years ago, is mentioned.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could send me his address.

Lt. Robert L. LeMaster 04005819
7th Combat Aviation Co.
APO 7
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Someone just showed me a copy of your magazine, with an article about Major Tyson's flight of a Boeing Stratocruiser on two engines.

It so happens that I was a crew member on that flight, and since most of the 10 crew members have families and are keeping a scrapbook on this event for their youngsters, I wonder if you would be so good as to forward me a few dozen clippings of the article, so that I can distribute them among the crew.

S/Sgt. Ted Tluck
55th AirTransSqdn
Travis AFB, Calif.

crime school

Dear Editor:

"I'm Trapped in the Blackboard Jungle," (July), by Timothy Boylan, was both shocking and horrible. It (the school) was well described as a $4,000,000 building known for "rowdyism, riot and revolt."

. . . There is no excuse for any school permitting confusion, disorder and criminal activities in classrooms, or on school facilities, when we have police departments whose responsibility it is to see that such activities are properly policed for the welfare of all concerned. . . . Law and order should be maintained even if it becomes necessary to have a police officer present in each room.

Harold W. Loomis
Fairfax, Va.

gay men

Dear Editor:

I read with interest Martin Haver's article, "Nightmare World of the Gay Men" (August). It is pretty well done but leads an intellectual who has studied the problem of homosexuality in the U. S. to wonder.

Because of age-old superstitions regarding homosexuals, law officers, parents and some psychiatrists believe they are misfits, degenerates or at least psychos. Yet the world has always had its share of such people. They have contributed much to culture and are often among the best citizens.

. . . The problem besetting American homosexuals is mainly one of guilt — the unfortunate homosexual, otherwise perfectly normal, being made a scapegoat and a despicable thing. Actually, what the homosexual individual does harms society less than relations between the sexes out of wedlock, authorities claim.

Joe M. Portal
Aumsville, Oreg.

end result

Dear Editor:

Please accept my thanks for turning up evidence against unscrupulous funeral parlor directors ("Great Funeral Shakedown Racket," April). Probably the only way to stymie them at present is for the individual to will his or her body to a medical school.

D. B. Chamberlain
Los Angeles, Calif.

letter of the law

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate receiving four back issues of MAN'S MAGAZINE dated August, 1957, Volume 5, No. 8.

Harold E. Hegstrom, Warden
Federal Correctional Institution
Danbury, Conn.

facts of life

Dear Sir:

I read "The Facts of Life," by Shailer Upton Lawton, in the May issue.

He mentioned a book, *A Doctor's Marital Guide for Patients.*

I wonder if you could send me information on how to obtain this book, or another which would give marital instructions.

I have no problems, but think that a book of this nature would be very beneficial to my wife and me.

Howard Updyke
Fort Benning, Ga.

Gentlemen:

. . . My own doctor never heard of it.

Can you tell me where or how I can obtain the book?

A. A. Luther
Milwaukee, Wis.

● ***A Doctor's Marital Guide for Patients*** **is published by Budlong Press, 5428 N. Virginia Ave., Chicago 25, Ill., but available only through doctors. — Ed.**

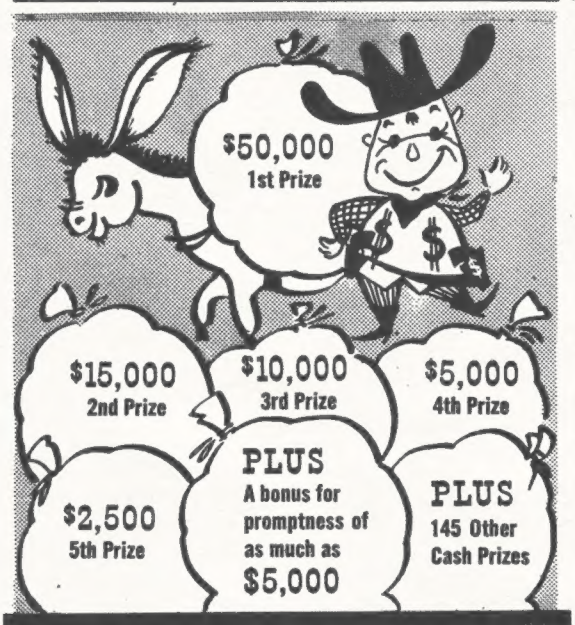
ENTER NATIONAL BOOK CLUB'S

$100,000.00

YES! ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

CASH

"GOLD RUSH" GAME



NATIONAL BOOK CLUB, INC.,
BOX 110 GLEN COVE, N. Y.

JUST FOR SOLVING "GOLD RUSH" PICTURE PUZZLES YOU CAN WIN A FORTUNE IN CASH!

SAMPLE PUZZLE

The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Gold Rush Names!

- ☐ Jesse James
- ☐ Bret Harte
- ☐ Mark Twain
- ☐ John Adams

T	W	A	I	N

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying MARK, and he also mentions the word WAY. The letter "T" and the letter "N" appear. What else can the answer be but MARK TWAIN?

PUZZLE NO. ONE

The Correct Answer is ONE Of These Gold Rush Names!

- ☐ Billy Sunday
- ☐ Robert Fulton
- ☐ Kit Carson
- ☐ Cotton Mather

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!

Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them? You should be able to . . . because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful GOLD RUSH Game . . . offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure . . . *and* a chance at any one of 150 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00! There's no red tape when you enter . . . no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a *quick action* contest!

All prizes paid promptly in full. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous promptness bonus award of as much as $5,000.00 along with the First Prize of $50,000.00 . . . a grand first prize total of $55,000.00 . . . one of the largest cash first prizes ever offered in puzzle contests!

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY

IN 4 YEARS $223,000.00 AWARDED FROM NATIONAL BOOK CLUB CONTESTS

In just 4 years, National Book Club contests have awarded $223,000.00 in prizes! That's a whale of a lot of money! But this new National Book Club game, with its additional $100,000.00 in prizes, will boost that grand total to an amazing $323,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada, or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest . . . including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full, IN CASH!

Paste Your Answer-Coupon On Postcard or Mail In Envelope

MAIL COUPON TODAY — **Give Yourself A Chance To Win $5,000.00 PROMPTNESS AWARD**

National Book Club, Inc. Box 110 Glen Cove, N. Y. 428

My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is: **(PLEASE PRINT)**

I want full particulars about the National Book Club's $100,000.00 "Gold Rush" Game. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

Name_____

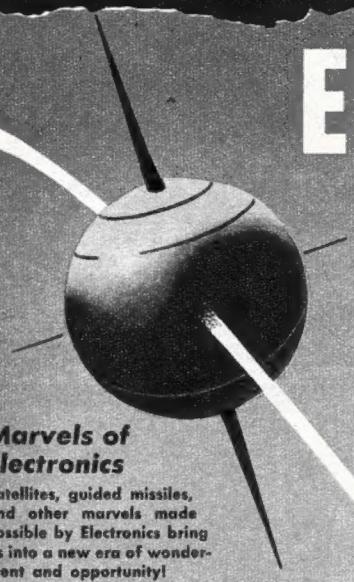
Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

FREE FACTS FOR MEN 17–55!

Prepare In Spare Time For Profitable Jobs In . . .

ELECTRONICS



GUIDED MISSILES

TELEVISION — RADAR — MICRO-WAVES, ETC.

No Advanced Education or Previous Technical Experience Required!

A man doesn't even have to know how to splice a lamp cord or use a soldering iron to be eligible to prepare in his spare time at home to enter the big opportunity field of Electronics. As a result, many laborers and bookkeepers, store clerks, shop men, farmers, and men of nearly every calling—have taken the DeVry Tech program, and today have good jobs or service shops of their own in Electronics.

Marvels of Electronics

Satellites, guided missiles, and other marvels made possible by Electronics bring us into a new era of wonderment and opportunity!

Employment Service

Puts you in touch with job opportunities—or helps you toward a better position in the plant where you are now employed.

Draft Age?

We have valuable information for every man of draft age; so if you are subject to military service, be sure to check the coupon.

KEEP YOUR JOB!

As you train for a good opportunity that pays real money in Electronics, you won't have to interfere with your present job. Your chances of preparing to enter Electronics need not be held back because of the job you hold today. Send coupon for full facts!

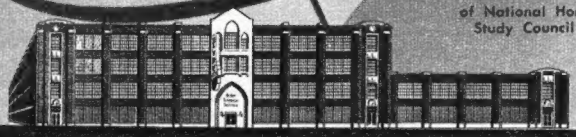
Prepare *NOW*

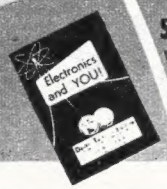
At Home or at our Chicago or Toronto Laboratories!

Use part of the income from the job you have today to prepare at home for a highly interesting and profitable career tomorrow! Or, come to Chicago or Toronto and train full time in well-equipped laboratories. It is probably easier than you think. Send coupon for FREE FACTS!

"One of North America's Foremost Electronics Training Centers"

Accredited Member of National Home Study Council





Sample Booklet FREE!

We'll give you a free copy of an interesting booklet, "Electronics and YOU." See for yourself how you may take advantage of the opportunities in this fast-growing field.

DeVRY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE
4141 Belmont Ave., Chicago 41, Ill., Dept. MM-11-0

Please give me your FREE booklet, "Electronics and YOU," and tell me how I may prepare to enter one or more branches of Electronics.

Name _____ Age ____
PLEASE PRINT

Street _____ Apt. ____

City _____ Zone ____ State ____

☐ Check here if subject to Military Training.

DeVry Tech's Canadian Training Center is located at
2033 626 Roselawn Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario

DeVRY TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

CHICAGO 41, ILLINOIS

Formerly DeFOREST'S TRAINING, INC.

Customs and Health officials assist the wounded author on his arrival at Brownsville, Texas, airport after flight from Tampico.

MY WAR WITH MEXICO

"Mexican piracy has gone too far. If you want proof, I'll show you the bullet hole in my back! Government and shrimp industry officials tell me, 'Keep it hushed,' but I think it's a damn disgrace—and high time everybody knew what's really happening in the war of the shrimp boats."

by Capt. TOM WILSON with VAN HETHERLY

IT SOUNDED like hail, the bullets peppering off the steel hull of the *Pescador*.

Pedro burst into the wheelhouse. "They're shooting at us!" he shouted incredulously.

Juan followed him inside, and my two crewmen huddled, trembling, against the bulkhead.

"Keep your heads down or you'll get 'em shot off," I snapped, then edged out on deck to get a better look.

The sunset glowed red on the gunboat, slicing through the rolling Gulf swells about 300 yards away. Four Mexican riflemen stood on deck, methodically squeezing off a barrage of lead. Their bullets ricocheted off the *Pescador* with a screaming whine.

"Why they single us out?" Pedro said when I stumbled back into the wheelhouse. "There's 15, 20 boats inshore of us."

continued on next page

"That's easy," I said bitterly. "They know we got more shrimp aboard than any of the others. They have plans for us just like they had for the *Valiant*."

I didn't have to spell it out for Pedro. He knew all about the *Valiant*. Less than four months before, almost at this very spot in the Gulf of Mexico, the Mexican gunboat *Blas Godinez* swooped down on that hapless U.S. shrimp trawler, hauled vessel and crew into Tampico, lodged a trumped-up charge of illegal fishing and held them for a ransom of $1,200. The owners paid the fine under protest. They got their boat back but the Mexicans stole the nets, equipment and cargo of shrimp—a total haul worth more than $3,000, not to mention loss of fuel and fishing time.

Now they figured to add me to their list. My brother Lloyd, captain of the *Joyce Carinhas*, had loaded his catch onto my boat the night before. The Mexicans must have monitored our radios and learned that I had a double catch aboard. That made us a prime target for another act of Mexican piracy.

"Now you two get out of here," I yelled at my crewmen. "Back to the galley and hug that deck till I call you."

The two men ducked out of the wheelhouse and slithered back to the galley in a half crouch. And then it was just me and the gunboat and the whining slugs.

● ● ●

At 6:15 that evening of November 12, 1956, as I had eased into deeper water off the east coast of Mexico for a night of fishing, the master of the nearby shrimp trawler, *Captain Mac*, radioed that the Mexican gunboat G-28 had stopped him. I didn't give it a thought. We were well outside Mexico's nine-mile limit. Not even when I saw the G-28 headed in my direction did it worry me. He flew no colors, made no sign that he wanted me to stop. Then the crackling rifles and the singing slugs split the clear evening air . . . and I began to worry.

Quickly I scanned the area. Pedro was right. A good 15 U.S. shrimp trawlers lay between us and the Mexican coast near the mouth of the Soto La Marina River. And even they were outside the nine-mile limit. I was sure of it.

We'd taken a thorough fix that afternoon. Our fathometer showed we were in 25 fathoms of water, which alone indicated that we were well outside Mexican waters. But we'd been more thorough. We'd run a triangulation on a pair of mountains rising in the distance, the best method available,

His condition reported as critical, Wilson is carried away on stretcher at Tampico. "No statement," said U.S. consul.

Painfully easing into couch, Wilson exposes bandage on his wound. The shrimp skipper is more irate at State Department than Mexico.

Mexican gunboat G-28 (left) docks as the *Pescador* idles nearby. Author complained about the long voyage to port.

and spotted ourselves at 14.25 miles off the coast. We were fishing on the high seas.

The Mexicans had no legitimate gripe, but who can argue with rifle slugs? I revved up my engine, punched the radio transmitter button and yelled into the mike:

"Calling Coast Guard at Port Isabel. Mexican gunboat firing on shrimp trawler *Pescador* . . ."

I figured to make a guinea pig of myself, keep up the chase, see just how far they'd go this time. And that's exactly what I told the Coast Guard. Then, to my brother Lloyd, laying to a mile or so away on the *Joyce Carinhas:*

"Drop a buoy, Lloyd. Be sure and drop a buoy so the Coast Guard can get a fix on our position."

"Will do," his answer crackled. "We'll be nearby."

Then I heard the radioman on the Coast Guard cutter *Sebago* break in through the static, the roar of the engines and the rifle reports. But he wasn't talking to me. He was telling the other shrimpers in the area to stand by so they could keep tabs on the chase.

Yeah sure; the shrimp boats will stand by, I thought with just a trace of bitterness, but what good will it do? What I need is you, Coast Guard, with your guns and your authority.

MEXICAN pirates get a case of cold feet when they spot a U.S.C.G. cutter steaming their way. Trouble is, there just isn't enough Coast Guard in the Gulf; and what there is still jockeys around in vessels used in depression days to chase rumrunners. No help there, I thought.

I set the transmitter so the Coast Guard and my shrimper mates could continue hearing the rifle fire, then poured the coal to the *Pescador's* big diesel and wheeled hard to port. The gunboat, firing all the time, bucked in my backwash, then eased into a flatter turn of its own. It was the story of the tortoise and the hare all over again. I could squeeze only 8.6 knots out of my boat. The Mexican could hit 21 knots. But I could outmaneuver him from Brownsville to Vera Cruz and back if I had to.

"O.K., we'll just see how bad you want us," I mumbled, hoping that this time they'd go far enough to force our government to do something about Mexico's brand of piracy.

I plowed dead ahead now and the gunboat quickly ate up the distance. He sliced closer. And closer. And I waited—waited until he was almost close enough to jump onto my deck; then I cut the wheel to starboard. The sturdy little 65-footer responded with an abrupt 180-degree turn, and the Mexican scooted almost 200 yards past me before he could go into his own turn.

I straightened her out again and headed northeast. The G-28 came around slowly, then started closing the gap fast. The minute they came into range the riflemen opened up again. The gunboat skipper veered outshore of me, aimed his prow amidship of the *Pescador* and barreled toward me.

"He wants to ram us," I smiled to myself, "and he'll be sorry if he does." Apparently he didn't know the *Pescador* had a steel hull. He might sink us, but he'd probably go down, too. Nevertheless, I didn't like the idea of sinking, not even with company, any more than I approved of the gunboat's attempts to force us toward the coast. Again I waited. Seconds slid by. The gunboat bore dead ahead. I felt the sweat bead on my forehead. The wheel was slick with sweat. Then, when I could almost hear the sickening sound of metal smashing into metal, I wrenched my vessel to starboard.

The *Pescador's* stern dug in and the bow skidded around sharply. It was too late for the Mexican to change his course. The two vessels glided past each other, inches apart. I could almost reach out and grab a rifle barrel.

I allowed myself a chuckle at the Mexicans' frustration, then a crackling volley of fire wiped the grin off my face.

It was night now, but brilliant moonlight sharply outlined the G-28 and the riflemen standing on her deck. Their weapons belched orange flame, and I could even see the smoke curling up from their muzzles. Through the roar of my diesel and the piercing zing of bullets, my brother's voice cut in on the radio:

"We can hear the shooting, but we can't see you. You O. K.?"

(*continued on page* 76)

The Only Time

Bobo, dumb cluck that he was, found Marie tempting. As for me, I had my eyes on more interesting stuff. Her jewels!

by CHANDLER BROSSARD

THE COPS caught me only once. And it took the stupid jerks an awful long time to do it. They caught me through Bobo, who squealed. I knew I should never have tied up with that guy. He was big but yellow.

It happened the summer I was 16. I had been hanging around Monroe Park with the older hoodlums, drunks and thieves. You might say that I was their protégé. They let me shoot crap and play cards and take a drink from the pint they chipped in to buy and passed around until it was killed. And in turn I let them in on some pretty neat tricks. I knew where all kinds of stuff could be stolen and how to go about it. We all got on very well.

Bobo was the toughest guy around the park; he was a redheaded Irishman and he had a body like a heavyweight prize fighter. He loved to roll up his dirty sleeves and show off his bulging muscles to anybody who expressed even the slightest interest. These fine muscles were the reward of years of laboring in construction gangs.

Everybody was scared of Bobo. When he was drunk he would slug you in the mouth for almost no reason. He was slightly screwy. I was the only one Bobo did not get hard with, and I guess that was because I was so much smaller than he was, and also because he had a fuddled kind of respect for me. I read books and he thought I was very smart. He never read anything except the comics and the sports pages; that's all his orange cranium could take care of. We pulled a few good jobs together, just the two of us, before this time that I was caught. But all that will come later, in its place.

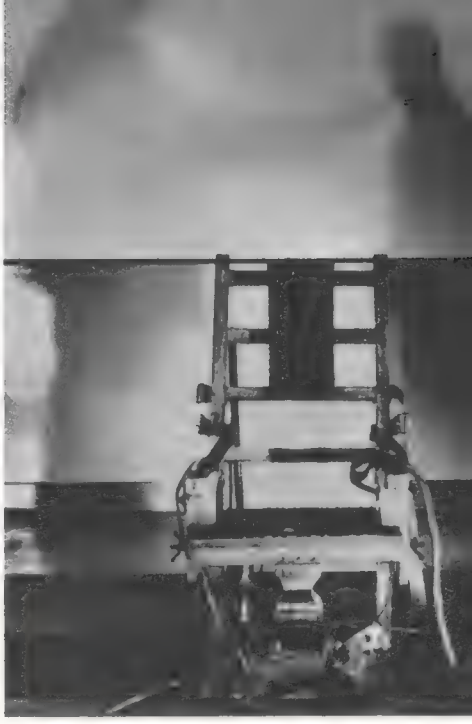
One night, after we had been sitting around the park all day with nothing to do, just waiting, Bobo asked me if I wanted to go along with him to visit a nurse he had just met. She was a fat, thick-witted broad and he was sure he could get something out of her, that is, besides sex. The dumb ones went for him, he was their dreamboat. I had nothing better to do that night. None of the other guys were around at the moment to go to the bars with, and there was nothing more thrilling for me at home (*continued on page* 90)

illustrated by Vic Prezio

THE

Sentenced by the court to join Sing Sing's legion of the doomed, No. 6503 takes the "Last Mile Express," learns all about "timed living" in "The Place" and finally faces every murderer's nightmare: the electric chair.

by MARTIN HAVER



DEATH HOUSE

HE CHINS himself up to the tiny barred window overhead as the prison wagon speeds along a highway flanking the majestic Hudson River.

The little bus rocks gently on a mounting curve as it streaks toward the gray, silent prison buildings; then the road dips unexpectedly and the man's gaze falls on a two-story brick edifice, a squat and king-sized coffin he recognizes as the Sing Sing death house.

He cries out. A guard inside the bus, carrying only the condemned man and himself, reaches out and yanks the prisoner back into his seat. "I saw *it!*" half-shouts the condemned man.

The guard says nothing. It is not a fresh experience for him. Many times before, he has escorted doomed men to Sing Sing Prison, far above the Hudson's rocky shores in Ossining, N. Y. He knows that somewhere, sometime, back in the long waiting period between the sentencing to death and the actual trip to Sing Sing, each doomed man has found a way to get a description, even see a picture, of the death house.

And, because they are human, each finds a way, or is compelled by instinctive terror, to rise from a seat in the "Last Trip Express" and seek the place where death waits.

This is a bright spring morning. The condemned man can smell the Hudson River. A good clean smell. He can hear the river noises, too, and the far-off wail of the New York Central train rocketing through the stone valley between the prison and the river.

"All right, now stay in that seat!" snaps the guard, as he fingers a creased document in his coat pocket.

He is a really a New York City detective, and his prisoner is a first-degree murderer from that city, a cold-blooded killer who slew mercilessly and with deliberation. The prisoner, soon to die in the electric chair, deserves no sympathy . . . yet the veteran cop cannot always stomach this cry of terror when the little Sing Sing bus passes, briefly, the dull-red concrete pill box.

The guard, who has brought the doomed man from New York via one of the Central trains, now rides alone with his wretched human package. Two other New York detectives, who accompanied him to the Ossining station, are left behind. Up front in the Last Trip Express sits a driver and two Sing Sing Prison security men, armed to the teeth.

He touches that creased paper again . . . "Ordered, that execution of said sentence be done upon said JOHN DOE by the agent and warden of Sing Sing Prison in the manner provided by law. That the said JOHN DOE be put to death within the walls of the prison or the yard, or an enclosure thereto adjoining . . ."

In a few minutes, listening to the familiar whine of rubber on cobblestone, the guard knows he is close to "The Place." There he will turn his prisoner, and the creased document, over to the State authorities. And he, the cop, will be free. . . . Free to smell that river, to relish the chirp of early spring birds and to walk under a free sky and in a *living* world.

He stares at the man who is to die. Call him No. 6503. Not a famous killer like, say, Raymond Fernandez, the greasy, sex-ridden Lonely Hearts sadist, or his doomed fat sweetheart, Martha Beck. Or the internationally-famed Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the atom spies. Or even the notorious Elmer "Trigger" Burke who, shortly before he "burned" on January 9, 1958, could show you 144 newspaper clippings about himself.

Number 6503 is just another small-time killer sent to the nation's largest death house, a gruesome distinction in itself, but the State of New York's jury and courts ruled that he is big-time enough to die for his premeditated killing.

The Rosenbergs, the Burkes and the Lonely Hearts perish in the clamor of coast-to-coast headlines. Dozens of others, like No. 6503, die without fanfare, barely mentioned in a brief paragraph. Or not at all.

But they all go the same way. And this is their horrible story . . . revealed from inside the death house itself; from the clipped, unemotional sentences of former "CC hacks" (condemned cell guards) who lived, hour-by-hour, with the doomed — and quit because they could not take it. Or because they had enough.

MAN'S MAGAZINE also brings you the unadorned story of a former Sing Sing executioner who, by necessity, must be called "Robert Brown," and who will relate, hour-by-hour, the things that happen as he, and the condemned prisoner, move closer and closer to their common meeting place: the electric chair, on a certain Thursday night at 11 o'clock.

And you may well ask yourself: is capital punishment justified? Does a condemned man or woman die not once, but many times, before the master switch is thrown? No opinions are offered here, no conclusions are drawn. Let us walk in the shadow, often the trembling shadow, of No. 6503 . . .

Inside the Administration Room, a neat, clean-smelling cubicle (with a faint aroma of disinfectant), No. 6503 learns how important he really is. He is met by a sergeant of the guard and an assistant warden. A number of other prison officials are waiting there, too. No routine greeting, this one.

A great white clock ticks on the wall. A small table radio plays softly. "Good morning," says the sergeant of the guard, politely, and No. 6503 is almost stunned by the change of pace. It's nothing like the bitter hostility of the coppers and "hacks" back there in the city jail.

"Perhaps you would like something to eat after the train ride," the assistant warden is saying, with a smile, and he steps on a buzzer.

The condemned man is motioned to sit in a leather chair, and several guards unshackle his feet. Some farewell pleasantries are exchanged between the death house "royal guard" and the New York detective who, discreetly, passes over that creased document to the assistant warden. Now, slightly embarrassed, the detective offers his hand to No. 6503, saying, "So long, fella" and he turns away, swiftly, and is gone. It is the first of the meaningful "so longs," and No. 6503 will not forget it.

A tray arrives with steaming coffee and some hot biscuits. *Hell, this is living,* he thinks — but it's the beginning of TIMED living.

But, even as he savors the late breakfast, he hears a voice: "Okay, pal. *Strip!*"

So No. 6503 (*continued on page* 84)

BOOK BONUS

He had a punch like the kick of a mule, knew more ring generalship than any man in the brutal game. But the color of his skin and the quirks in his personality made Jack Johnson . . .

The Heavyweight Champ Everyone Hated

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *It is difficult for fight fans today to understand what savage hatred accompanied the career of Jack Johnson. For Johnson was more than a champion fighter — he destroyed the myth of white supremacy.*

As a result, he was reviled and attacked wherever he appeared. No fighter has ever had to stand up against such a fury of abuse and threats. Yet he held his title many years and ranks as one of the greatest — if not the greatest fighter of all time.

Johnson took white women as a form of retaliation against white men, for the insults and indignities they made him suffer. When I started my research on him, I began with the popular conception: that he was a flamboyant, immoral hooligan whose life outside the ring consisted of drunken brawls and law suits. But my research yielded an entirely different picture. In his youth, Johnson was a modest, intelligent and likable person.

What made him change? . . . Perhaps the answer lies in this book.

"TELL mah wife to go!"

Jack Johnson's lips were so puffed and lacerated that the words were almost inaudible. Johnson's chief second bent his head close to the boxer's mouth.

"Tell mah wife to go!" the champ repeated.

This time the second understood, and turning away from the corner, jumped down from the apron of the ring to the ground. He went straight to where Lucille, Mrs. Johnson, was sitting in a seat specially reserved for her next to the main gangway.

Mrs. Johnson rose, and without a backward glance at the ring, made her way to the nearest exit.

Jack (Li'l Arthur) Johnson watched her leave. Then he allowed his eyes to rove briefly over the rows of laughing, jeering, shouting fight-fans. A thin, anaemic rabbit of a man in the front row, leaning forward, made a filthy gesture at the first Negro champion of the world. Seated behind the rabbity little man were several men who kept up a rhythmic shout of "We're with you, Jess! Kill the black swine! We're with you, Jess! Kill the black swine!"

Jack Johnson was strangely unmoved by it. It was almost as if he were fulfilling some predestined dream.

Looking across the ring at Jess Willard's corner, he saw the enormous Kansas cowboy's seconds climbing out of the ring.

So this was it. This was the last round for him as a champion. This was the end of his reign, the final humiliation.

The clatter of the bell broke through his musing. He forced his tired and aching legs to drag him from the stool, and he stumbled out to meet Willard.

He tried a left lead to the jaw. It landed. But then he had seldom missed landing on his raw, untutored challenger. The ugly blotches on Jess Willard's body and the cuts over his eyes were eloquent evidence of Jack Johnson's skill.

After all, Willard, in comparison with the champion, was little better than a novice. Hadn't Willard himself told the reporters before the fight: "I've studied Johnson, I know all his tricks. He's a clever man and knows far more about the game than I do. But against that I pit my strength. I'm younger . . . bigger . . . stronger. From the start I'll set the pace I intend to keep up. I'll take whatever Johnson hands out. Then, at the first sign of leg weariness, I'll go after him with all my strength."

The big Kansas cowboy had done exactly that. And now it was the start of the twenty-sixth round of the contest for the world's crown, and he was about to earn his reward for adhering so rigidly to his pre-fight plan.

Johnson's left lead didn't even make Big Jess blink; there was little strength remaining in the blows now. Willard ambled forward, throwing a hard right at Johnson's shaved head. With his uncanny, instinctive anticipation, Johnson caught the blow on his left glove. Even then the force of it sent him reeling across the ring to the ropes.

continued on page 18

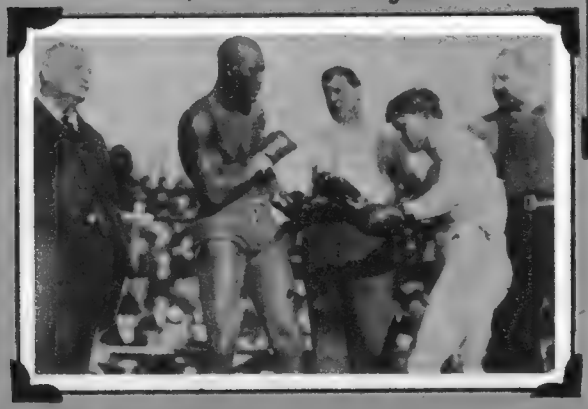
Jack Johnson vs. Marvin Hart, 1905.

Johnson and his wife.

Manager Sam Fitzpatrick.

In France, with three chorus girls.

In Nyberg roadster, Johnson gets speeding ticket on Philadelphia's Broad Street.



Jack Johnson vs. Jim Flynn.

The crowd, scenting the kill, howled their delight. Willard stalked his quarry, now panting, exhausted, sprawled against the ropes. Another right — but this time Johnson moved forward inside it and, wrapping his arms around the sweat-streaked Willard, dragged him into a clinch.

If anyone in the crowd had had any doubt as to the final outcome of the contest, this action must have settled it. For Johnson to try to wrestle with the giant was fistic suicide. Willard, realizing Johnson's desperation, tried to push him off, but the Negro clung all the tighter. The referee stepped forward to tear them apart but, before he could do so, Willard had shaken himself free like an angry bear, sending Johnson staggering back.

A cuff from Willard to Johnson's head, and the champ was covering up, the ropes scoring raw weals into his back. Now Willard was not to be denied. A right, a left, and a final terrific right to Johnson's head and the champion staggered forward to collapse on his face on the canvas, rolling onto his back as the referee started the count.

As the count reached three, Johnson's body twitched and he raised his hands over his eyes, almost as if to protect them from the glare of the sun. So he remained until the referee reached 10. . . .

The reign of Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world, was over.

The crowd was hysterical. Strangers pumped each other's hands and hugged each other with joy. Police at the cloak-rooms began handing out the guns and knives — removed, on the chief of police's orders, from the gum-chewing masses as they had poured into the arena to witness the humbling of the man they hated.

Johnson had received many threats as to what would happen to him if he dared to win. Now that he had lost, even those of Johnson's own race breathed more freely; for if the Negro had defeated the white challenger there would have been countless beatings of colored folk all over the States. Once again, some whites would have donned the sinister robes and pointed hoods of the dreaded Ku Klux Klan — and with all the mumbo jumbo of the Flaming Cross and incantation they would have wreaked vengeance.

What were the thoughts that passed through Johnson's mind as he lay on the canvas listening to the count which deprived him of boxing's proudest title? For he was undoubtedly conscious. Perhaps he was relieved that at last the end had come to his reign, and thought the hatred which had surrounded him for so long might now be allowed to die. Perhaps he wondered whence came the destructive forces which had made such a mockery of all his early hopes. Or, maybe, he was blaming himself for his excesses, which had been so unscrupulously publicized by those who feared the advancement of the Negro people.

Whatever his thoughts, he must have imagined that the worst of his treatment was now over. He was a fighter, and would go on fighting because he knew no other trade. But surely as plain Jack Johnson, and not "King" Johnson, they would treat him as a human being and not as if he were an evil, sub-human beast?

Could he not again become the quiet, well-liked, and respected young Negro that he had been at the outset of his career?

• • •

"Git out o' there, Nigger!"

For a moment the young man stood stock-still, as if undecided whether or not to obey the shouted order. He was hungry, and the only chance he could see of making a few cents for food was by picking over the rubbish at the docks.

"Git, I said. I don't want no no-good black bastards scavenging round here."

The watchman bent, grabbed a loose stone from the gutter, and made believe he'd throw it at the ragged figure.

"O.K., O.K. Ah'll go, suh, sure Ah'll go."

John Arthur Johnson drew his tattered clothes closer about his body, turned from the dock and made his way through the maze of winding cobbled streets that huddled the waterfront of Galveston, Texas. The prosperous, growing port handled all the oil which flowed so richly from the Texas fields — oil that was already transforming hoboes into millionaires almost overnight — oil which brought every kind of roughneck, confidence-trickster, gangster and prostitute in its wake.

It was 1898: a time of flashing diamond rings and champagne drunk from the dainty shoes of the music-hall favorites; a time of boiled beef and carrots, mutton chop whiskers and antimacassars; a time of saucily tilted bowler hats and feminine waists tortured into slimness by whalebones and laces. Those were the days no well-dressed man dared walk home alone after dark.

JACK Johnson was hungry. Dear God, how hungry! He had his last meal — and by no means a substantial one at that — the day before yesterday. Since then he had only eaten meager scraps scavenged from the refuse thrown from the drinking saloons, daily multiplying in Galveston. Somehow, somewhere, he must get something to eat; even if it meant stealing. After all, if he were caught and sent to jail, the warders would have to provide him with food, and even the grey, maggoty prison bread and weak, nauseous-smelling bean-soup were preferable to enduring any longer this gnawing void under his belt.

He paused for a moment to peer over the swing-door of a saloon. Inside, the air was blue with cigar smoke; men were lounging against the bar, drinking, playing pool or poker, shouting, swearing, boasting, or merely lolling in drunken stupor.

A man in an emerald-green suit, puffing on a long black cigar, thumped out a tune on an aged upright piano.

Several tired-faced girls in bespangled dresses, revealing more than they hid, joked and flirted with the customers, ever ready to repel the more adventurous hands. They were there to amuse and entertain the customers in every way, but only for money — and big money at that.

But however the patrons of the saloon were occupying their time, they had one thing in common — they were all well-fed. Galveston was a prosperous town — for a white man.

A man's voice shouting further up the street attracted the young Negro's attention. Already a crowd of sensation-seekers were jostling round the speaker. John Arthur Johnson hesitated, then slowly moved across to listen.

"Friends," the raucous voice was shouting, "to prove that Honest Al speaks nothing but the truth, here is the dough."

The speaker was a hard-eyed, portly, rather bibulous-looking man in his fifties. He held aloft before the eyes of the crowd a grubby bundle of notes.

"Ten dollars. Ten easily-come-by bucks! And for what? For going four rounds — four short rounds — with the champion. Only four rounds, friends, and the money is yours!"

The beady eyes swept over the crowd, seeking a victim. Then he gestured to a tall, heavily built Negro, who till then had been standing in the background, to come forward. The barker held up his hand, demanding silence. "Now, friends, look ye here. Meet the champion of champions!"

The loud voice continued its harangue. "You can't tell me that here, in the famous town of Galveston, this port of Texas in the Lone Star State, that there is no man — not one — with the spunk to try for these 10 bucks? Ten whole dollars, friends, for 12 minutes. Ten (*continued on page* 42)

MERCY FLIGHT

Forty miles away, an airman lay dying. To save his life, I'd have to risk three necks—including my own. In a Rescue outfit, that means only one thing: You go!

by Lt. ALAN D. FREDERICKS with MICHAEL GLADYCH

Fredericks

I LOOKED at the crew chief's face, ghostly white in the incandescent light shafting through the half-open hangar door. He jerked his thumb toward my SH-19 helicopter. "She's all set." The way he spoke, it sounded like, "It's your funeral."

Reaching for the step to climb into the cockpit, I slipped on the icy concrete. The burning feeling in my stomach I'd had since the Duty Officer got me out of bed 10 minutes before flared through my body like an electric shock. I cursed.

The low, snow-pregnant clouds rolled fast, whipped by wind gusts. The weather report said, "Icing. Visibility down to zero. Snow showers." *Showers* be damned. Here in Northern Japan "showers" was a camouflage word for blizzards that spewed sticky snow by the ton. I took a deep breath of the cold air. There was still time to back down.

Lieutenant Ed Brown, my co-pilot, leaned out of the cockpit window. "Well, what's the verdict?" he said with a forced chuckle. "That mess is below the healthy minimum . . ."

I sensed he was giving me a way out, but I didn't take it. (*continued on page* 78)

illustrated by Ray Sternbergh

Your Wife's Secret Sex Thoughts

If you understood her most intimate yearnings, says this noted psychiatrist, then you would have the key to permanent physical bliss.

by SHAILER UPTON LAWTON, M.D., F.A.C.P.

IT SEEMED INCREDIBLE that any husband would want to cheat on the pretty, sweet and shapely young woman who sat weeping in my office. Mary Doner — a pseudonym as are other names of patients used in this article — had come to ask me to "cure" her husband of his infidelity.

"I've read enough to know that when a married man runs around with other women, it means something's bothering him," she told me tearfully. "I'm willing to forgive and forget if you can just find out what's making him do it."

Before asking to see her husband, I questioned Mary closely about the intimate side of her marriage. It was soon apparent that her behavior in marital relations was completely passive, silent or uncooperative. But she hastened to assure me, "I never turn my husband down when he asks me."

"Don't you ever feel like taking a more active role?"

"What do you mean by that, Doctor?"

"Don't you ever get an impulse to react vigorously? Or to caress and stimulate your husband? Or perhaps, once in a while, to be the one who initiates the love-making?"

She looked shocked. Coloring deeply, she dropped her eyes.

"Well . . . yes, Doctor, I *do* feel that way a lot of the time," she confessed. "But I certainly would not dare act that way!"

"Why not?"

"Heavens, what would my (*continued on page* 53)

"Get the Rebel

Butcher!"

He kept 70,000 U. S. troops pinned down and, daily, his guerrilla army grew in number. It would take a foolproof plan to capture the foxy rebel and bring the revolt to an end . . . Funston had that plan.

by STEPAN WOLF

ONLY the slow drone of a ceiling fan marred the silence in the headquarters of Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, at San Isidro in the Philippines. Suddenly, while Funston was quietly checking routine reports with his aide, Lieutenant Mitchell, a clicking began from the telegraph in the communications room nearby. Seconds later, a sergeant rushed into the room holding a message.

"General — some rebels have just come to Pantabangan to surrender!"

Funston kept working, but Mitchell gave the enlisted man an annoyed look. "Why are you bothering the general with that? It happens every day."

The sergeant stiffened to attention. "I think they got a big one this time, Sir — one of Aguinaldo's staff officers."

Funston's eyes darted from the pile of papers. "Let me see that message."

Reading it, he slammed his hand down on the desk.. "By God! Now we'll get him!"

The lieutenant looked puzzled, but Funston began to walk excitedly around the room. He approached Mitchell. "That damned Aguinaldo has slipped our traps, deviled us, made us look like fools, and butchered a lot of good men. There's a whole damned intelligence corps trying to find out where he is and all we get are reports that he's in one place, then the next day he's supposed to be somewhere else, 300 miles away. He's as much as spit in our eye by telling us we'll never take him alive."

Funston pounded his fist into his palm. "But this time I've got a wedge!" He sat down at his desk only to jump up as soon as he hit the chair. "Bring that rebel here to San Isidro." As the aide started for the communications room, to telegraph instructions to Pantabangan, Funston shouted, "Under a good strong guard. . . . This may be another trick!"

Funston walked to his quarters, his brain feverish with plans. He tried to sleep, but the prospect of finally meeting face-to-face with someone who knew Aguinaldo's whereabouts was too exciting. The rebel chief had kept 70,000 American troops pinned down all over the islands

continued on next page

with brilliant harassing actions. Day by day, the rebel armies grew in strength, but everything was focused on this one man. There wasn't an American soldier who didn't dream of capturing him and bringing the revolution and its senseless killing to an end.

It has to be a plan so foolproof that I'll be able to walk unchallenged within a foot of Aguinaldo, Funston thought. *Otherwise, it's useless.*

Two days later, the guard brought in the surrendered rebel officer, Cecilio Segismundo, who was carrying important dispatches from the rebel general. Funston knew the man was important if Aguinaldo trusted him to carry orders to guerrilla generals in the field.

They had started from rebel headquarters, Segismundo told him, with 12 men to deliver messages to General Lacuna in one of the central provinces of Luzon.

Later to become a Filipino statesman, Aguinaldo started career as a rebel.

This was the chief's method, the prisoner said: Letters were sent to one man, then relayed by him through couriers to other officers dispersed throughout the islands. It was Aguinaldo's method to insure his safety — from the Americans, or treachery by his own men. Only a few of his soldiers, at any given moment, knew from where the rebel general directed the war. They had a bad journey down the river, Segismundo continued, and lost four men in a skirmish with American troops. Heartsick over the never-ending guerrilla war, he decided to turn in himself and his men.

Funston spoke softly to him:

"Where is your leader?"

"*Senor* General, I have surrendered myself and, as their commander, my men — not the *jefe.*"

"Don't you want to end this suffering?" Funston's eyes bore into the man.

"Very much. But I am not a traitor."

"If I give you my word that Aguinaldo will be taken alive . . . treated with every courtesy as a prisoner of war . . . ?"

Segismundo remained silent. Funston tried to reason with him. "You know that many troops are coming from America. Some day soon he will be caught, by us or one of his own men who wants to end the fighting. Isn't it better to save lives now?"

The rebel officer mulled this over. . . . "Aguinaldo is at Palanan," he finally blurted.

Funston rushed to the wall-map, his hand tracing a line from San Isidro toward the northeast coast of Luzon. Palanan was a tiny village only a few miles from the sea, and near the great Cagayan Valley, where Aguinaldo had last been reported. With his finger on the map, Funston turned, "Here?"

"*Si,* General . . . with 50 picked men, all uniformed and heavily armed. Not even the people in the town know who he is. They know him only as 'Captain Emilio.'"

Funston smiled to himself. No wonder they'd never found Aguinaldo. He traveled light and was too damned smart for them. Funston realized that not even high-ranking rebel officers knew who Aguinaldo was half the time.

But the general had to make sure. They'd trusted Filipinos before, sent them out as guides with a detachment, only to have the troops slaughtered in an ambush, with the "guides" disappearing into the wild countryside.

He asked Segismundo for the dispatches Aguinaldo had given him. They were in code, signed with the names "Pastor" and "Colon Magdilo," both well-known pseudonyms for the rebel chief. The handwriting was compared with other captured documents. They were Aguinaldo's, beyond a doubt.

All that night, Funston, Captain Harry Newton, and Lazaro Segovia, an intelligence agent for the Americans who spoke English, Spanish and Tagalog, the dialect of Aguinaldo's supporters, worked over the coded messages. After 20 brain-curdling hours, Segovia broke the code. The dispatches didn't mention the location

"Unorthodox war calls for strange tactics," fumed Funston to his superiors.

of rebel headquarters, but stated that the bearer knew it. Funston, willing to gamble, felt that Segismundo had told the truth.

The plan took shape that night, and the next day the general started for American Army headquarters in Manila.

As a soldier who had won the Congressional Medal of Honor and led his troops in 38 engagements, Funston was treated with great courtesy. But when he stepped into General Wheaton's office, he knew he'd have a difficult time convincing the Department Commander and General Arthur MacArthur, the Division Commander, that the plan could work. After he had outlined it to the two officers, he was asked to leave the room. In 15 minutes, Wheaton's aide summoned him. Funston stood anxiously in front of the general's desk as Wheaton toyed with a pen for a few moments. "It's a highly unorthodox plan."

"IT'S an unorthodox war, General — and, if you will pardon me, a hell of an unorthodox enemy. When we finished with the Spanish, we thought Aguinaldo was just a local thing. But he's getting stronger every day, and we have no more hope of catching him now than we had at the start — except for this one piece of information."

"There's a great deal in what you say, Funston," broke in MacArthur. "But there are too many risks."

"With all respect to the generals," Funston replied, "it's either this way or Aguinaldo'll build up his legend of *anting-anting* — this belief by the natives that he has a mystic power against bullets or cap-

Leaders of the Philippine insurrection gather outside Aguinaldo's headquarters.

ture — until every one in the islands'll be hostile to us."

"I don't like it," insisted MacArthur. "You're going too long a way with too many men in rebel country. It's too tricky. The way you've outlined the plan, it sounds like suicide . . . a lot of time and good men down the drain. . . ."

Funston knew that he had to say something — and quickly — to make them change their minds. "This is February eleventh," he began, and placed his hand on tthe calendar. "Give me until March sixth to prepare. Three weeks from that day I'll have Aguinaldo, alive, standing in this office — and your insurrection will be over!"

He saw the immediate effect of his dramatic appeal. Wheaton tapped his chin, turned, and looked at MacArthur. The other officer, with a half-smile, gave a barely noticeable nod. Wheaton faced around to Funston:

"It's your neck if you don't. Is that clear?"

THE stocky, heavy-muscled Funston snapped a sharp salute, "Yes, Sir!"

"Contact Admiral Remey of the Asiatic Station," Wheaton said. "He'll be notified to put a vessel at your disposal and you can make all the detailed arrangements with its commander." The old man arose, walked to the front of his desk and shook hands with Funston. "Good luck — ."

MacArthur escorted Funston from the office and bid him goodby. "It's a desperate plan, Fred. I'm afraid I'll never see you again." Funston, undaunted, began the trip back to San Isidro.

From what Segismundo told him, Funston knew he couldn't try an ambush. There was a system of lookouts that ranged many miles from Palanan into the Cagayan Valley, for the isolated village where Aguinaldo had encamped lay three miles from the east coast of Luzon, ringed by jungle and mountains, and very near the north end of the island. And the entire area was guarded by Negrito savages and Ilongote head-hunters, who'd prevent any small band of Americans from stealing unnoticed up the coast. Any military craft spotted within a hundred miles would be enough to send Aguinaldo and his staff scurrying into the nearby mountains with all the town's inhabitants.

Like all ingenious plans, Funston's was simple. American soldiers were too difficult to disguise and too few of them spoke the native dialects. A band of Macabebe Scouts, traditional blood enemies of Aguinaldo's Tagalogs, and loyal to the Americans, was selected as the main body of troops. They were fierce, tenacious little fighters who would go to hell and back for their officers. Five American officers, disguised as privates, were to go along as "prisoners" of the Macabebes who, in turn, were masquerading as troops from the guerrilla armies expected by Aguinaldo. This was part of the information contained in the dispatches.

In addition to Funston, the officers were Lieutenant Mitchell, Captain Newton, and two brothers, Lieutenant Richard Hazzard and Captain Oliver Hazzard. Segismundo and Segovia would accompany the expedition along with three more Filipinos: rebel officers who had deserted Aguinaldo and taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. One of them, Hilario Tal Placida, had been one of the top-ranking insurgents. Funston needed him and Segismundo because they were known to Aguinaldo, and the rebel chief didn't know they'd gone over to the Americans. But Funston — taking no chances — warned his officers to keep an eye on the two men.

The preceding October, Troop A of the 4th Cavalry had raided General Lacuna's camp. This guerrilla chief, to whom one of the dispatches was addressed, escaped; but U.S. soldiers grabbed his personal effects, including stationery with *Brigada Lacuna* emblazoned at the top. Funston prepared two letters: one, supposedly from Placida, told about a skirmish with an American map-making party while on their way to rebel headquarters with Segismundo. The letter recounted the fight and told of the capture of five Americans. This was to prepare Aguinaldo for their presence so near his stronghold.

ORDINARILY, the rebel might have been wary of the message. But Funston prepared a master-stroke: Another letter on the captured stationery, allegedly from Lacuna, stated that, in accordance with instructions, he was sending 87 men to the rebel capital under Placida, Segovia and Segismundo.

The Macabebes who couldn't speak Tagalog were weeded out, and each man was selected with great care. In that formless guerrilla war, where Filipino killed Filipino and treachery was common, too much care couldn't be taken in selecting men for the dangerous mission . . . not even the Macabebes. They were issued the ordinary native clothing, since relatively few of the rebels were uniformed. Krag rifles, the standard U.S. Army issue, were replaced with Mausers and Remingtons from a Manila arsenal that held captured rebel weapons. Privates' uniforms were taken from supply for the officers, and when the Navy sent the gunboat *Vicksburg*, were stowed aboard at night.

None of the Macabebes or ex-officers among the Filipinos was told details about the mission; Funston feared that loose talk would leak word to spies in Manila.

On March 6th, the complement boarded the gunboat and at sundown, according to plan, the *Vicksburg* steamed out of Manila Bay, heading south through the Straits of San Bernardino. Next morning, the company assembled on deck and Funston sent for the three former insurgent leaders. Now, for (*continued on page* 66)

Using bedsheet, troops signal the *Vicksburg*: "We have him—send boats for all."

case of the Sexy Salvationist

When the warden's lusty wife found religion, her husband's jail lost two of its toughest citizens. It all began when, wrapped in a filmy nightgown, she preached the gospel to stir-crazy cons who saw everything but the light in her eyes.

by DICK HALVORSEN

AT THE SOUND of a woman's footsteps echoing in the corridor outside Death Row, Adrian Kruta leaped from his cot, cursed and smashed his big fist against the wall. He trembled with anticipation as he stood with his back to the door, sucking his skinned and bleeding knuckles. There was a rustle of silk and the footsteps stopped, and he caught the breath of lilac perfume.

"Good evening, Adrian," came a soft voice as a key scraped in the lock.

Kruta bit his lip, steeling himself. "Evenin,' ma'am," he grunted.

He turned warily as the woman entered the cell, closing the grille behind her, and had to lower his eyes after one greedy look. She was tempting as sin, a handsome creature with a patrician nose, soft, creamy skin, full moist lips, and lustrous brown eyes. Her abundant black hair hanging long and loose, she walked with animal grace toward the single cot in the Death Cell. Though she dressed in a sleeved, floor-length dress that was the fashion in 1901, the imaginative eye of Adrian Kruta, a career rapist awaiting the gallows for murder, instinctively stripped her and left the man all shook up.

She sat down on the edge of the cot and smiled at him. "Are you ready, Adrian?"

He shut his eyes tight a moment and clenched his fists. Then he said, "Yes, Mrs. Scoffel."

"Come, then," she said.

Tense as an overwound spring he walked over to the cot and stood there, trembling for self-control. "Kneel down beside me," she said, patting the cot as she slipped to her knees on the floor beside it. From somewhere she had produced a small catechism. "Now, let us pray," she said.

Kruta tried to follow but his thoughts were confused. The nearness of her body and the fragrance of her perfume brought groans Katherine Scoffel interpreted as remorse, while the classic heavenward attitude of his head, so penitent in appearance, meant merely that he was trying to keep his eyes off what her low neckline revealed. And the agitation of his big body was not the spiritual exaltation that Katherine took it for, but an emotional upheaval that made him clasp his hands fervently to keep them off her.

Finished, she rose, smoothed out her dress and said brightly, "You must feel so much better now, Adrian. Always remember David's psalm, 'Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil.'"

As he awkwardly got to his feet Katherine opened the door and let herself out, locking it after her. "Good night, Adrian," she said through the grille. "May you sleep serene."

But as on all the other nights when Katherine came around to pray with him, sleep was a long time coming. He found himself dwelling more on the torments of the mortal flesh than the possible purgatory of his soul as he kept thinking of the sexy salvationist.

• • •

Adrian Kruta was only one of Katherine Scoffel's many projects, because from the day that she got religion she had a captive congregation whose ways she hoped to mend. Her husband was the warden of Allegheny County Jail in Pennsylvania, and there were souls a-plenty needing saving in that mouldering old pen. Killers, muggers, larceners, and arsonists were gathered there to pay their debt to society, a wayward flock ready-made for a revivalist to try out her powers of redemption. The winsome warden's wife was in her element.

Kathy Scoffel herself had only gotten religion a couple of years back, under circumstances that would have raised a prelate's eyebrow. In the summer of 1899 she went on a holiday in the mountains and, since husband Peter had stayed home in Pittsburgh, she wasn't going to sit around twiddling her thumbs. After all, she'd married Peter, 20 years her senior, when she was only 16 — and had three children before she rightly knew what was happening. At 32 her engine was racing like never before, while Peter had slowed up considerably as he headed over the hill. Kathy decided to have some sport that wasn't mentioned in the hotel's brochure, and soon found a husky young vacationist who knew all about the activity she had in mind.

THEY were coming out of the tall grass by the river one evening when Katy heard a terrific commotion up the road. As she smoothed out her wrinkled dress, she asked her friend what the hullabaloo was all about.

"Oh, that," he said. "It's a mass baptismal — a big camp meetin' of one of those religious sects."

"Religious sex?" asked Katherine, brightening, oblivious of her Freudian slip. "What's that?" She drew her own conclusions and started quickly up the road. "C'mon, honey. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

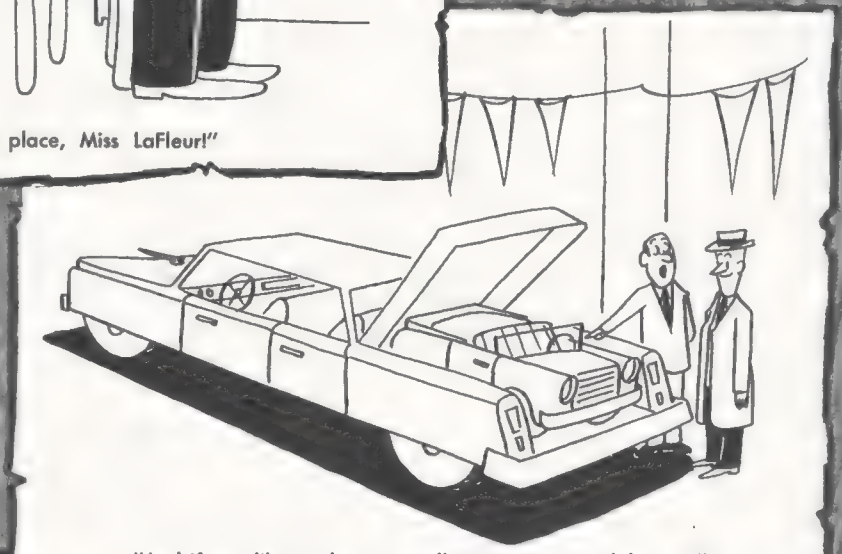
When they reached the spot a big rawboned preacher stood up to his hips in the river, (*continued on page* 62)

illustrated by Larry Newquist

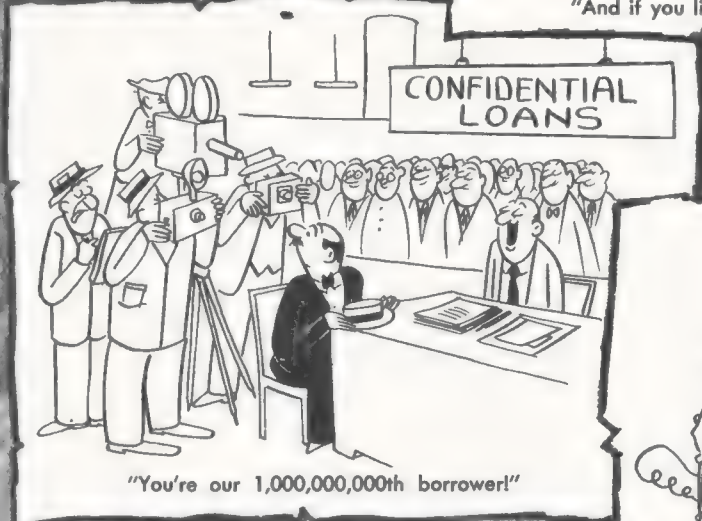
the Nerve of Irv!

"It's John — he suddenly lost interest in the binoculars and bought a helicopter."

"Modesty has its place, Miss LaFleur!"



"And if you like to drive a small car once in a while. . . ."



"You're our 1,000,000,000th borrower!"

"One trick I can't get him to do is beg —
this is the nearest he'll come to it."

The Incredible Trek

Nansen

THERE WAS a yell from Johansen as he and Nansen hauled on the heavy sled while trying to maneuver their skis through the snarl of icy snow on top of the pressure ridge. Johansen's feet suddenly went out from under him and he went sprawling, his skis thrashing, and it took only a glancing blow from his ski-tip to knock the exhausted Nansen off balance and send him tumbling down after him onto the flat. The sled slipped back down the opposite slope and turned over.

The two men lay just as they had fallen, numbed with pain and cold and glad to rest, not even bothering to right their tangled skis. Nansen lay face down, his beard a cushion against the ice, while his young lieutenant smiled at the leaden sky. It would be so easy, so peaceful, simply to lie there and never get up.

All around them, as far as the eye could see, stretched the Arctic Basin, flat, shimmering, sporadically hummocked expanse of snow and ice that explorers have called The Great Loneliness. It was all they had seen for months; it was all they could look forward to seeing tomorrow, the day after and the day after that. All the dogs had perished on the agonizing trek across the Artctic wasteland, and now

Their ship ice-locked, Nansen knew they'd never reach the Pole. But he refused to let Nature's Arctic strangle hold keep him from his destiny. Not even if he—and one volunteer—had to walk every step of the way.

by GROVER FEST

the pemmican was almost gone. After that there'd be the leather harnesses to eat and the seal-skin of the kayaks they'd doggedly carried on the sled. It hardly seemed worth getting up for.

Like his companion, Nansen ached in every bone and sinew of his body. There were galls on his shoulders from the chafing of the harness and ropes, used in pulling the sled, and festering sores all over him from the pricking of the brittle cracks in his wolf-skin clothes, which had been frozen and soaked and frozen again a hundred times. All this went unnoticed as he closed his eyes to rest.

But suddenly he opened them, wide. He stopped breathing and spread his mittened-hands out flat on the ice, his whole body a sensory organ.

"Johansen!" he called in a hoarse whisper. He tried to lift his head but his beard had frozen to the ice in the sub-zero weather. He flipped off a mitten and thawed the point of contact with his warm hand and then sat up. "Johansen!"

Johansen grunted, his mind a thousand miles away.

"Do you feel it?" Nansen asked. A normally excitable man would have yelled.

continued on next page

The Incredible Trek

continued

The two men had by now learned to communicate with a minimum of conversation, and Johansen's next grunt carried a question mark.

"The ice — it's rising and falling," said Nansen. "There are swells beneath us. *At last we're near the open sea!*"

• • •

Fridtjof Nansen had left Norway in the schooner *Fram* more than two and a-half years before, to test a personal theory. It evolved from someone's discovery of the wreckage of a ship called the *Jeannette*. Back in 1879 the *Jeannette* had been skippered by Commander George Washington De Long, of the United States Navy, who sailed her through the Bering Strait and up into the Arctic Sea where she got locked fast in the pack-ice. For two years she drifted with the ice holding her crew prisoner, until her hull was crushed by the relentless pressure. The crew abandoned the foundering vessel and a few survivors managed to reach Siberia. Three years later the wreck of the *Jeannette* was found in South Greenland, apparently carried on an ice floe across the roof of the world.

From this evidence Nansen reckoned that, if a ship deliberately entered the pack-ice at a certain point, she would ultimately drift with the ice across the North Pole, goal of all Arctic explorers at the time.

Accordingly, Nansen designed what he thought was the ship for the job. The *Fram* was a low-masted, sturdily constructed wooden schooner with a shallow, saucer-shaped hull which Nansen hoped would be crush-proof. Since ships are not crushed by freezing in, but by two ice masses coming together, Nansen figured that the saucer hull would be levered up by confluent floes and settle on top of the ice. Not until the growling ice floes came jamming in on the 400-ton schooner would he know whether or not the design was effective.

Nansen set sail from Christiania (now Oslo), Norway, on Midsummer's Day, June 25, 1893, with his rugged, hand-picked crew of 12 singing the national anthem. Some of them, like Otto Sverdrup, who'd accompanied him on the expedition of 1888 — when Nansen trudged 1,000 miles from east to west across the deadly and allegedly impassable crevasses of the Greenland icecap — had voyaged with him before. Others were new, like Lieut. Hansen and Lieut. Johansen, tough-fibered army and navy officers, young and courageous. Every man aboard was a born skier and had been to sea in sail.

Nansen, 32 years old at the time, was a raw-boned, powerfully-built blonde who looked like a throwback to Viking days. His piercing blue eyes and long, wild mane contributed to the resemblance, but it was the walrus moustache, fashionable in the Nineties, that clinched it. Standing at the helm on the poop deck he looked as though he'd stepped out of the pages of a book on Erik the Red, or Leif Eriksen, who had crossed the ocean to America 900 years before. They too had journeyed into the unknown, leaving their bones to bleach there.

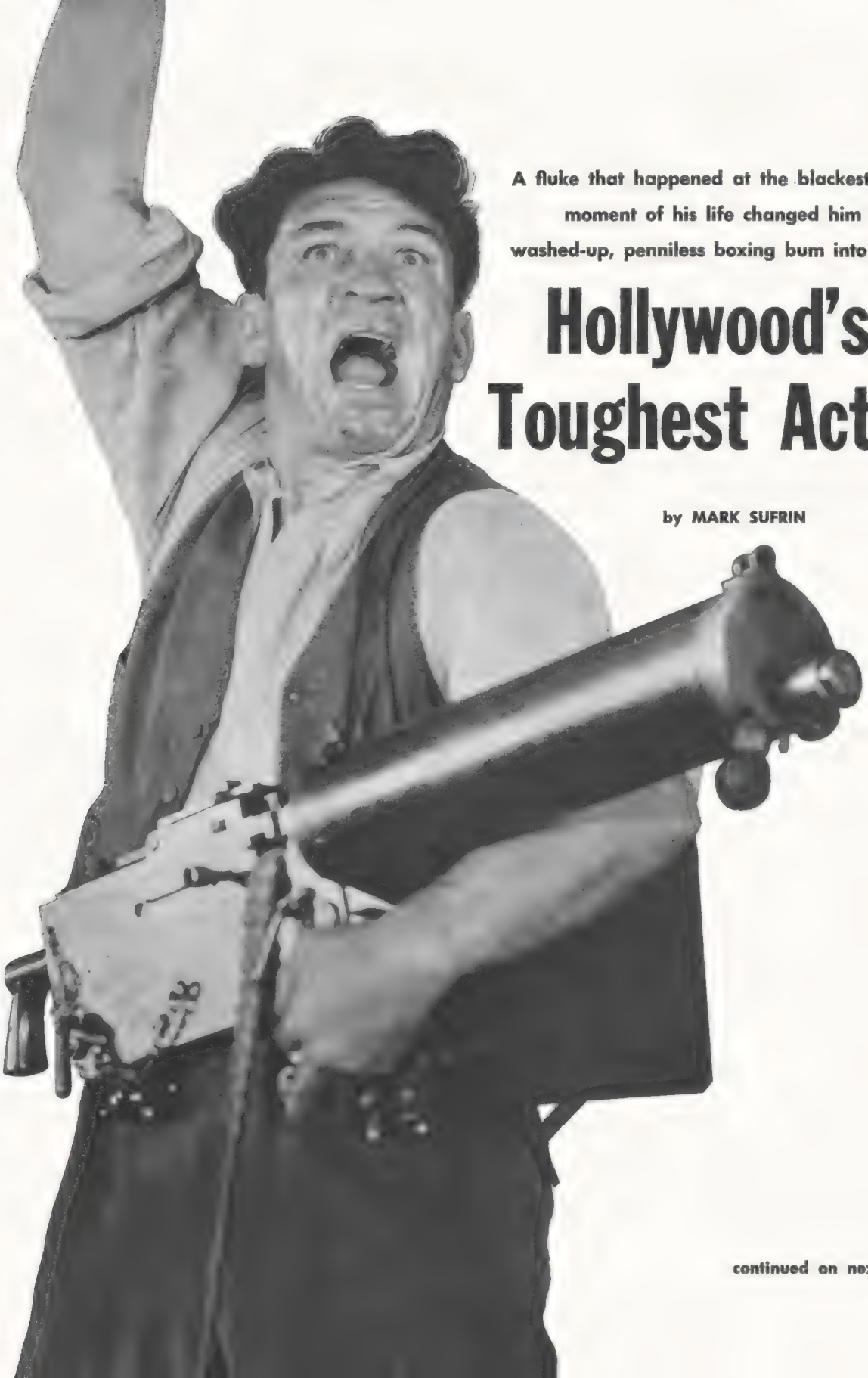
Nansen trusted that the *Fram's* complement of 13 men would have a luckier fate.

The *Fram* beat her way up the Norwegian coast, the Greenland sled dogs, chained on the foredeck, howling or moaning with seasickness as they tried to get their sea legs. The ship stopped at Bergen and Trondheim for fuel, medical supplies, and other provisions, and moved on. In this latitude the summer sun never sets and the crew took full advantage of constant light to get everything trimmed and shaken down before the bitter cold set in and made the deck duties impossible. After rounding the North Cape, Nansen put in at Vardo, a small town tipping a cape that looms out over Russia. Here the last of their provisions were taken aboard, a cargo of *stokfisk* and *klipfisk*, sun-dried fish rivaling pemmican for handy nourishment, which was packed in the holds like cordwood.

So with enough fuel and supplies to last them five years, Nansen's expedition set off on July 25 on an east-by-north course through the Barents Sea.

The *Fram* touched at Novaya Zemlya, then swung south to skirt the northern coast of Russia and Siberia. Nansen discovered many uncharted islands, which were promptly named after members of the crew, and the men went ashore to replenish the larder with fresh-killed deer, bear and fowl. Wolves, thick as jack rabbits in (*continued on page* 58)

Although Nansen's *Fram* withstood the crushing pressure of the ice, it was imprisoned for many months in the frozen sea.



A fluke that happened at the blackest moment of his life changed him from a washed-up, penniless boxing bum into . . .

Hollywood's Toughest Actor

by MARK SUFRIN

continued on next page

HE SLAMMED his fist into a friend's stomach and roared with laughter when he saw the gasping, stricken man double-up. It was "the squelch of the fist" that the six-foot, four-inch, 240-pound giant exalted above all other pleasures in life. Only a few years before, in a fight with a British Army sergeant, he had pounded the man all over a mess-room and felt "a queer thrill" when he watched the bleeding face sag under his punches.

All of Victor McLaglen's stormy life would always be marked with this need for elemental power: whether as professional boxer and wrestler, army officer, carnival strong man, railroad policeman, gold and silver prospector, pearl-fisher, or as commander of his own 1,000-man California Light Horse Troop. In this last activity, the English-Irish giant was accused of being the military leader of an American Fascist movement.

A famous film director once called McLaglen "tough, mean, savage, drunk, and humorless," and throughout his rovings and adventures, he prized two qualities above all: brute force and discipline.

Serving in the British Army, which offered his spirit of adventure a home, McLaglen poses with Indian musicians.

Typical McLaglen scene, in which the bare-chested hero mourns loss of a Legion buddy, vows to avenge his death.

He grew up in Victorian England, a world where these naive and primitive solutions were prized as the mark of a man. But the increasing complexities of the Twentieth Century confused him, and only a fluke that happened at the blackest moment of his life changed him from a washed-up, penniless boxing bum at the age of 33 into a world-famous movie star.

Like most soldiers-of-fortune, McLaglen's origins gave few clues to account for his brawling wanderlust, except for the fact that he was the classically wild son of a strict clergyman, a Bishop of the Anglican Church. He was born, December 11, 1886, into a family of eight brothers and a sister. They ranged from six feet to six-seven. It was a family of giants where "scrapping was the center of our universe," as McLaglen says.

They lived in the stifling, quiet respectability of Tunbridge Wells, not far from London, and Victor's boyhood was marked by a more-than-normal aversion to classrooms, and a fanatic hero-worship of eldest brother Fred, whom he tried to emulate all his life. To this day, the movie brute calls Fred's death in World War I, "the greatest tragedy of my life."

For a time they lived in Gunnersburg, a livelier town, but when the family decided to move back to Tunbridge Wells, young Victor, at 14 a convincing six-feet, 170-pounds, decided he had all of suburban living he could stomach.

In 1900 English adventurers were spreading to every corner of the world. A bold man could go anyplace he wished, to exotic and undiscovered countries or the vast, strange colonies, without the petty restrictions of passports and visas. It was a world of military adventurers, explorers, gold and silver strikes, sailing ships, and fame and riches for any man with the guts to try.

The British Tommy had only recently subdued the Fuzzy-Wuzzy in the Sudan, and now there was trouble with the Boers in South Africa. Victor's idol, Fred, had gone off to enlist; and one night, Victor stole out of the house on a high road to risky, rough thrills that would take him to 25 countries, two wars, and a dozen different careers in the next 20 years.

The average Hollywood tough-guy is a fraud in the sense that, off-screen, he is generally a soft-spoken, well-read man given to such untypical enthusiasms as horticulture and collecting French Impressionists — a breed of man that the vigorous McLaglen could only view with contempt. He, however, was the authentic, 100 per cent, dyed-in-the-wool, roistering, hell-for-leather guy he portrayed in countless movies. His story contains enough adventure to last three men a lifetime and more than parallels the concocted, picaresque tales in which he appeared.

IT took 20 years of fights and exposure to desert winds, tropic sun, the sea, and north woods' storms to hammer his face into that combination of weather-beaten, cauliflower-eared brute toughness and puggish humor that earned him a fortune in Hollywood. And the first punch that rattled his teeth happened the first night he was in London.

Drifting about Picadilly Circus, in a mob of soldiers home on leave from Africa, McLaglen was a lonesome, dispirited kid from the sticks with only a few cents in his pocket. He was ready to turn back home when a set of lucky circumstances pointed him in another direction.

Walking toward Hyde Park, he joined some soldiers looking for a sergeant's lost money belt. He found it under a bench and the sergeant, happy to have his 40 pounds back, showed his appreciation by asking McLaglen to accompany them in a little celebration. They went to the Cafe de

Europe in Leicester Square, where the party proceeded to get uproariously drunk with the sergeant's found money. There was a brawl, the first fight outside of sparring with his brothers Victor had ever had, and when he floored a big Somerset infantryman, he knew at that moment, above all, he wanted to be a British soldier and a fighter.

It was an exhilarating feeling, standing side-by-side with good mates and slugging it out. Even in the excitement he was able to feel the regimental pride of those leathery troopers. When military police crashed into the place, his friends bolted for a rear exit, leaving the money belt carelessly draped over a chair. He searched for them through the night all over London's West End, without success. Toward morning, he decided it was a good omen, that the money would keep him until the Army accepted him, and vowing to pay it back some day (McLaglen says he recognized the sergeant 40 years later on a movie set and gave him a check for $200), he headed for a hotel. The world of vicars, tea-parties, horsehair upholstery, classrooms and respectability was behind him.

THE next morning, he stood before a recruiting sergeant at Whitehall. When questioned about his age, he threw out his chest and gulped, "19," He enlisted for 12 years.

Because of his youth and height, he was assigned to one of the crack cavalry regiments, the Life Guards, stationed at Knightsbridge Barracks. They were the cream of the British Army, hard-bitten, professional soldiers who were hell on recruits. But for the strapping, uncomplicated, 14-year-old kid, it was a good life.

It was a time and place where a man proved his worth by the amount of beer he could drink, his proficiency with lance and saber, the way he sat his horse, the shine of his brass, his marksmanship, and the ability to absorb the merciless discipline and the rough give-and-take of barracks life without breaking.

Most important of all was his pride in the regiment. If this seems like an orgy of sentimentality and beery "good fellows," this was England when she was the most powerful country in the world and filled with her own exuberance. It was this boy's dream of a trooper's life that would mark McLaglen throughout the years. He never outgrew it, and in one form or another, has been playing at it for a generation. It was a potentially dangerous blend: a tough, cocky kid with the temperament of a disciplinarian — little education — the military — and a revulsion (in later life) for any social-economic progress.

In the British Army at that time, they had the Neanderthal idea that the man doling out food gave short rations to anyone he thought he could take in a fight. McLaglen, a growing boy with a ravenous appetite, was being slowly starved by one Daggy Cooper, a regimental boxing hotshot. One day, desperate, young McLaglen summoned enough courage for an act normally considered suicide: He switched plates with the enraged Daggy, who proceeded to flip a spoonful of turnips into the boy's face with a curse and then threw a punch.

McLaglen pole-axed him — and was immediately drafted for regimental boxing competition. After three-years' service, he became regimental champion and seemed a good bet for the army title, as well as a lance and saber titlist, and a veteran of the Boer War.

His father, objecting to the army as a career, used his influence to get Victor released from service. Like all respectable middle-class families, they wanted their son to enter a profession. They apprenticed him to a lawyer where hulking Victor "almost went out of my mind from the poky little office" — and, needless to say, the effort at any intellectual exercise.

He insisted he wanted to be a fighter. His horrified parents shipped him off to Canada, where many misfits and recalcitrant sons of good English families were sent at that time. What he did there would be his own affair. It was a desolate, pioneer's country where no one asked questions, cared about a man's background, or whether he ever got the upstairs maid "in trouble" — much like our early American West.

McLaglen was given a small stake, placed in steerage, and, in 1903, set out for any "uncivilized" career he wished. Brother Fred had preceded him there by a year.

Victor met an ex-Navy man, Jack Crow, on the ship; and when their money ran out after some misadventures in Canadian port towns, they temporarily became farm workers in Quebec. The fresh air, exercise and plentiful food put more muscle on McLaglen, but he became bored with the isolation and never-ending work. When he heard of the rich mines and boom towns to the west, the thought of quick money made him feverish with the itch to move on.

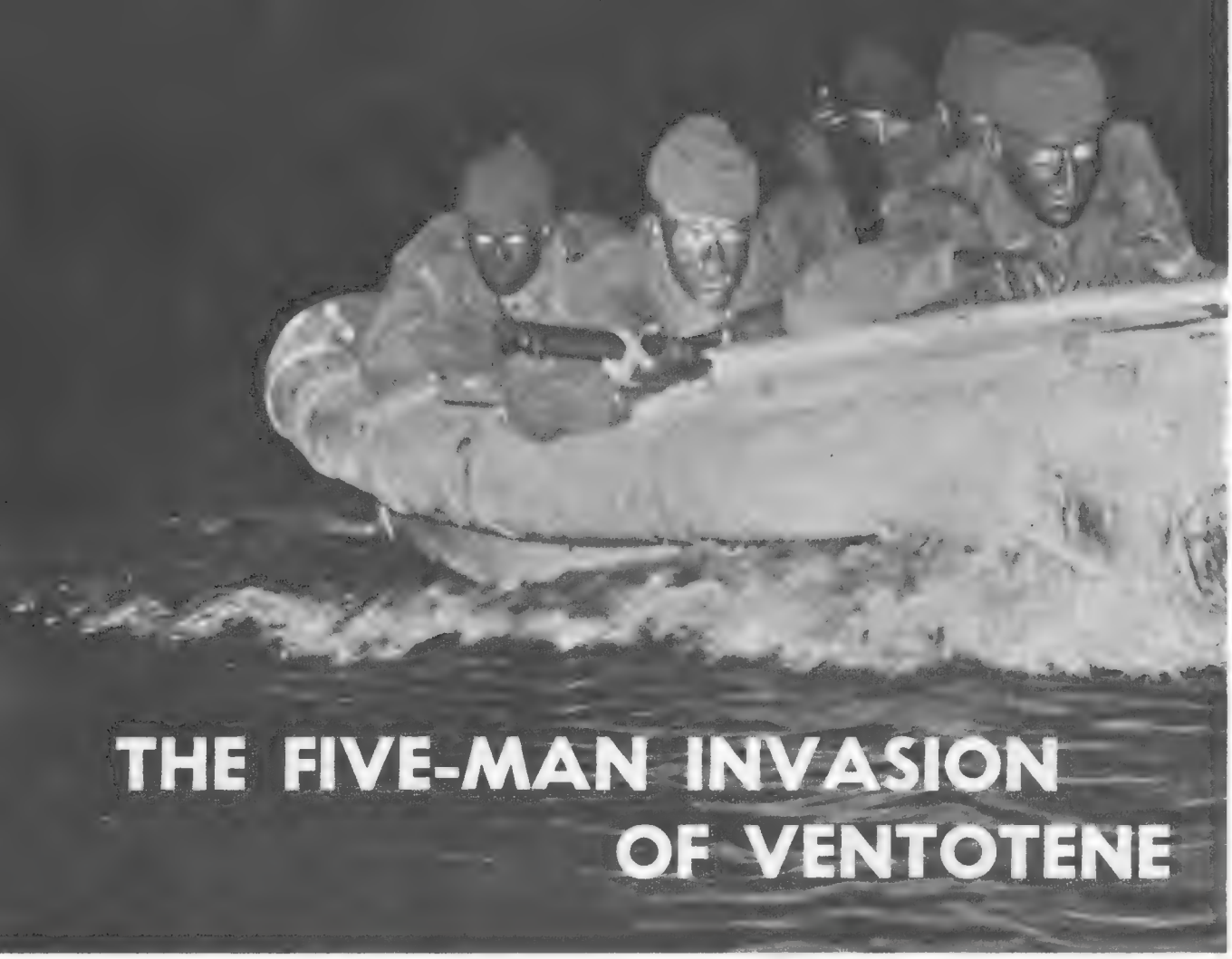
In his instinctive, youthful way, McLaglen never stopped anywhere long enough to get bored or rusty in his search for that something that lay just beyond the horizon. He and Crow just dropped everything one day, and without telling the farmer, they beat their way across Quebec into Ontario to a big silver strike at Cobalt. In North Bay, their money ran out and they earned five (*continued on page* 72)

Wearing uniform of his much-discussed private army, the California Light Horse Cavalry, he reviews his troopers.

man's discovers Linda

An avid racing fan, dancer Linda Whale has only one problem. She's faster on her feet than some of the horses she bets on. In fact, in a showdown, we'd bet on Linda over any filly.

photographs by Hugh Bell



THE FIVE-MAN INVASION OF VENTOTENE

It looked like a movie set: the five-man task force led by dashing Doug Fairbanks against 87 well-armed Nazis. Only they weren't acting. Far from it. It would take real sweat, courage and bullets to write a "happy ending" to this D-Day commando raid

by STAN SMITH

IT WAS the night before D-Day in the Gulf of Salerno: 2315, September 8, 1943, four hours before invasion. In the quiet, moon-washed channels from the Sorrento Peninsula to the tidal wastes of Cape Licosa, silently steaming Allied naval units were approaching target islands and sepulchral beachheads that would come under fleet bombardment and army assault by daybreak.

Among these was Diversion Group TG 804, commanded by grizzled, leathery Navy Captain C. L. Andrews, whose mission was the capture or demobilization of the heavily garrisoned target island of Ventotene, 20 miles west of Ischia.

Andrews' group was comprised of the destroyer USS *Knight*, his flagship, and the *Flores*, four SC's, one PT boat, six British armed trawlers and 10 air-sea rescue boats.

At 2320, Andrews signalled "Slow!" preparatory to the launching of a whaleboat. Three white lights appeared suddenly on the Ventotene shore. A signalman raced down to the TG commander with the message. Andrews listened impassively. Then he stared at the five U.S. Navy men in black-face, sitting opposite him in the tin can's cramped wardroom.

To these men would go the responsibility of executing one of the most daring behind-enemy-lines raids of World War II. They wore fatigues, black watch caps, rubber soled shoes, with no identification marks in their clothing that would reveal them as military personnel. If caught, they could be executed as spies.

"Wouldn't count on those lights too much," the four-

FAIRBANKS

striper said laconically, puffing on his cigarette. "Maybe Italy has surrendered on the mainland (announced only three hours ago), but out here there's no telling what the attitude is. The Eyties have been sleeping too long with the Nazis, and some of that fanaticism may have rubbed off. Take nothing for granted. They've got a radar station and 100 Germans. Remember it!"

"Yes, sir," the five men said in unison.

Led by Lieutenant Commander Douglas E. Fairbanks, they were CBM David Maruski, GM 1/c Clanton Long, Rm 2/c Paul Triano and BM 2/c Joseph Brituzzo. There was a certain terse informality in the wardroom, a lowering of barriers that comes infrequently, usually at a time of imminent danger. The men smoked.

"We call in the paratroops after things get rolling," Fairbanks repeated his orders.

"Roger."

"I can't say whether we'll send them right in after you; I frankly don't know," Andrews grimaced. "Let's see how the picture develops."

Topside, the whaleboat clattered on the steel deck.

Another messenger from the bridge came pounding down the companionway. "Everything's ready, sir."

The five men stood and saluted. The four-striper saluted back, then shook each man's hand. Then he walked them topside and silently watched them climb down into the boat. Captain Andrews turned to Lieutenant Commander Joel C. Ford, skipper of his flagship. He said, "Remind you of anything, Ford?"

"Yes, sir," the other replied. "A typical Fairbanks thriller. One thing's missing — no love interest."

• • •

The night was warm and the Gulf of Salerno shimmered brightly under a quarter moon. Four of the men in the whaleboat huddled around the motor box, while the fifth crouched down under the bow and frowned at a map of the island. Ahead, a blinking light flashed twice. One man grunted:

"Blinking again, Commander!" said Chief Boatswain's Mate Maruski.

"Right!" Fairbanks nodded. "Close the beach. Might as well find out the hard way — "

"Is there any other?" the CBM shot back.

Fairbanks strained to see the high, onrushing cliffs. Propped up on his hard stomach, he lay in the crotch of the bow holding a flashlight. Two grenades attached to each shoulder, a knife, a .45 and a length of wire in his belt, his handsome features were twisted in a grimace as he tried to follow the cliff line of Ventotene. Somewhere very close now, according to a G-3 briefing, was a breakwater, a dock, a false bar and a false harbor, which was, in essence, an inlet of sorts that doubled back on itself and moved to the sea. Approaching Ventotene from seaward, the shore appeared crescent shape, with a number of irregularly shaped accesses to the beach, many of these false. Under the best of circumstances, finding the real harbor was a challenge even to the fishermen of Ventotene.

In the longboat's bow, Fairbanks tested the bottom by flashing his light straight down. He sucked in his breath, expecting the lethal thunder of machine guns. There wasn't any, but suddenly he heard the sibilant slapping of tide on black rocks dead ahead.

"Shear off! Rocks — shear off!" he snapped.

The whaleboat reversed throatily. Doug Fairbanks, in a real cloak and dagger role, heaved a cold-sweat sigh of relief. Below the narrow prism of light were jagged rocks that could impale the whaleboat, not to mention the likely fatal stranding of the five-man invasion team.

Then 33, Fairbanks, alias the prisoner of Zenda, Sinbad and a plethora of hairy-chested roles, flopped back in his niche in the bow to further study the shoreline, now less than 200 yards away; and he thought he saw boats bobbing at a dock. To the others of his hand-picked crew, the invasion of Ventotene was a new experience. To the handsome idol of the flickers, it was not. Definitely not.

Almost to the day, at 11 P.M. on a September evening in the previous year, Fairbanks had commanded another invasion party — one that stormed Nazi-held Casquet lighthouse on the German side of the Channel. Taking 30 men, in black-face and using only knives, Fairbanks landed on the sea side of the island and caught the Nazis on the lee side. With pickets suddenly garroted and knives in their rib cages, the commandos silently took on the command post next.

Obermast Munte, writing a report at the time, looked up and blinked at two men with .45s, thereupon passing out from shock. The lighthouse was blasted in a fiery pall of German ammunition, and along with it went the lives of 50 Nazis.

Then, in November, on roving assignment with the British Eighth Army, Fairbanks had made the famous raid on Sened Station in the desert. And still later, shortly before the Sicilian Invasion, he'd operated converted "fishing smacks" that became fast PTs, (*continued on page* 70)

continued from page 19

bucks going begging!"

John Arthur Johnson thrust his hands deep down into his empty pockets. There was nothing for him here, he told himself. He had never been a fighter, not even in his boyhood. Brought up on a Texas farm, he'd always tried to keep away from trouble. His mother had been disturbed at what had seemed an undue caution in a healthy young boy and had threatened to thrash him if he didn't stand up for himself against the other youngsters who wrestled, fought and played around the farm outhouses.

By nature Johnson was quiet and peace-loving, but now hunger twisted within his stomach till he felt weak and seared with pain. "After all, why not?" he began to ask himself, eyes wistfully regarding those 10 wonderful dollars. He was well over six feet, strong, and even at 20 years, weighed nearly 200 pounds. What if he did get a thrashing? At least, if he managed to land a punch or two on the champion, someone might stake him to a dinner.

"Are there no men with red blood in their veins?" The voice was unpleasant and sneering, and made his audience shift uncomfortably. "Where we come from, friends, the challengers line up for a chance to spar with the champion. Not for the money. No, friends, just for the glory! And I'd been told that Texans were tough!" He spat. The crowd hated him, but couldn't go away.

They knew that the barker was trying to needle some member of his audience into accepting the challenge. If the challenger was angry — well, so much the better. A boxer who lost his temper was always easier to hit.

"Maybe" — sarcasm now — "you all made so much dough out of this here oil you don't want to earn 10 dollars. Look, folks, when the champ was fighting in Philly, a guy who didn't look much more than . . ."

"Ah'll go in with this man." The voice was hoarse and nervous.

The crowd as one turned their heads to inspect the challenger. Doubt narrowed their eyes. Was this a genuine challenger, or was the speaker one of the barker's henchmen? Was there going to be a real fight or were they going to be bilked of their entrance money by being presented with a rehearsed exhibition?

"So you'll go in with him, son? Come up here, boy."

The onlookers parted to allow young Johnson through. The barker's beady little eyes inspected Johnson from the top of his curly hair to his battered old shoes, tied to his feet with string. Then he nodded approval of what he saw.

John Arthur Johnson stood beside the self-styled champion of champions. They were evenly matched physically. Perhaps the professional fighter was the heavier; he was certainly the older by at least six years, and his many battles had scarred the experiences into his face.

But to the discerning follower of boxing, the younger man had an ideal fighting physique. His legs were long and light, his hips narrow, promising speed and grace of movement, and his head was well set on a short, thick neck, whilst the depth of his chest and breadth of his shoulders gave hint of a powerful puncher.

"And what do you call yourself, son?"

Overawed by the crowd's attention, the young Negro could only mutter, "John Arthur Johnson, suh."

"So you're John Arthur Johnson, suh, are you?" — heavy irony from the loud-voiced barker. "Now, that's a real classy name for a fighter. John Arthur Johnson."

The barker savored the words while the onlookers guffawed.

"Waal, we'll soon see if you can fight, John Arthur Johnson, we'll sure soon see. Now, friends," the barker raised his voice even louder, "here is a fight no man — no real man, that is — will dare miss. A contest between the one and only, Killer McNaughton ——"

The Killer acknowledged the introduction with a careless wave of his hand. He'd been through this routine so many times. The crowd applauded.

". . . and this lion-hearted, fearless — if a little foolhardy ——" He got his laugh. "This intrepid young man, John Arthur Johnson! The contest will be staged, folks, in the meeting room of that well-known hostelry, The Steer's Head. And the cost?"

Johnson was no longer listening to the barker's much-practiced speech. He was praying, silently, not for protection, but that he should not be knocked out before he had earned the crowd's approval. Praying that whatever punishment he might receive, someone would buy him a meal afterwards. . . .

In the meeting room on the first floor of The Steer's Head, a crude ring, formed by two rough, unbound ropes, had been erected. So many were crowded into the room that those in front were pressed against the ropes, and were in danger of being hit if either of the fighters swung too wildly.

John Arthur Johnson was barely aware of the almost unpadded two-ounce gloves which had been drawn over his fists. All his attention was concentrated on the bored Negro pugilist lolling on the stool in the opposite corner, his shoulders against the post.

The barker was still shouting, earnestly urging everybody to —"Close up friends and make room for just one more. Just one more, friends."

His rasping voice rose even above the chatter of the crowd, and the shouted exchange of odds amongst the gamblers. The betting was not on who would win — there would have been no takers for such a wager — but on how many seconds would elapse before the challenger was stretched on the canvas.

At last the barker concluded his oration. He doffed his coat and, carefully folding it, passed it over the ropes to one of the two tough-looking seconds who were part of the retinue. The barker now assumed his other offices, those of referee and timekeeper.

There was to be no bell, just a shout of "Ready." A moment while the referee glanced at his large gold watch which hung by an impressive chain from the pocket of his much-embroidered waistcoat; then the hoarse "Now!"

JOHNSON stood as if he were in a dream, gloved fists hanging loosely at his sides. The champion slouched forward, his heavy, rounded shoulders protecting his chin, his fists held high and ready. His eyes, deeply set under thickly scarred brows, were fixed intently on the younger man's face. As soon as he was within distance his left hand sleeked out almost lazily to Johnson's jaw. Johnson's head jerked back. With a half-grin the champion moved round his almost defenseless opponent.

Another long left snaked forward, this time to Johnson's nose. Johnson's eyes filled with tears. Raising his glove to his face, he found that his nose was bleeding.

"Get it over! Put the punk away!"

"Knock the nigger out!"

"Let him have it!"

To the crowd there was little amusement in such a one-sided contest — unless, of course, the loser was really cut up and hurt.

A hard left jerked Johnson's head back again. This time McNaughton followed with a swift right cross. The young Negro, with little or no idea of how to stand or move in the ring, took the full force of the blow, and being off balance, was thrown heavily to the floor, to land almost flat on his back.

The barker began the count. The crowd, fearing they might be cheated of their money's worth, howled their displeasure. The gamblers paid out or collected their wagers.

To Johnson's surprise he found he had been unhurt by the blow. Rolling over he got to one knee. From this position he looked up at the flushed, jeering faces outside the ring.

One sportsman spat at him, yelling, "Get up, you yellow swine!"

Another removed a chewed cigar from between his stained and rotting teeth to send a jet of nicotine into the face of the kneeling boxer.

Johnson wiped the filthy mess from his face with his forearm. Up to that moment his only thought had been to stay in the ring long enough with McNaughton to earn a few cents for food. He was used to white men shouting orders at him, to being kicked or cuffed out of the way without regard. But in this moment, in the smoky, airless room, surrounded by jeering white men, his pride was born.

Johnson set his jaw and, as the referee shouted "Nine," brought himself to his feet. McNaughton was ready for him and almost nonchalantly threw a left to Johnson's head. It never landed. Instinctively, the young Negro caught the blow with his right hand. McNaughton drove in another left. Again at the last moment Johnson blocked it, this time countering with his own left.

HIS counter punch was not a hard blow. It was incorrectly delivered, and was indeed more a slap than a punch. Nevertheless it had landed. Irritated at being hit, even lightly, by such an obvious novice, the champion feinted with his left and threw a hard right to the body.

Johnson staggered. It was as if all the breath had been blasted from his lungs. He gasped for air. He wanted to retch. The champion set himself for the decisive blow, but before he could strike, the barker, taking quick note of the crowd's mood, stepped between the two men and shouted "Time!"

By the time the minute's interval was up, Johnson was fully recovered. At the word "Ready" he was on his feet waiting and, at the shout of "Now," moved forward with a smooth, lithe grace to meet his opponent.

The champion shot out three quick lefts in succession. Each blow was picked off in the air before it could land. The crowd laughed at the champion's sudden discomfiture and began to enjoy the bout. Perhaps it was not going to be such a one-sided match as it had at first appeared.

Annoyed by the crowd's laughter, McNaughton decided to finish it at once. A fast left to Johnson's head, then, putting every ounce of his weight behind the blow, he threw his right to the young man's jaw.

There was no conscious thought be-

hind Johnson's reaction; it was sheerly instinctive. Almost at the moment the champion's blow reached his jaw he ducked his head. McNaughton's fist thrashed through the air harmlessly, but carried that worthy onto the ropes with its force. Snarling, the champion swung round on his young opponent as the crowd jeered and shouted advice at him.

"So you want to play," he grunted.

Remembering his success at the end of the last round, he lashed a hard right to Johnson's body. Once again Johnson blocked it instinctively. For a split second the champion paused in surprise. Surely this man was a complete novice? His eyes looked with bewilderment into those of his young opponent. The steadiness of their gaze was the last thing he remembered.

The champion only regained consciousness when one of the seconds thrust a needle down the quick of the nail of one of his fingers, whilst the other second cheerfully sank his yellow teeth into the already much-thickened ear. Both methods were well-known and long-tested ways of restoring a knocked-out boxer to awareness of the world.

Johnson had been as much amazed as everyone by the abrupt end to the contest. He had seen the champion drive a blow to his body and had automatically stopped it. Equally automatically he had seen his opponent's almost imperceptible hesitation and the doubt in his eyes. To punch the other's momentarily unprotected chin had seemed the most natural thing to do.

AS his opponent crumpled and the crowd yelled its approval — not to mention its surprise — he let his fists drop to his side. Jack Arthur Johnson stood looking down at the prostrate McNaughton as the barker slowly counted 10. The task took at least 30 seconds, as if he refused to believe that the champion would betray him by not getting up within the allotted time.

But at last it was all over. The defeated boxer was dragged unceremoniously to his corner and the barker made another impassioned harangue to the fast-dwindling audience, concluding with the words, "Here and now, to prove that my word is my bond, I present this boy — this lucky boy — with the promised 10 bucks. Here you are, son. Look after it."

Saying which he thrust the pile of grubby notes into Johnson's still gloved hands.

The crowd jostled its noisy way down the stairs into the main saloon below, leaving the meeting room empty save for one or two spectators, the two seconds, and the boxers and barker.

Johnson rid himself of the light gloves with some difficulty, having to untie the laces of the first with his teeth, both seconds still being occupied with the dreaming champion.

Taking the bucket from behind the corner post, Johnson thrust his sweating face into the blood-pink water.

He'd won! He could hardly believe it. And here were 10 dollars to be spent! He could almost enjoy the feeling of hunger, now that he knew it was soon to be appeased.

As he washed, he planned his movements for the next couple of hours. He'd go straight to the little harbor café which served colored men. He'd order himself the finest dinner it could provide. To start with fried chicken — a whole fried chicken to himself. With the chicken he'd have French-fried potatoes, corn, and . . .

Fingers grasped his curly black hair and pulled his face out of the water. Straightening he saw his assailant was the barker-referee-timekeeper.

"Come on," the barker snarled. "Hand it over!"

"But Ah thought Ah'd won?" Johnson was bewildered. The barker cut him short. "Niggers don't think; they do what they're told, and quick!"

Johnson saw the two seconds standing on either side of the barker. One of them menacingly stropped an open razor on the palm of his hand.

"Better hand it over," the barker paused, his eyes evil, and when he spoke again it was almost in a whisper, "if you want to go on seeing!"

JOHN Arthur Johnson was 20. He'd already suffered a great deal from life. But now, after visualizing that meal, this was one of the hardest blows of his life. Yet there was nothing he could do about it. He had no chance against the three of them. Besides, he had seen too many Negroes with slashed cheeks and eyes eternally vacant due to skilfully handled razors. Slowly he held out the sweat-stained notes to the barker.

"He's keeping those dollars!" The voice was quiet but held a note of command. "He's earned the dough and he's not giving it back."

The barker swung round in anger. A tall, well-dressed, military-looking man stood lolling against a corner post, his hands in his pockets.

"This ain't your pigeon, buddy. Ain't nothing to you." The barker spat the words at the stranger, eyes glaring.

"No, nothing at all," the stranger agreed. Then, significantly, "All the same, if you don't let the boy keep the dough, they'll all know down in the saloon what you've done to him. In Texas we're sure fond of seeing folks get justice."

The man paused, then went on. "I reckon after the way the boy fought, some of them downstairs might get real nasty if they thought you were trying to chisel him out of his money. Might get real tough."

Again a pause to let his words sink in. "I remember the boys running a cheap shyster out of town only last week. It was mighty painful for the fellow, I reckon. They tied him under his horse's belly, with his head under the tail. Thought it would improve his mind to study the stars — at least, that's what they said." He stopped talking and waited for the pugilists to make the next move.

The barker jerked his head towards the stranger, his face heavy with contempt and venom. The two seconds, no doubt feeling safe in their numerical advantage, began to edge forward.

"I sure shouldn't do anything silly." The voice stopped their shuffling movement.

"Someone might get damaged!" Now there was a crackle of anger in the tone. Slowly he drew his hand from his pocket to reveal a small pistol with a mother-of-pearl handle.

The two seconds flinched back.

"Now, boy," said the stranger, turning towards Johnson, "you'd better get your things and I'll see you to the street."

A few minutes later, outside The Steer's Head, Johnson tried to thank his rescuer.

"No need for that, boy," he smiled. "I picked up 25 bucks on you today. Thought you had bottom the moment I set eyes on you. Ever fought before?" His question was abrupt.

"No, suh, not properly."

"I thought not." The stranger was thinking. "Just a natural fighter. Dead natural . . . You could go a long way in the game, if properly handled."

This was a new idea to Johnson, going into the fight game, but he immediately dismissed it from his mind. Go a long way? No. He'd end up like all the other colored boys in Galveston, he supposed, good for nothing but the most menial labor.

"No, suh. Ah was jus' hungry, that's all. Hadn't eaten for quite a while, so Ah fought."

It was quite a long speech for the uneducated young man.

The military gentleman smiled. "Yes, you fought. No doubt about that. You certainly fought. Well, go and get that dinner, but when you've eaten go along and see Sam Fitzpatrick, a friend of mine. Tell him I sent you. My name's O'Dowd, Colonel O'Dowd."

"Mistah Fitzpatrick, suh?"

"Yep. Sam Fitzpatrick. You'll find him at the Sporting and Athletic Club. He's the finest judge of a fighter in the State — finest in the country, I reckon. I've got an idea you two are going to get to know each other well — real well."

In this way did John Arthur Johnson enter the prize ring. Because of a chance meeting with a patron of the "fancy," the big, quiet young Negro obtained an introduction that was to change his whole life.

• • •

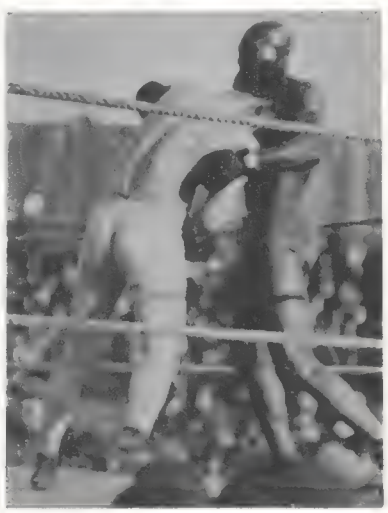
JOHN Arthur Johnson wiped the last fleck of gravy from his plate with a piece of bread. He couldn't remember when he had last eaten so well.

At first when he had entered the café, Sam, the owner, hadn't believed his order.

"Boy," he'd said, "just show me the sight of your dough to cover all that food. I ain't cookin' nothin' fo' nothin'."

Jack displayed the 10 dollars, holding the notes out towards the yellow-skinned old man. Sam, without another word, shuffled back to his stove and soon the smell of fried chicken filled the room. Now, his meal over, for the first time in his life it seemed, Johnson felt completely happy. He gazed about the café. There were no whites present. A grey-haired Negro with the eyes of a drug addict stroked the keyboard of an ancient upright piano, cigarette drooping from his distended lower lip. Everything he played had a plaintive ring, as if his mind could only encompass the miseries and injustices of the world. It was not cheerful.

In a corner of the café three young Negroes crouched close to the floor. Their clothes were torn and stained with oil. Every now and then one of them would



Johnson fighting Flynn at Las Vegas.

throw back his head with a howl of anguish, announcing that the fates had betrayed him and the dice, rolling round the corner boards, were unjust.

Sitting at a table close to the dice-shooters, but completely oblivious to their presence, were a young Negro and his girl. Their arms were wrapped around each other.

Until then Johnson had had nothing to do with women. The sexual opportunities of a broke, jobless, wharfside hanger-on were few indeed. But John Arthur Johnson was a hot-blooded youth. He had known what it was to lie at night in the darkness crying with frustration while his imagination wove sensual patterns. He'd watched the high-strutting colored girls wriggle their way down the narrow Galveston streets, and had pictured how they would look without their clothes. In his mind he had acted out many scenes of love—yes, love! For youth is always romantic.

Now he found himself yearning for the dusky girl and passionately hating the young man whose hand was stroking her. He forced himself to look away.

While his eyes had been fixed on the corner table a young, almost cream-colored girl who could not possibly have been more than 17, had begun to talk to the pianist. Now she was leaning against the piano, humming gently to herself. For a second her eyes met Johnson's. Quickly he looked away. The invitation he had seen there could not be for him. But the girl had noticed Johnson — and his roll of notes — when he'd ordered his food. Money and Youth together.

She crossed the room smiling.

"May Ah sit down with you, boy?"

The spittle in Johnson's mouth dried. When he answered his voice was the barest whisper.

"Sure do. Ah'd be right glad for you." The words petered out.

The girl laughed, showing her sparkling white teeth, and sat down beside him.

"You sure look like you never seen a gal before, boy."

"Course Ah seed 'em. Many of 'em." But his nervousness belied his statement.

"An' not only seed 'em, Ah reckon." Her voice was deep and husky. Her smile seemed bigger, more admiring. Johnson thought he had never heard a voice so beautiful before.

"Try one of these, boy." From the bag hanging on her wrist she drew two loosely rolled cigarettes. Johnson had smoked many times, for the Negro boys who scavenged round the harbor were always smoking the butt-ends of cigars thrown into the gutter by the passing whites; smoking scraps of tobacco filched from the holds of the tobacco ships bound for Europe; smoking leaf and stubble and even decaying vegetable strips out of garbage cans. And there was not one of them who hadn't made themselves sick in their boyhood with their early attempts at tobácco-chewing.

Johnson took the cigarette and put it between his lips. The girl lit a match and held it for him. He puffed in the smoke contentedly, and now the girl pulled her chair close to his. Under the table he felt her knee rub against his thigh. This was really life, he thought, suddenly feeling expansive. In four hours he had won a fight; had been threatened with violence if he did not hand over his winnings, but had got away with it; had ordered a colossal dinner — and now he had a girl!

"You like that type cigarette, honey?"

"Ah sure do."

"Ah can't smoke. Ah'm that hungry."

Immediately Johnson felt guilty. He'd eaten wolfishly, shovelling the food into his mouth; now, here was "his" girl hungry.

"Sam," he shouted. "Hurry up, man. Mah frien' here sure is hungry!"

When the girl had finished eating, they sat close together listening to the pianist lazily dragging his fingers over the yellow-stained notes. John Arthur Johnson tentatively slid his arm around the girl's shoulder, ready to withdraw in a moment if she objected. But she made no comment, so he tightened his hold, drawing her against him. She was wearing a short-sleeved dress and his hand touched her smooth skin. Looking down at her arms, he saw they were covered with a thin down. With his forefinger he traced a pattern on them.

It was getting late. Old Sam was already shuffling round the room, clearing the plates and mugs from the bare wooden tables and brushing up the debris from the floor. The pianist had left, his unlit cigarette dangling from his protruding lower lip. The three dice-shooters had complainingly lurched out into the darkness.

"Time you got goin', boy. I want to git to bed." The café proprietor slept on a pile of rags behind the stove in a corner of the kitchen.

Johnson stood up. The cigarettes he had smoked had been drugged, he was sure of that. But he liked the hazy sensation. It was almost as if he had no weight at all; as if he was all man and all strength — godlike!

The girl also had risen and, confident that Johnson would follow, she passed through the doorway out into the night. Johnson walked after her.

The rays of the morning sun, glinting through the cracked panel of the warehouse door, awoke John Arthur Johnson. His head was one gigantic ache. He recalled immediately all the events of the previous night. Where was he now? There was not a trace of the girl, other than the impression of a body beside him on the uncured steer hides which filled the warehouse. Perhaps she had only left him for a moment and would soon be back.

Anyway, he would find her again at Sam's. No doubt she was known there.

He drew his clothes on rapidly. His body was damp and salty from the uncured hides, but discomfort was no stranger to him. Though his parents lived in Galveston, his father's treatment of him had driven him away from home and he had slept out many nights.

Better get away from the warehouse before he was discovered, he thought. A Negro caught on enclosed premises would be fortunate to escape with a beating. Besides, a cup of coffee might well ease the aching of his head.

Then he put his hand into his trouser pocket. His dollars! *His precious dollars!*

Feverishly he searched his other pockets, laying his scraps of belongings out on the skins. But — no money. Perhaps the notes had fallen amongst the skins, he thought in his panic, but even as he searched he knew it was a waste of time.

SO, the woman had behaved as he'd been told all women behaved. She'd waited till he'd fallen asleep and then stolen the only decent amount of money he'd ever possessed. For a few seconds he indulged in self-pity. . . .

In this manner John Arthur Johnson made his first experiment in sex. His later indulgences in this direction were to make him notorious. But at this moment, unlike later, his thoughts never aspired to a white woman. It was kind to kind for the Negro, his thoughts even in his despair turning to the joys of lying with a colored girl only.

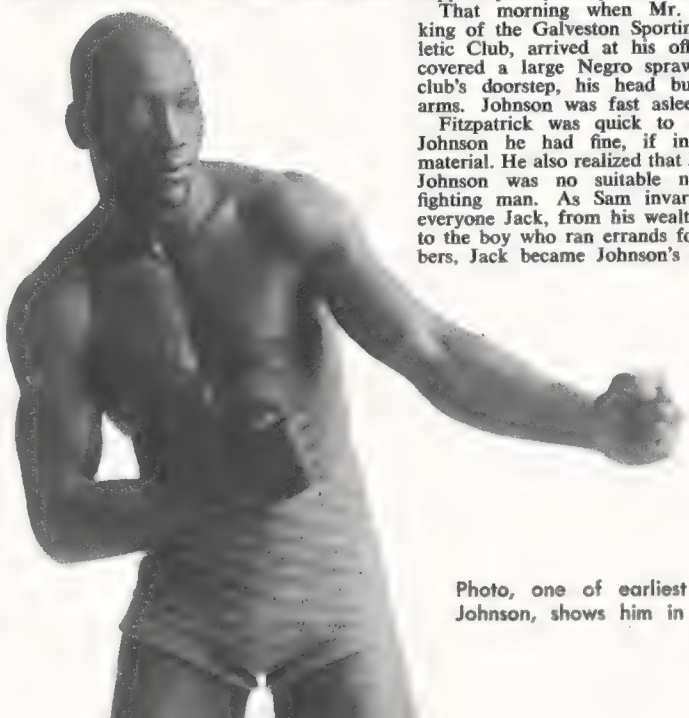
"But what now?" he thought, when he accepted his loss. He was back where he'd been yesterday morning — no money and no job. What was the name of the man the colonel had told him to see?

Fitz-something-or-other. Yes, that was it — Sam Fitzpatrick of the Galveston Sporting and Athletic Club.

John Arthur Johnson stuffed his few belongings back into his pockets. Cautiously he peered from the warehouse doorway. There was nobody about, so he slipped quickly away into town.

That morning when Mr. Fitzpatrick, king of the Galveston Sporting and Athletic Club, arrived at his office, he discovered a large Negro sprawled on the club's doorstep, his head buried in his arms. Johnson was fast asleep.

Fitzpatrick was quick to see that in Johnson he had fine, if inexperienced, material. He also realized that John Arthur Johnson was no suitable name for a fighting man. As Sam invariably called everyone Jack, from his wealthiest patron to the boy who ran errands for the members, Jack became Johnson's official ring



Photo, one of earliest taken of Johnson, shows him in top form.

title, and Jack he was to remain throughout his career.

In these days, there were regular tournaments at the club and, with the fortunes being made at Galveston, betting on the contests was heavy indeed.

Jack was never a coward, despite the many unkind things that were to be said about him years later. But when in the ring, he could see no sense in getting hurt unnecessarily. The fighter who rushed in throwing punches and taking punishment in the hope that he might land the one final blow aroused no admiration in young Jack Johnson.

JACK himself had a hard punch that could stop a fight at any moment, and one day after a particular torrid contest Sam Fitzpatrick told him, "If you opened up more, Jack, you'd have a better chance of stopping them."

"By them, do you mean mah opponents, or their punches?"

Then Johnson added swiftly, before the loquacious Mr. Fitzpatrick could get started, "As Ah see it, the other guy an' me, we likely pack a good punch — both of us. If he lands first, then Ah goes right out. If Ah lands first, it's him. Now, Ah find Ah can sort of tell when the other guy is goin' to punch. So Ah wait. An' Ah lets him tire himself out. Then when he's too far gone to nail me, Ah take him, in mah own time."

"But what happens when you're up against someone better, Jack?"

"Wa'al, Massa Fitzpatrick, Ah reckon I got a mighty lot to learn yet. Ah shall meet men who know more about it all than me. When Ah do — wa'al, Ah reckon Ah must learn mighty fast, that's all."

Already after only a few contests against equally unknown men, Jack Johnson had decided that his life lay in the prize ring. He hadn't made any money of consequence yet, and as often as not he was flat broke. But there was something in the crowd's roar that he found satisfying. No doubt it offset the days when he was always being hustled and cursed by white men in the docks.

The Galveston Sporting and Athletic Club, apart from the more normal type of tournaments, also enjoyed occasional "battles royal." Several Negroes, usually varying considerably in weight and shape, were put into the ring together. The bell rang, and it was a free-for-all. The last man standing was declared the winner.

It was in one of these "battles royal" that Jack Johnson, who was quickly gaining in confidence, began to realize that he had yet another boxing virtue.

It might well be thought that the "battle royal" favored the more aggressive, heavy-punching fighter; but Jack's quickness in anticipation and innate calmness always stood him in good stead against the rougher type of colored laborers who were usually the contestants.

On this occasion, after a full 20 minutes' brawl, there were only three left upright in the ring — a rather ageing but extremely large Negro heavyweight fighter who boasted the delightfully Irish name of Shaun O'Connor; a thick-eared roughneck, Milton Curt, whose cheeks bore the reminders of several razor encounters, and Johnson.

All three were tired but Jack, sensing that the other two had decided to rid themselves of his presence before fighting out the final themselves, took the initiative.

While the crowd roared to them to finish the fight, Johnson said, "Shaun, Ah sure bet you a dollar Ah could beat you easy if there were just us two."

The three boxers moved round slowly, eyeing each other, for the moment oblivious to the roaring crowd, none wanting to make the first move lest the odd man out took advantage of it to land a telling blow.

Circling warily, Shaun's eyes measured Johnson. "Boy, Ah fought better than you before you was weaned."

The crowd yelled for them to get on with the fighting and to stop talking.

Johnson, ignoring them, grinned. "That why you're so marked up an' so old?"

"Let's get him," shouted Curt, thinking Johnson's attention was only on O'Connor. He lunged with his right to Johnson's head. Jack side-stepped, letting the barroom fighter crash past him into the ropes. The audience laughed.

"Ain't nothin' worth while troublin' about with him, eh, Shaun?" Johnson taunted, and saw the anger whip blood into his opponent's face.

"Quit talkin', nigger!" snarled Curt, himself at least two shades darker than either Johnson or Shaun.

"See what Ah mean? Jus' a ten-cent, no-good bum." For the first time in his boxing life, Johnson was using his tongue in the ring.

Jack Johnson had assessed his man well. No one could speak to Milton Curt like that without trouble. Curt would have been happier to have faced Johnson with a razor in his hand or a broken bottle held by its neck. But anger made him lose his caution and judgment of the situation. Not waiting to see if Shaun O'Connor was coming to his aid, he leapt at Johnson, throwing a hard right to his groin. The crowd came to its feet, screaming. Johnson stepped quickly backwards and, as Curt floundered forward with the force of his own blow, Johnson uppercut him, sending him flying across the ring to collapse on the canvas. Johnson looked down at the unconscious Curt and then turned his attention to Shaun O'Connor.

"Now you and Ah can settle that li'l bet, huh?"

THERE was a half-grin on the Irish-named Negro's face as he raised his gloves and prepared to teach his likable young opponent a lesson. And Johnson had a hard tussle to defeat the more experienced professional boxer. Defeat him he did, though, and he collected a satisfactory purse in the form of nickels and dollars which were liberally thrown into the ring from all sides, when he stood there as final victor.

But the thing of importance to Jack Johnson's future was the realization that he had discovered how easily a man could be riled in the middle of a contest. And how easily an angry man may be hit.

It was a lesson he took to heart, to the cost of many other fighters, not excluding champion Tommy Burns.

As he washed away the effects of the "battle royal" in an enamel bowl in the yard of the Club, Johnson felt a hand laid on his shoulder. Looking up he saw the battered features of Shaun O'Connor. Immediately on the defense, he pulled away.

But there was no need for the move. A crooked grin creased O'Connor's wrinkled face.

"Boy, Ah reckon you're goin' to make a mighty fine fighter," he said.

"You ain't sore at me for winnin'?" Johnson couldn't understand it.

"No, Ah ain't sore." O'Connor was a generous man. "Ah would have beat you if Ah could. Besides, Ah kinda liked the way you got that bum sore. He weren't no fightin' man. Tell you what, boy, you heard of Bob Tomlinson's booth?"

"Ah heard of it." Still Jack was cautious.

"Wa'al, Ah reckon you sure could pick up some easy dough there."

Johnson gave thought to the matter for a few seconds, then abruptly came to a decision. "Might as well try at that." He grinned at his new friend.

Shaun O'Connor looked him up and down for a moment, gauging his height, his weight, his strength.

"You beat me, sure, but you got a lot to learn yet, boy."

Johnson grinned again at him. "Ah knows that, but Ah'm not afraid to learn, nor to listen neither."

O'Connor nodded, satisfied. "Hoped you might say that. Now, see, when you lead with your left, you must keep it straight, not paw downward with it. Here, let me show you . . . like this."

And there in the yard of the Galveston Sporting and Athletic Club, Jack received his first real insight into the finer points of the noble art of self-defense — at the hands of a man he had already defeated. Johnson had found a friend in Shaun, the first genuine friend he had.

Together they paid several visits to Bob Tomlinson's booth. Whenever they were short of the price of a meal, they would mingle with the crowd outside the booth, ready to pick up Tomlinson's challenge at the first opportunity. It began to be very expensive for the booth proprietor. At length one evening, having paid Jack the dollars he'd earned in the ring, and still panting from his own exertions (for Tomlinson was his own fighter as well as barker and promoter), Tomlinson put the matter directly to his challenger:

"Now, look 'ere, Jack. I got to make some dough. I want to eat, too. I know you can stand up to me. Likely you can take me over a full fight, but I still got to live, ain't I? See here, I give you 10 dollars for nothin', just so long as you don't come back again." Tomlinson didn't seem to bear Johnson any malice.

Johnson considered the proposition carefully.

"What you say, Shaun?"

"Seems fair to me." O'Connor shrugged. "We're all in the game for what we can git out of it."

"Live and let live, huh?"

Shaun nodded, and the deal was struck. Now, instead of relieving Tomlinson of his hard-earned dollars, the two friends would even occasionally take his place and fight the challengers who came forward from the crowd.

It was the second stage in Johnson's training as a fighter.

Booths are the finest schools for would-be boxers, for in one day a booth fighter can encounter every type of attack and defense. He can meet punchers and boxers, skilled men and sheer novices, and in a boxing ring, even against a complete novice, a momentary loss of concentration can be most dangerous.

ASIDE from his ring encounters, despite his experience with the girl from Sam's café, Jack by no means turned his back on the opposite sex. Whenever he had a fight, he had money. Whenever he had money, he celebrated with a full-scale meal. And whenever he had a good meal, his youth and strength asserted themselves, and Jack would listen to the blandishments of the colored girls who enjoyed a good time and liked to be seen with a young man who was becoming known in Galveston. Besides, his youth and finely trained physique excited them.

Altogether he was growing in self-confidence, but he was still a pleasant-mannered, quiet young man who wanted nothing more than to be friends with

everyone. He was modest, too, about his successes; for his considerable intelligence told him that Galveston wasn't much of a place in the eyes of the world.

He knew that though he had not been beaten in the prize ring, he had not yet met anyone of account. Sure, he had defeated Jim Rocks, Sam Smith, Reddy Bremer, and Jim Cole, and had fought a draw with Henry Smith. But none of them was anything more than a third-rater.

His first match of any importance was against Jim McCormick, sometimes known as the Galveston Giant. The contest, over seven rounds, was staged at the Club. Jack was looked after in his corner by Sam Fitzpatrick and Shaun. It was generally considered that he was being too highly tested at such an early stage in his career, for McCormick was a fighter of experience, besides being much taller and heavier than Johnson.

Johnson surprised the prophets by holding the giant to a draw; indeed, he was unfortunate not to be awarded the decision. The general view, however, was that McCormick must have been off that night, so a return fight was arranged. This time Jack proved the victor on a foul, but he had to fight the giant no less than four times before it was generally admitted that he was the better man.

By now his skill in the ring was attracting the notice of the white sportsmen of Galveston. Amongst themselves they commented on the modest manner in which Jack took his successes, and how he was always respectful when spoken to by any of the club members. They were to remember this in later years, when the "arrogant" Negro was to become the most abused man in America — by the white press.

By the turn of the century Jack had had some 10 or 11 properly staged contests. He had also fought countless booth battles and a few "battles royal," and was gaining experience all the time. The only contests of note, however, were those against the Galveston Giant and a draw with Pat Smith, an experienced, if not outstanding heavyweight. His only defeat had been a knockout by an enormous boxer named Klondyke.

Now Jack Johnson began to fight farther afield. Under the experienced tuition of Shaun, he learned to travel free, huddling in the corners of a freight car, hoping to escape the attention of the train guards who, selected for their toughness and brutality, would thrust any hobo off the train at whatever speed it was travelling, sadistically enjoying the screams of their victims when, as often as not, they rolled under the wheels to be mangled to death.

Johnson also indulged in the most dangerous pastime of "riding the rods," clinging under the cars themselves and hugging the bars as the right of way thundered past within a few inches of his face.

HE WAS in Galveston, however, when the disastrous hurricane devastated the port, wrecking the entire town and leaving a tangled mass of houses and bodies in its wake. Over 200 inhabitants were blown into the sea and drowned, and countless others lost their lives in the shattered houses, or were trampled to death in the panic which followed the first death blasts of the mighty wind.

Jack labored hard and long with the rescue parties. His own family home was destroyed but his father, whose sternness and severity of rule had driven Jack away, and his mother managed to escape with their lives.

Johnson found himself untouched by his parents' misfortune. As always throughout his life, he was more than ready to like and be liked by people, but once he thought he had been wrongly or unjustly treated, he would set his face firmly against the culprits and give them no sympathy or quarter.

The character of Jack Johnson, the determined spirit, the unrelenting strength of will honed on the hardships of his youth, his love of luxury and feminine company, was beginning to form.

• • •

Galveston had recovered from its disaster, as much as a town can recover when its cemeteries are full of the recently dead, when Sam Fitzpatrick sent for Johnson.

"You see, Jack," he explained, "I sort of figured it was time you faced better fighters. It won't do you no good going on knocking out third-raters, or fighting the same men over and over again."

"Ah think Ah'm learnin' all the time, Mr. Fitzpatrick." Johnson felt on the defensive.

"You're learning O.K., Jack," Fitzpatrick agreed. "I kind of liked the way you were stopping Josh Mills's blows the other evening. Sort of grabbing his arm."

"It's a trick I learned from Joe Walcott."

"You met up with him?" There was surprise in Fitzpatrick's voice, for little Joe Walcott's skill had already made him known nationally. His name was to last, for more than a half-century later another Negro fighter, with the *nom-de-guerre* of Jersey Joe Walcott, was to win the heavyweight title.

"Yeah, Ah met up with him. Shaun an' me sorta joined his camp on one of our trips."

"You couldn't have a finer teacher than him," Sam said. "See, he's won the championship now." Abruptly Sam changed the subject. "But how do you work it? This guard of yours?"

"Wa'al," Jack willingly explained, "it's a two-timin' sort of guard, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Look, git up a moment and Ah'll show you. Now you punch at me." Sam did. The punch didn't get anywhere.

Fitzpatrick grinned. "But you put your hand on my arm almost before I began to punch, Jack."

Johnson smiled in satisfaction, a man proud to be learning the finer points of his profession.

"Yassuh, that is the answer. Git yuh fist on the other man's arm first, an' he can't hit you nohow. But you sure got to be fast!"

Having had his boxing lesson, Fitzpatrick returned to his desk and got down to business. "I kind of talked the members into putting up a purse for you. A real purse. At least three times as much as you've taken before."

Jack was all attention. Three times his highest purse! Wait till Shaun heard about this.

"Who's it with, Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

"A man you've heard of, Jack, a man from way out on the Pacific coast, Joe Choynski."

If Fitzpatrick had expected Johnson to be taken aback by his information, he was disappointed. Johnson grinned his delight.

"That sure is fine news, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Mighty fine."

"He's a great fighter, Jack. Maybe too good for you yet."

"If he is," Jack shrugged his shoulders, "then Ah guess Ah'll learn a deal, an Ah'm ready to learn."

Jack knew a lot about Joe Choynski. There wasn't a fighter in the whole country who hadn't heard of the Pacific Coast battler, and of his incredible contest with James J. Corbett, a contest fought on a barge moored well away from the shore. It had been hoped that the choice of this strange venue would defeat the forces of the law, who wished to prevent the contest from taking place, for boxing was still illegal in many States.

It had taken Gentleman Jim Corbett fully 28 rounds and all his skill to defeat Choynski. Twenty-eight rounds in skin-tight gloves, with the result in the balance in every round.

A few years earlier, in 1896, tough Joe Choynski had fought another man who was to become world champion, the mighty boiler-maker, Jim Jeffries. Furthermore, he had emerged from this encounter with a split decision; indeed there were many who claimed he was badly treated in not receiving the verdict.

Perhaps now, in February, 1901, Joe Choynski was not quite the same force as he had been a few years earlier, but he was still an extremely difficult hurdle to set before the young, and as yet inexperienced, Jack Johnson.

In the dressing room, Johnson listened attentively to the advice of Sam Fitzpatrick and his friend Shaun.

"What you've got to remember," counseled Fitzpatrick, "is that this guy is dangerous all the time. He knows more about the game than you and he's clever."

"Don't sound like you fancy mah chances much, Mr. Fitzpatrick."

"I don't."

Shaun broke in, "Why do you tell him that, suh?"

"QUIET, Shaun!" By now Fitzpatrick knew his Johnson. "I tell Jack this because he's the type of scrapper who likes to know what he's up against."

He turned his attention to Johnson.

"The boys are offering five to one on Choynski. But I think you can win. If you lose. . . ." He spread his hands expressively. "If you lose no one will be surprised and you will have lost nothing. Anyway, as you say, you'll have learnt a deal. But if you win!" He smacked his fists together exultantly. "Then we go to town, and in a big way. Every promoter will be fighting for your services."

Johnson nodded his agreement. He had been in no doubt as to the wisdom of taking the fight, even though Choynski was a household name. The mere fact that he, a local Galveston boxer, had been thought good enough to face the Pacific fighter in the ring would raise him to a much higher scale in the eyes of the fistic fraternity.

"Sure you know what you're going to do, Jack?" queried Fitzpatrick.

"Yeah, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Ah'm going to try an' avoid trouble, and tire this man out. Plenty of time to do mah scoring in the later rounds."

As they made their way to the ringside, Jack felt nervous. It was his big chance and he meant to make the most of it. He looked to Shaun for reassurance, but the Irish-named Negro kept his eyes studiously turned away from his friend.

The crowd had risen to cheer Johnson. He might be a Negro, but he was a Texan, a local boy from Galveston. Furthermore, he was fighting one of the finest heavyweights in the world.

Complete strangers reached forward to pat Jack on the shoulders and wish him luck as he passed through their ranks

and climbed in to the ring. It was not always to be like this, but Johnson didn't know that.

He had not long to wait before his famous opponent was facing him in the ring. Choynski looked calm and confident as he acknowledged the reception of the Galveston fight fans.

Jack's boxing in the first round was tentative. He was not yet 23, and that he should suffer from nerves on his first big-time contest was to be expected. Choynski, on the other hand, had been told that his opponent was a complete novice, and therefore he seemed confident he could halt the contest whenever he wished. He must have felt there was no need for him to take advantage of Jack's early nervousness, and he set out to give the young man a boxing lesson, and the crowd an exhibition of his skill. He had boxed many unknowns in towns all over the States and never once had he been fully extended.

Halfway through the round, Johnson had rid himself of his nervousness. His eyes steadily looking into those of his opponent, he began to open out a little on his own behalf.

To his surprise he found he could land on his renowned opponent. Admittedly Choynski moved fast, so fast, indeed, that Johnson had to flick rather than punch to land on him, nevertheless he *was* landing.

For his part Choynski was impressed. The young Negro was quick on his feet and hard to nail with a solid punch. Besides, his anticipation was extraordinary. Joe Choynski settled down to enjoy the contest, as only a skilled boxer sure of his own prowess can enjoy a skilled duel of wits.

The second round saw no great excitement. Once again the two big men boxed cautiously, respecting each other's skill. On points there was little doubt that Johnson held the edge in the first two rounds, a matter of immense astonishment to the spectators.

During the interval before the third round Fitzpatrick cautioned Jack.

"You're doing fine, son. Fine. But keep to your plan. Take no risks. We've got a swell chance of pulling it off."

Having summed up the contest for Jack's benefit, his manager jumped down from the ringside to speak to a supporter and friend sitting in the front row. As he did so, Shaun leaned forward.

"Jack," he whispered so that Fitzpatrick shouldn't hear, "Ah don't agree with him. Nohow. Choynski's gone way back. Ah seed it happen before! Suddenly they're right past their best."

"You think Ah should open out more, Shaun?" Johnson valued his friend's advice.

"SURE Ah do. You've out-boxed him so far. Ah reckon you go after him an' you'll have him sure enough. Let it go the distance an' ——" He paused significantly for a moment. *"Don't ever forget you're a nigger!"*

Jack understood what his friend meant. If there were any doubt as to the verdict, the odds were it would be given to the white man. He pondered the position. There was a great deal in what Shaun had said. Choynski hadn't out-boxed him as he'd expected, and so far the blows he had been unable to avoid had not troubled him particularly.

Perhaps he should open out more. Perhaps Fitzpatrick was being over-cautious, influenced no doubt by Choynski's record. But Shaun knew boxing and boxers. If he said Choynski had gone back . . . well, reckon Choynski had gone back. That settled things in Johnson's youthful mind.

About halfway through the round, Johnson took over the attack. Choynski had moved in with two light lefts. Johnson blocked the first and parried the second. For a moment Choynski was open. Jack lashed out suddenly with his right. There was a gasp of excitement from the onlookers.

Choynski could not stop the blow, but with his wealth of experience behind him, he swayed with the punch, considerably lessening its power. Jack knew he had landed with his hardest punch. He knew that, till then, whenever he had landed such a blow, the fight had been over, the count a mere formality. What he had not appreciated had been that Choynski hadn't taken the full force of the blow. Though the Pacific Coast fighter was still on his feet, Jack was sure he must at least be groggy and ready for the finish. He decided it would require only one decent blow to put his opponent down for good, and, forgetting his own defense, Johnson leapt into the attack, throwing punches with both hands from all angles and bringing the crowd to their feet at this unexpected turn of events.

Picture of confidence, Jack Johnson sits in corner before start of fight.

The next thing Jack knew, he was on the canvas with the referee over him counting away the seconds. He tried to rise but his mind had lost all control over his muscles. Then, as the strength began to flow back into him he realized, almost as if in a dream, that he would never beat the count, no matter how hard he tried.

Suddenly, dramatically, there was a commotion throughout the arena. So intent had the audience been on watching the two battlers striving for mastery that they had failed to notice the arrival of several gentlemen in 10-gallon hats who had quietly arranged themselves in the alleys between the seats.

Now, as the referee reached the final second of the count, they swarmed into the ring, drawing their pistols to stress the seriousness of their intentions and to discourage any truculent members of the audience who might object to the interruption. Above the clamour shouted the voice of the man in charge of the assault group, proclaiming they were Texas Rangers and that all those actively concerned with the promotion were under arrest.

The Rangers treated the two boxers with every consideration, allowing them to change into their clothes before being escorted to the local jail through a crowd of cheering well-wishers.

On the way, one of the Rangers commented to Choynski, "So you won in three rounds, eh, Joe? Couldn't give you a fight, huh?"

"That's just where you're wrong," replied Choynski. "This boy gave me a mighty fine fight. He's too impetuous, that's all. I reckon the name Jack Johnson's going to be heard all over the world before he's finished."

JACK overheard Choynski's words and felt grateful for his victor's generosity. He had been beaten for the second time in his career, knocked out by a left hook to the temple in the third round. Fairly beaten, too. He knew furthermore that it had been entirely his own fault, for he'd left himself wide open against one of the heaviest punchers in the game. He should never have trusted Shaun's judgment over that of Fitzpatrick and his own.

The sheriff greeted both his charges warmly. He was proud to have such a man as Joe Choynski under his roof, and Jack Johnson he knew well from having watched him box at the club. He quickly made it clear to both the boxers that if it were within his power to do anything to make their stay more pleasant they had only to name it.

But though the sheriff was friendly he could not over-rule the law, and the two boxers had to stay in jail for 28 days while the wheels of justice creaked into motion. After the second day Choynski, remembering the sheriff's offer, asked permission for Jack and he to spar in the exercise yard. Johnson knew nothing about these arrangements until he was marched out into the open. Perplexed, he said to the other fighter when they met in the yard, "They tell me you want to see me, Mr. Choynski?"

"Yeah, that's right," Choynski grinned. "I thought we might as well keep in training. I got the sheriff to bring us in some gloves."

"You mean, we can box in here?"

"Why not? As I see it, Jack, you got a fine chance of becoming a champion."

"A champion?" Johnson couldn't believe his former opponent.

"Yeah. A world champion at that." Seeing the look of doubt on Johnson's face, Choynski continued, "Yeah, I know I beat you. I'm thinking that maybe in years ahead my grandchildren will boast: 'My grandpa knocked out Jack Johnson — *the* Jack Johnson!' I'm serious, boy. You can punch and you can box. With experience there's no reason why you shouldn't reach the very top."

"But where do Ah git this experience everyone's always talkin' about?" Johnson's blood was racing at the prospects held out in the certain tone of the great battler.

Choynski grinned. "Anywhere — even here. What could be better than a jail yard? The ground is even. There's no one to interfere, and no lookers-on to display their ignorance. Just made for us, eh, Jack?"

If the backyard of the Galveston Sporting and Athletic Club had been a peculiar site for a boxing lesson, how much more peculiar was the Galveston prison? Here Choynski added considerably to Jack's boxing skill, teaching him many tricks of the trade garnered over the years he had been fighting. He was most appreciative of Jack's defense and taught him how to utilize his uncanny anticipation in the clinches, and tricks like sinking his fingers deep into his opponent's forearms just as he was about to punch. This not only paralyzed the opponent's muscle so that

he could not punch, it had yet a further advantage. As the boxers broke from the clinch, the opponent's arm would drop to his side, leaving him open for the finishing punch.

In the third week of his imprisonment, Johnson received a visit from his manager. The sheriff allowed them to meet in his office and, against all the prison regulations, left them alone.

"Well, I don't reckon we shall have any trouble getting you out, Jack," were Fitzpatrick's first words. "The law hasn't got anything on you."

Johnson's reply startled his manager. "Ah'm not sure Ah'm in all that hurry to get out, Mr. Fitzpatrick. Not at all sure."

"You'll be the first boy I've met who's preferred prison to freedom, Jack," exclaimed the incredulous Fitzpatrick.

"But you see," explained Johnson earnestly, "it ain't so bad in here. Ah get well fed — the sheriff sees to that. Three square meals a day, more than Ah'm normally used to. Besides, Ah get a real good boxing lesson — a free lesson — every day from Mr. Choynski," he ended exultantly coming to the real reason.

"That sounds O.K." Sam's face suddenly brightened. "Although you lost, I've got offers pouring in! Philadelphia wants you with Sam McVea, and I've got an offer for you to act as sparring partner for Jack Root."

"Although Ah was beaten?" Now it was Johnson's turn to be amazed.

"Yeah, although you were beaten. But tell me, boy, I never had a chance to ask till now. Why did you go for Choynski like that? You should have known he was foxing?"

Jack smiled wryly at his manager. "Ah sure was sorry about that! Ah was all set to make it a long fight, when Shaun told me to go in, as Choynski was all washed up."

"Shaun told you that?"

"Yeah. He told me. But it wasn't true." Johnson sighed.

Sam Fitzpatrick looked at Johnson for a full minute without speaking.

"What I got to tell you, Jack, is going to hurt. Hurt a lot." He knew how friendly Johnson felt towards O'Connor.

Suspiciously, Johnson demanded, "What do you know that could hurt me, Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

"Jack, Shaun wasn't right, and he didn't intend to be. Jack, Shaun reckoned an all-out attack was the best way of *losing* that fight."

"Ah still don't get it, Mr. Fitzpatrick." Johnson either couldn't or wouldn't comprehend the situation.

"Well, Shaun was mighty short of dough at the time. He'd been asked who'd win by all the bookmakers. He knew they were powerful. The odds were against you. So he advised them all to lay on Joe, and Shaun couldn't risk being wrong. *He'd told them all you didn't intend to win.*"

"But why?" Jack couldn't believe the other's words.

"Why?"

"Because he received cash for his information. Hard cash. And, having given the so-called 'inside information,' he couldn't let you win, or he'd have had a full-scale going-over. Shaun gave you the only advice he was sure would bring about your defeat."

Johnson leaned across the table and seized hold of his manager's tie, just above the imposing diamond that flashed its function as a tie-pin. He tightened his grip, bringing the other's face close to his own.

"You tellin' me that Shaun wanted me to lose?"

"Yes, Jack. That's just what I'm telling you." Fitzpatrick's voice was level, assured.

Jack clenched his free hand as if about to strike his manager. Then he released the other's tie and raised his eyes to the fly-blown ceiling of the sheriff's office. For quite a few moments he gazed upwards as if intent on tracing into his mind the pattern of cracks and chips which wove intricate designs into the concrete.

For only by looking upwards and avoiding Fitzpatrick's eyes could he prevent tears from flooding down his cheeks. At this moment he could not have withstood sympathy.

"Ah jus' don't believe it. Ah don't believe it."

"I'm sorry, Jack, but it's true. That's all there is to it."

"Ah'll not believe it! Anyway not till Ah ask him myself."

For the remaining days of their incarceration, Johnson had little taste for his sparring session with Choynski. All the time his mind turned over the all-important question — was it really true that the only man who had given him friendship had deliberately betrayed him with his advice? Worse, perhaps, that Shaun had told others that he, Jack Johnson, intended to lose the fight. It was unthinkable.

At the end of the 28-day sentence Johnson and Choynski were brought before the judge. Johnson immediately recognized the man who would decide their culpability and punishment as one of the regular patrons of the Club tournaments, so he was all the more amused by that worthy's long and carefully rehearsed lecture on the evils and dangers of the prize ring. At the end of his sermon, the judge gave his verdict — that both boxers, having spent a month in jail, would be released forthwith.

Jack grinned as Choynski, who had been in similar situations many times before, thanked the judge for his kindness and consideration.

The two opponents shook hands warmly outside the court before parting and going on their separate ways.

Jack found Shaun waiting for him. He allowed himself to be hugged for a moment by his friend. Then he asked directly, without preamble, "Did you bet against me, Shaun?"

Shaun began to deny the accusation but then, catching sight of Johnson's expression, his words stumbled, slowed, and then stopped.

"Did you bet against me?" Jack repeated the question.

Shaun couldn't meet his friend's eyes. Slowly, reluctantly, at last he admitted, "Yes, Jack, Ah did. And Ah'll nevah forgive myself. Nevah!" The words poured from his mouth. "Ah knew you didn't have no chance. So Ah pawned everything Ah — " he corrected himself " — we had, an' laid it on Choynski. When Ah saw how you were boxing, Ah knew what you'd feel if you won an' then found out your dough was gone."

Still Johnson didn't speak, his eyes hating his friend.

"Ah sold you out! *Ah wanted you to lose!*"

For a full minute, Johnson looked at Shaun without speaking. Then he spat upon the ground and turned on his heel, leaving Shaun alone in the middle of the road. That day, more than any other in his life, made Johnson what he was to be. From that moment he was to become cynical of all friendships.

As he walked back to his cheap lodgings on the outskirts of Galveston he made a resolution. Never again would he put his trust in any man. From now on he would be sufficient unto himself.

After Shaun betrayed him, Johnson (3rd from l.) never formed close friendships.

Negroes were no better than white men when it came to loyalty. Somehow he had stupidly thought that the colored race would always look after each other. Well, he wouldn't make that mistake again. From this day onwards he'd look after number one and to hell with the rest.

"To hell with the rest." He repeated the phrase several times to himself, trying to enjoy his new-found independence. But it was useless. He felt terribly, achingly, alone. For a moment he wished he had been able to forgive Shaun, wished that Shaun were walking with him now, just the two of them.

He wished he could return to their former warm friendship, but it was impossible. A hard streak in his nature, planted by years of oppression, allowed no turning back.

• • •

Naturally, the Press was anxious to interview Joe Choynski just as soon as he emerged from his month's imprisonment. Joe was always news, being of a most outspoken nature with a ready wit which he enjoyed displaying to the newspaper-

men. But while the reporters were trying to talk about the prize-fighting laws and Joe's own future plans, Joe wanted to talk about Johnson, the man he had so recently defeated. Again and again he told them: "Watch this boy. He's a future champion, and I ought to know."

The press duly printed Choynski's prophecies, not because they believed his words but because it was a good story.

CHOYNSKI KAYOS NOVICE AND PROCLAIMS HIM AS NEXT CHAMPION!

THERE was a twist here which was bound to titillate the public's imagination. Naturally, Jack was pleased to have merited the great Joe Choynski's respect, but he was even more pleased with the offers of contests which Choynski's praises brought him.

He had seven more contests before July that year, beating John Lee on points over 15 rounds, knocking out Charley Brooks and Jim McCormick twice; and Horace Miles and George Lawler once. In a return contest with Klondyke he failed to avenge his earlier defeat, but this time earned a draw.

All these contests were in Galveston and none of the purses could be termed generous. Worse, soon there were no local boys willing to challenge him and his money was running out. He therefore reminded Fitzpatrick of the offers Sam had received from farther afield when his charge had been in jail.

"As I see it," said Fitzpatrick, "the best chance of picking up money and experience is in Chicago. All the good fighters find their way there, sooner or later."

"Why don't we give it a run, then?" Johnson demanded.

Fitzpatrick sighed. "Because I can't afford to leave Galveston at the moment. You go to Chi alone, boy. You can look after yourself, you've got plenty of horse sense. The only thing I ask is: don't sign up with no man until you let me know who he is. I'd sure hate to see you get tied up with some of the crooks who call themselves managers."

The void left by the end of his friendship with Shaun still hurt. Now he appeared to be losing the only other man who had shown him kindness and friendship.

"Ah won't sign up with no one else, Sam. And if Ah begin to go real good Ah'll write you. Ah'd sure feel happier knowin' you were looking after me."

Jack left for Chicago to act as sparring partner to Jack Root, the Australian cruiserweight. Sparring sessions were the opportunity for demonstrating the boxer's skill and fitness. A sparring partner was cast as the victim to be bamboozled by the skill of his principal, to be reduced to a human punch-bag and to provide the necessary exercise to bring the fighter to the peak of condition by the time of the real contest.

Jack Johnson boxed only three rounds with Jack Root. That was all. After the heavy sparring gloves had been removed, the watching sports reporters, few of whom had ever heard the name of Jack Johnson, surrounded the young Negro, plying him with questions.

Eventually he managed to escape from them and made his way to the dressing room where he shed his trunks, boxing boots, and socks prior to taking a shower.

While the water cascaded over his head and shoulders he congratulated himself on his first day as a sparring partner. He knew the attention of the press had been well earned, for he had found in the first minute that he could handle Root with the greatest of ease. He was in the big city. He had a regular sparring job, and doubtless the praise of the press would soon earn him a series of fights. Everything looked fine.

Then a hand reached out and turned off the water.

Jack shook his head to rid his curly hair of the water. "What you do that for?" he asked.

"Because I want to speak to you. That's all." The speaker was Root's manager. His manner was hostile.

"I suppose you think you done well out there?"

"Ah did the best Ah could." Jack sensed the criticism in the other's voice. "Ah think Mr. Root was satisfied."

Root's manager bit on his cigar. "Satisfied," he grunted. "Look, boy, I want a sparring partner, not a principal. I want Jack to look real good. Today *he* looked like the sparring partner and *you* looked like a champ. Now, that ain't no good to me. No good at all, see? Here's your cash. Beat it!"

"You mean, you don't want me no more, suh?"

"That's the general idea."

"But this dough won't last me long." Johnson looked at the note which the manager had thrown down on the massage table.

"Maybe not. But that's your pigeon." Then, seeing Johnson's expression, Root's manager unexpectedly added more kindly, "Might get you a job, though. But not till next week, however."

"Ah'll take anythin' Ah can get," said Johnson fervently, once again his rosy dreams collapsing. It seemed as though he would never get on, never rise above a preliminary contest fighter.

ROOT'S manager was as good as his word, and Jack was given a contest with Frank Childs over six rounds. But his mind was not on his training. His one day's sparring money had soon been finished, although he had eked out every cent to its utmost limit. Chicago was at freezing point, and Johnson was much more occupied in trying to keep his blood circulating than he was in training for a contest.

When he stepped into the ring with Childs he was weak, hungry, and in no condition to fight a man who was considered to be one of the best in the country. Nevertheless, his skill was such that when the final bell rang at the end of the seventh round the referee was unable to decide which of the boxers deserved to win, and so declared the contest a draw.

Naturally for a preliminary contest the purse had been small and soon Johnson's share was exhausted.

The young Negro never forgot the hardships he suffered in Chicago. Years later, when describing his experiences to Nat Fleischer, dean of American boxing writers then and today, he could recall every detail of his difficulties.

How the snow which lay thick in the streets almost froze him to death. How hunger almost cut short his career by driving him home to Galveston. And how finally he was, if only briefly, saved by his late opponent Frank Childs, who took him into his home and fed him.

Any gratitude he might have felt for Childs vanished, to be replaced by a lasting hatred when he was turned out into the icy street in the middle of the night, due to the unexpected arrival from the country of one of Frank Childs' numerous relatives.

But fate has a way of driving a man to the breaking point and then, if he survives the test, of showering him with good fortune. It is as if some divine force has decided that no one should suffer too much misery or too much happiness. . . . Well, it sometimes happens like that.

Johnson was hungry, homeless and wellnigh frozen. He shuffled his way through the dark, and by now, almost deserted streets, trying to keep warm. This was no night for trying to snatch some sleep in a doorway. An icy night in Chicago meant many degrees below freezing point. A frozen corpse in the street outside a house was no rarity, and a night without shelter was a battle with death itself.

In his life Johnson was to contemplate suicide several times. But this was the first occasion when he seriously considered whether it might not be easier to take his own life than to continue the painful struggle to keep warm.

As he stumbled on his way, Jack Johnson thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets, trying to draw warmth from kneading his thighs.

There in the corner of his pocket was a nickel, one solitary coin. Who knows, without that nickel Johnson might well have succumbed to the cold and the boxing world might never have seen him as the first Negro heavyweight champion.

That one solitary nickel bought him a glass of beer. Not perhaps the answer for a hungry, desperate, freezing man. But there were bars which gave away free food to all who purchased a drink.

With a little food inside him, Johnson's spirits rose and he thrust aside the idea of taking his life. He would try to last out a bit longer. He did, and the very next day his luck changed.

On that day he was offered a contest as a substitute against Dan Murphy at Waterbury. Furthermore, the promoter gave him an advance on his purse. Johnson won his contest in the tenth round, impressing many of the onlookers with his skill. Two weeks later he returned to Galveston to defeat Ed Johnson whom he k.o.'d in four rounds.

From then on, it seemed as if fortune were now really smiling on the young fighter. Every two or three weeks found him in a different town, with promoters clamoring for his services. True to his word, he wrote to Sam Fitzpatrick, who joined him and took over once again his rôle of manager.

Jack was in the money now, but he never forgot what it was like to go hungry, and the hangers-on, who are inevitably part of the boxing world, always found a ready touch in the young Jack Johnson.

Offers of contests poured in. Altogether he climbed into the ring 17 times in 1902.

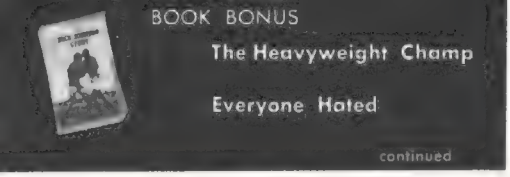
JOE Kennedy was twice beaten, each time in four rounds, while Jim Scanlan and Jack Jeffries, the famous "Boilermaker's" brother, were also dispatched within the distance. Others whom he defeated were Pete Everett and George Gardner. He fought several draws with top-ranking heavyweights, but the two victories which gave him most pleasure were those in which he defeated Klondyke by a thirteenth round k.o. in Memphis, thus avenging his first defeat, and a return match with Frank Childs.

The Frank Childs contest was at Los Angeles, and Sam Fitzpatrick had his doubts as to the wisdom of accepting the promoter's offer.

"There ain't a lot of dough in it, boy."

"There's enough for me," Johnson retorted.

"Besides, you drew with him once already. I say we turn it down. It'll show all those doubting Thomases that Jack Johnson has come a long way. Now he



don't have to beg for fights no more."

That was an argument Johnson hadn't thought of. "Your idea's sure got sense, Sam."

"Then I tell the press boys it's off?"

"No." Suddenly Johnson had made up his mind, and it was against Sam's argument. "You tell 'em it's on. Right bang on. Or better still, Ah'll tell them mahself."

Without waiting for his manager's reply, Jack called in the waiting reporters who were at last beginning to realize that Jack Arthur Johnson was becoming news.

As they helped themselves from the bottle of rye whisky on the hotel sideboard — whisky which every fighter had to supply if he hoped for a favorable press — they plied him with questions.

"Do you think you can beat Childs?"

"What do you feel about the color bar on fighters?"

"When's your next fight?"

"How do you reckon the fight will go?"

"Now, jus' a moment — give this boy a chance." Jack always enjoyed the hurly-burly of press conferences. He had a ready turn of humor and was not afraid of saying the wrong thing. Frequently his words were distorted in print, but whenever Sam complained about reporters' inaccuracies, Johnson would grin and comment, "Ah don't mind what they print, so long as they print somethin'!"

Now he was not at all reticent about his wish to meet Frank Childs. "Ah reckon to beat Frank Childs, an' with a bit to spare. *You see, Ah want this fight.*"

"I say it's not worth our while," Sam Fitzpatrick put in rather sullenly.

"Usually when Sam says a thing, that goes for me," Johnson retorted. "But this here fight is different."

The pressmen began to stir, realizing that there was some "needle" between the boxers.

"It's just another fight, isn't it?" one queried.

"No." Johnson's face was hard. "It's not just another fight. You see Ah was broke — dead broke — in Chicago once, an' this Childs, he turned me out into the snow. That's something Ah'm goin' to remember when we meet in the ring."

The scribes' pencils scratched busily. It was just what they wanted — a grudge fight.

Then Johnson quite calmly, dispassionately, explained in detail how the fight would go. There would be no early knock-out; that would be too easy for Mr. Childs. He would see that Childs received a real lacing by the time the final bell rang, a bell which, according to Johnson, would sound as a welcome relief to his opponent.

Once again, the young Negro was revealing the core of cold hatred which he had shown before and was to show again in his contests with the elusive Tommy Burns, with the Negro-hating Jim Jeffries, and with Stanley Ketchell, whom he was to consider had double-crossed him.

Johnson justified his threats. In the ring he played with Frank Childs as if he were a novice for the full 12 rounds. This time Johnson was fit and there was no comparison between the two men. In the ring, as they touched gloves, Johnson reminded Childs of that night in Chicago. He told him that this was to be his revenge. More, he told Childs where and how he was going to punch him.

It was no fight; it was a lesson in boxing, and a painful, cold-blooded lesson for Childs. The savagery of it appalled some of those present, and undoubtedly started Johnson's reputation as a bad man in the ring.

In the next four years Johnson compiled an impressive list of victories. Sam McVea, one of the colored giants of the ring, was defeated three times, Sandy Ferguson drew once and was beaten three times. Joe Jeanette, one of the greatest fighters of all times, beat Johnson once on a foul, but it was Jeanette's only success in eight duels with the future champion.

Denver E. Martin, Black Bill, Walter Johnson, Jack Monroe, Morris Harris, and young Peter Jackson were among others who had to bow before Jack Johnson's consummate skill.

In March, 1905, Johnson was matched over 20 rounds in San Francisco with Marvin Hart, a most experienced fighter from Kentucky. Though Johnson did not know it, this was to be one of his most important contests.

Hart was essentially an in-fighter. This suited Johnson admirably. Taking no risks, Jack set himself to wear down his opponent.

In the early rounds, Johnson was clearly the master. His weight well balanced, his hands held high, he boxed on the defensive, carefully selecting his punches. The white man would charge into the attack, throwing punches from all angles, but Jack would slip, duck, or block the blows and counter with crisp hard punches which in time began to have their effect on Hart's features. Soon the white fighter was bleeding from his eyes and mouth.

By the end of the fourteenth round, Johnson was clearly ahead on points.

"How's it goin', Sam?" He grinned up at his manager from his stool.

Sam wiped his boy's mouth with a damp sponge, and massaged the finely muscled diaphragm.

"Just dandy, boy. Just dandy. Don't you let him bother you with those rushes. You keep on boxing."

"He ain't troublin' me inside none." Johnson was blithely confident.

"No, you're getting him all tied up. I reckon he must be finding it mighty hard to hold his hands up, let alone punch. Still, take no risks, Jack. Take no risks."

Marvin Hart was tired, but by no means beaten. Long-distance runners know only too well how, at the moment when an athlete is utterly spent, he is suddenly blessed with what is termed "second wind."

Hart began the fifteenth round with renewed vigor. For the first time he was able to force his way through Johnson's guard and rip home short powerful blows to the colored man's body.

Only Johnson's superb fitness withstood the Kentucky fighter's punches, but even so, Jack was thrown right out of his stride by the unexpected ferocity of Hart's attack. For the rest of the contest he was on the receiving end, Hart lashing him from one side of the ring to the other. Not even Johnson's superb defensive skill could save him from the punishment the other man handed out.

NEVERTHELESS, Jack Johnson had been well ahead on points for two-thirds of the contest, and he was a bitter and disappointed man when the referee, Alex Graiggins, lifted his opponent's hand.

Johnson learned a lot from that contest, but its real importance was not in the experience it brought him.

For Marvin Hart went on to defeat Jack Root and, under the benevolent patronage of ex-champion Jim Jeffries himself, claimed the vacant world heavyweight title. But Hart's claim was not generally accepted as being justified, and at last Jim Jeffries gave way to popular opinion and suggested that Hart should meet the French Canadian, Noah Brusso, better known as Tommy Burns, for the crown.

When, after a further series of victories by Jack Johnson, Sam Fitzpatrick began to press for a chance to fight for the world's championship, he always received the same answer: "What about Marvin Hart?"

Both Johnson and his manager were more than willing to have a return contest, for they were confident that next time there would be no doubt as to the winner; but Hart was too occupied just then in furthering his own career to give Johnson an opportunity for revenge.

In early 1906, when he was rapidly running out of opponents, Jack was approached for his views on a contest with Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby. Jack was not over enthusiastic. He had little to gain from such a fight and a mighty lot to lose.

Langford was seven years younger than Johnson — a stripling of 20. He was almost 30 pounds the lighter and stood only five feet seven inches. Nevertheless, despite his lack of years, weight and height, he had run up a fine record of knockout victories, due to his tremendous punching power and his ability to stand up to punishment.

AS IF to offset Langford's other physical disabilities as a fighter, the Tar Baby had been blessed with the extraordinary reach, for one of his size, of 73 inches, while his barrel chest could be expanded to 47 inches.

Sam was an engaging character. He was friendly with everyone. There was always a cheerful smile lurking round the corners of his mouth, and all the insults thrown his way by the anti-color gentry were warded off by his impeccable — not to mention infectious — good humor.

Though they had in no way sought this contest, Jack and his manager were all out to demonstrate that they feared no man, and when the purse offered proved generous they had no course but to accept fight terms.

The two Negroes met on April 26th at Chelsea, Massachusetts. It was a great fight, but there could only be one winner. Once again the boxing adage of "A good big 'un can always defeat a good little 'un" was to be justified. Langford, though outweighed, the shorter man, and much less experienced, did manage to land one of his heaviest blows to Johnson's jaw. Indeed, Jack had to undergo the humiliating experience of taking a count of eight.

Having sampled the power in the Tar Baby's punch, Jack decided to take no further risks. From then on he contented himself by clearly outpointing his smaller opponent, succeeding moreover in knocking him down for two long counts. Despite the punishment he was assimilating, Langford never ceased attacking. However, by the end of the contest, which was over 15 rounds, there could be only one winner.

Johnson, despite the fact that the intrepid Sam had to be carried off to hospital, made a mental note never to meet the redoubtable Negro in the ring again if it could possibly be avoided.

It was during his victory celebration following the Langford contest that Jack Johnson had his first experience with a white woman.

He met her at a party given by Negro trumpeter Bat Cook, who was a great admirer of his. She was not particularly young, nor very attractive, but the young

Negro was not unnaturally flattered by her attentions and at the end of the evening escorted her home.

That night left a taste for white women in Johnson that was to last throughout his life and earn him the hatred of white men. The motive dominating his later lust for white women was not solely rooted in sexual demands. Somehow, to Johnson, sleeping with a white woman was a sweet revenge for all the insults and contempt he and his colored friends so frequently encountered.

IN Galveston a Negro found associating with a white woman would have received short shrift. But in the north there was no crime in accepting what was offered, and even though white men might be disgusted and angered by seeing a white woman out with a colored man, they could not take the law into their own hands as they did in the South.

Jack Johnson's much publicized affairs with white women after he won fame and the championship were his way of compensating for his inherent sense of inferiority. If white men humbled him, he would repay the insults through their women.

Johnson was not one of those boxers who reach their peak in the early twenties. He was a boxer who relied on skill rather than the bludgeon, he took little or no punishment in his contests, and from each of them he learned something. He reached his best as a fighter in the early thirties, unusual in itself.

Sam Fitzpatrick was strident in his claims for a title fight. But boxing, or rather professional boxing, is seldom a logical sport, and the man who will draw the most money is of far greater importance than the fighter who has the most logical claim to a championship contest. Many journalists had realized by now that Jack Johnson was the most skillful boxer in the world, but did this mean that he would be given the opportunity to challenge for the title? Decidedly not!

James J. Jeffries had been a great champion. Although retired, he was still a power in the boxing world and for his part he had no use for Negro pugilists. He had been brought up to feel nothing but contempt for those with skins darker than his own and, besides, Marvin Hart and Tommy Burns were his choice for the contest to decide his successor.

From the encounter Burns emerged successful. No doubt the boilermaker would have preferred to see Marvin Hart win the crown, but a Canadian World Champion was infinitely preferable to a colored one. So, however loudly Sam Fitzpatrick shouted his boxer's challenge, his words fell on ears intentionally deaf.

Fitzpatrick, as a white man, found it difficult to understand why Johnson was so studiously ignored, but Jack had no misapprehensions and swiftly disillusioned his manager.

"You see, Sam, you lived down South so long you don't even notice the treatment of colored folk. You don't even notice the way some white men speak to me. To you it's natural, a part of your surroundings."

"No one's insulted you in my hearing Jack, and——" Fitzpatrick added ominously, "they'd better not."

"You jus' don't notice, that's all, Sam. Why, last night as we walked into that restaurant on East Street there was a young kid about 18 lolling at the bar. Did you notice him?"

"Young shaver with no chin — spots all over his face?"

"That's the boy. He just looked at me as Ah passed, an' then he took out his handkerchief an' he held it up to his nose."

"If I had seen. . . ."

"No, Sam," interrupted Johnson, "Ah'm glad you didn't see. What good could it have done? Niggers are all right for work, to be kicked round, to be shouted at, but not to meet an' talk to. Ah'm sure not goin' to become a champion."

Sam Fitzpatrick couldn't meet Johnson's eye. In those days there was nobody who could be unaware of the intense hatred that many bore towards the colored people. Sam Fitzpatrick appreciated that Johnson had sound cause for his complaint.

Only a few days before this conversation between Fitzpatrick and Johnson, Tommy Burns had been questioned about a fight with Jack. Instead of replying seriously he had treated the question as an outrageous joke.

"Me fight Johnson?" he had said. "Who'd pay to see me give a nigger a boxing lesson? We could hold the fight in a water closet for all the crowd we'd get. No, my plans are a trip to Australia to teach Lang a lesson, then I'll clear up any fighters with claims in England. After that will be soon enough to talk of my defending my title in the States."

"Will you fight Johnson then, Tommy?" a reporter asked.

"I doubt it. Most of these niggers are yellow, rather than black."

Johnson had been told this story several times and had even been expected to laugh at it. He was well aware that many of the boxing scribes had queried his courage and hinted that the first time he was hurt he would throw the fight. He had given no evidence of cowardice in any of his contests, and he knew that few men who climb through the ropes of a boxing ring are cowards.

He knew, also, that the men ready to make such charges were invariably those who would never have the courage to put on boxing gloves, let alone to climb into the roped square.

But knowledge does not exclude hurt. Only with age does man accumulate the wisdom which permits a wry pleasure in ignoring the gibes of lesser men. And Johnson was still young.

He had no need to be told what the champion thought of him, for he could read Burns' views in the papers. The champ quite openly stated that he intended to support the color bar favored by Jim J. Jeffries.

Although, for the moment, he had to content himself with issuing challenges, Johnson promised himself that if he ever got Burns into the ring he would make him pay dearly for all his gibes and his insults.

So Johnson set out in pursuit of Burns, hoping by constantly dogging his footsteps to force the champion to risk his crown. First he went to Australia, only to find that Burns had returned to the States. Travelling is expensive, so Jack had two contests in Australia to pay his and Fitzpatrick's fares. Both contests he won on knockouts, Peter Felix being k.o.'d in the first round at Sydney, and Jim Lang in the ninth at Melbourne.

Back in the States, Jack k.o.'d the old champion, Bob Fitzsimmons, at Philadelphia, in two rounds. It must be admitted that the freckled blacksmith was by now but a shadow of his former self and offered little against the colored fighter's devastating punch. The "dig in the slats," which Mrs. Fitzsimmons had habitually exhorted her husband to employ, was now only a memory. Kid Cutler was k.o.'d in the first round, and Sailor Burke defeated on points.

Then back to the chase of Tommy Burns, now in England. Once again Johnson was to land, only to find Burns departed. Two contests at Plymouth against little-known British heavyweights, Al McNamara and Ben Taylor, brought negligible money into Johnson's purse; so again they returned to the States with little or nothing to show for their voyaging, and with Fitzpatrick shouting Jack's complaints louder than ever.

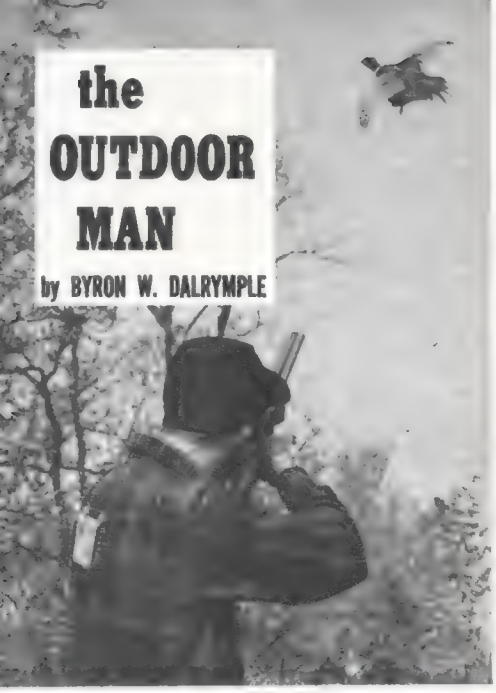
Burns still paid not the slightest attention to the challenges. He was the champion and those were the days when a champion had the right to select his own opponents, a procedure which often allowed the champ to have several fairly safe contests before having to tackle more dangerous adversaries.

The press was not slow to see the drama in the story of the colored fighter's pursuit of the Canadian. Just as today we are assailed by constant details of some jumped-up film star's romance, so the tale of Johnson's chase made headlines week after week.

Public opinion began to form and to demand a chance for Johnson. But before a match could be made, Burns was once more on the high seas heading for London, and once again the luckless Johnson and his manager set out in pursuit. ▲

Part II, concluding chapter of "The Heavyweight Champ Everyone Hated," will appear in the December issue of MAN'S.

A lover of big cars, Johnson, in Paris, posed at the wheel of the latest model.



the OUTDOOR MAN

by BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

PHEASANT PARADISE

WHIPPING across the South Dakota prairie, a stiff wind brought tears to our eyes as we walked slowly through the cornfield, guns ready. With each step we flushed droves of pheasants, and in the near-gale they whistled away like gaudy projectiles.

Three blockers waited at the end of the big field, posted by us to keep running birds from slipping away. At either side of the field one man walked some distance ahead of those of us who were drivers, helping to herd the birds our way. But in the wind birds flew up wild, flushing ahead. I saw several roosters rise far to my right. By the time they crossed in front of me they were gunshot high, riding the wind like rockets, their long tails whipping in the gusts.

I swung with one, trying to judge its speed. I caught up, passed it with the gun muzzle. Then I squeezed off, still swinging several feet out in front, and was as surprised as the bird to see it crumple. It must have fallen 50 or 60 yards farther on, such was its momentum, height, and the force of the carrying wind.

Now, as I raced to pick up my bird, pheasants rocketed up everywhere. The air seemed full of them — 50 or more at a clip blotting out the sky, their burnished breasts glistening gold in the sun.

The line of drivers moved ahead. The blockers were in close view now, standing tensely ready. And then, suddenly, the field exploded in a veritable blizzard of beating wings. Possibly 200 pheasants, about half hens and half cocks, arose in a great noisy cloud.

Guns thundered everywhere. I saw several birds fold. A pair of roosters catapulted upward before me. I tumbled one at the top of his rise while the wind whipped the other back over my head. I swung and took him tail-on, as he shot away fast, but not fast enough. Presently action ceased. The drive over, we 10 shooters counted up. Amazingly, we lacked only two cocks of our aggregate daily limit of 30!

I have been told by a great many hunters that they used to go to the plains for pheasants, but quit because the hunting is no longer any good. These men hunted during the tremendous Dakota pheasant eruption of the mid-Forties. At that time limits were as much as 50 birds. There was a tremendous amount of illegal, over-limit shooting, too. Disgraceful as it sounds, such a nuisance to the farmer was the super-abundant pheasant that hundreds upon hundreds were shot and never picked up. I remember hunters bragging of shooting 250 birds in a week, although they might better have hidden their heads and kept quiet about it.

By the standards of a dozen years ago, pheasant shooting on the plains has changed. But even now I doubt if better pheasant shooting exists anywhere.

Although seasons and limits change with pheasant population fluctuations, the average season lasts about a month, with a bag limit of three birds per day, roosters only, and a total of 15 birds per non-resident hunter for the season. The non-resident license costs, as a rule, $20. With it come five tags, each good for three birds. To be completely legal about it, a hunter must use one tag each day, whether or not he kills his limit. However, there is no reason for anyone to go limitless, if he knows which end of the gun shoots.

On my last shoot I watched the birds fly in eye-filling hordes until, at each day's end, I was simply amazed. I dare say I saw anywhere from 500 to 1,000 birds each afternoon

I stayed at John Christianson's place, near Miranda, South Dakota. John has room for about a dozen hunters. To give an idea of what a bargain a plains pheasant hunt is, John's place ranks about average price-wise. Here's what he gives you for your money:

FINE lodgings; great food — all you can eat; transportation in jalops to and from the hunting, so you don't bang your car around and get it stuck; guides to take care of placing you properly; shooting on posted land and on land never over-hunted. In fact a field is shot over once a week, at most.

John controls a great many acres on which his hunters are permitted, and birds are cleaned for you, packaged and quick-frozen.

The average rate for this service is $15.00 per day. A five-day hunt, plus transportation from your home, adds up to a mighty economical package of sport and enjoyment.

I recall one afternoon at John's when we started for a big wild sunflower field. On the way we passed another property where we were allowed to shoot. There was a windbreak of trees here, and we could see dozens of gaudy roosters running among them. We piled out and made a drive through the place. It was a riot.

BIRDS flew from the trees, almost ran between our feet. They welled up in such noisy confusion that shooting was not altogether expert — in fact, wild. Oddly, we never saw a single brown hen; there must have been a couple of hundred yearling roosters here.

We had left the lodge house precisely at noon. There was no hurry. We knew we'd be able to get our limits. We stumbled onto this hot spot at 12:15 and at exactly 12:30, the last hull was popped. Every one of us had a limit of birds. All we could do was groan and go back to the lodge.

A good tip is to shun the opening of the season. Don't worry, nobody can kill off all the birds. Many a pheasant never sees a hunter. As a rule the wealthy hunters and a great many of the spoil-sports flock to the plains for the opening. They see it as a kind of a get-lushed-up social event. After they leave, the real hunters get a chance. The November shooting, in my opinion, rates as tops. This also gives the gunner a chance to spend October on his home grounds for hunting or fishing.

Before planning a trip, consider that the pheasant population is shifting somewhat in South Dakota. Birds appear to be moving into the north and east, where previously they were not so plentiful. Also, there are a great many spots that never have been shot much. Some of them represent the best kept secrets on the plains. These include the weedy creek bottoms and weed fields at the fringe of the pheasant range. In fact, this area where I recently hunted, not far from Faulkton, lies outside the former pheasant population center.

Keep these items in mind if you go. You should know also that, across the Missouri River and southward along it, there are good concentrations of birds not well known to hunters. And, in the sister state of North Dakota, hunter pressure remains low, with the pheasant crop good.

Some additional advice: take plenty of shells (no. 6 is a good load), for you may get excited when you see that many birds and start missing; and, by all means, obey the laws. You may think you can get away with a lot, but South Dakota's wardens have been around a long while. They're on to all the tricks.

They don't think much of the greedy gunner, and are only too willing to prove it! ▲

Wife's Sex Thoughts

(*continued from page 23*)

husband think of me? After all, Doctor, I'm the mother of two children. If I acted the way I feel sometime, I think he'd lose his respect for me!"

Mary was in definite conflict between her natural sex desires as a wife, and the dignity she felt she ought to have as a mother. Unconsciously she resisted taking an active part in love-making, out of fear that she would feel too degraded to play the roles of wholesome mother and sweet wife.

I worked with Mary over a period of several visits to help her readjust her feelings about sex. She soon came to appreciate the value of full sex cooperation by a wife, and to feel that any and all sex activity by a wife was wholesome, proper and dignified. She was helped to achieve this outlook by reading a pocket-book manual I gave her, *It's Never Too Late to Love* by Dr. Anna K. Daniels, which I frequently recommend to my patients (available for 35 cents plus 10 cents postage and handling, from Pyramid Books, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York).

I had a talk with Bob Doner, Mary's husband. He confirmed what I already knew — that his wife's passive behavior in their love-making had driven him to seek other women. He said that he deeply loved Mary . . . "but she simply isn't sexy." I asked him whether he had ever asked her to be more active in marital relations. He shook his head ruefully.

"Hell," he said, "I just couldn't talk like that to *Mary!*"

I told Bob about Mary's secret sexual thoughts. He was absolutely amazed to learn that she had wanted to behave passionately with him, but was afraid of shocking him. I also explained that Mary had lost most of her feeling that full sex participation by a wife was somehow degrading, and was now prepared to react to him without inhibitions.

Overjoyed, he wrung my hand fervently.

As he left, I said, "Oh, by the way. Since Mary is prepared to be all the wife you can possibly handle, I don't see any point in your seeing other women any more. Do you?"

He grinned. "Doc, if this works out — who *needs* to?"

It did work out. And Bob Doner was as good as his word.

In my long years of psychiatric practice, I have invariably found that the sexual thoughts of wives often remain a mystery to their husbands. The average man spends a considerable amount of his time thinking sex thoughts about women. He may mentally undress them in streets. He may try to visualize how women he meets would behave in bed with a man. He may enjoy remembering the reactions of women with whom he has slept. *But he is never sure about the secret sex thoughts women have about him.*

WOMEN are not only reluctant to divulge such thoughts to husbands, but even resist admitting such thoughts to themselves. Their entire upbringing throws up a mental block against thinking frankly about sex. The average woman focuses her conscious thoughts about romantic love, rather than on the physical act of sex.

This is the basic difference in male and female thinking. It is partly biological. For most men, all sex feeling is localized in the genital organs. For women, being touched on *any* part of the body can produce sensual feelings. It is therefore sex-

ORBIT THROUGH SPACE IN YOUR ARMCHAIR AT HOME

Thrilling And Spine-Tingling Adventures
For Science Fiction Fans—And Others

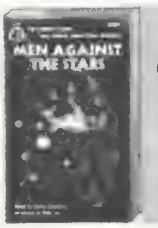
Only 35¢ each

G339 **WHO?** **By Algis Budrys**

The amazing story of a scientist who knew the world's most frightening secret.

THE SKYLARK OF SPACE **G332**
By Edward E. Smith

Five space explorers are marooned at the end of the universe—with one chance in a million of getting back.



G234 **MEN AGAINST THE STARS**
By Martin Greenberg, Ed.

Courageous men forging into unknown worlds. Terrifying * Weird * Fantastic.

THE LOST WORLD **PR15**
By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

A fantastic expedition back to the dawn of time.
A famous classic by a famous author.

PG13 **THE SKY BLOCK**
By Steve Frazee

The secret weapon of an unseen enemy.
The perfect suspense novel.
Reviews said, "Brilliant," "Excellent," "Shattering impact."

ANY 3 BOOKS

$1.00 POSTAGE FREE

Single Copies 35¢ Each
(Plus 10¢ Postage)
Send for Complete Catalogue

PYRAMID BOOKS (DEPT. M 11-1)
444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.
Please send me: G339 G332 G234
PR15 PG13

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

POSITIVELY NO SELLING!

I made a good living for four years without selling a thing—door to door, over the counter, by mail, or any other way. All I did was buy junk jewelry. Then Uncle Sam paid me $35.00 AN OUNCE for the gold in it, less a small handling and refining charge. Send me your name and address and I'll show you how it's done.

I claim there never was a more interesting way to make money. Positively no selling because the U. S. Government is eager to buy all the old gold you turn in — *at the established price.* Just follow my plan and you can buy junk jewelry at from $15 to $17 an ounce for the pure gold in it and double your money by selling it at $35.00. I show you where to find it, what to pay for it, how to test it and how to mail it to Uncle Sam for immediate cash. I'll teach you the secrets I learned as one of the most successful buyers of gold in the U. S. No charge for facts. No salesman will call. Send no money—just name, address on postcard. Write now to: **LESLIE PAYTON, 338 West Madison Street, Dept. 34-S Chicago 6, Ill.**

REAL DOLLS

In exquisite detail up to 4 inches

1 PENNY EACH

100 dolls made of STYRENE and SYNTHETIC RUBBER—ONLY $1. You get BABY DOLLS, NURSE DOLLS, DANCING DOLLS, COSTUME DOLLS, CLOWN DOLLS, COWBOY DOLLS, BRIDE DOLLS and many more, in exquisite detail up to 4 inches. And made not of paper or rags but of wonder STYRENE and synthetic RUBBER. If you don't go wild over them your money will be promptly refunded. Send $1.00 plus 25c for postage and handling for each set of 100 dolls you order to: 100 Doll Co., Dept. M-S 228 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

It's New, Amazing

POCKET RADIO

NO TUBES — NO BATTERIES

Never before available at this low price. Genuine radio with real tuning condensor & no bigger than a package of cigarettes. Built in diode, complete with dial control station selector that brings in stations with HI-FI clarity. Static free, storms won't affect reception. Can be connected to any amplifier, or to power-head earphone for personal reception. Takes in CONEL-RAD band, has iron core coil. This is a real radio—not a toy. TERRIFIC VALUE.

Now Only $3.98

2500 Ohm Power Head Earphone $1.49 extra

SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $3.98 plus postage, or remit with order and save postage charges. Earphone $1.49 additional.

BEE PRODUCTS Dept. H-4 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

WANTED: MEN & WOMEN

To train for a future in "SHOW BUSINESS"

More than 75 top-pay positions "behind the scenes" in the Television field alone.

No experience required—training need not interfere with present job.

Train for exciting careers such as:

- Script Writers
- Announcers
- Set Designers
- Cameramen
- Projectionists
- Directors
- Music Librarians
- TV Hostesses
- Receptionists
- Technicians
- Disc Jockeys
- Emcees

If you are sincere and ambitious, be sure to return this coupon today for free details. No obligation!

NORTHWEST TELEVISION, Dept. SB-2
228 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Phone_____

Hours I work: From_____ To:_____

ually exciting to a woman to imagine herself held in the arms of a man she loves. For a man to be comparably excited, he needs to imagine specific acts of one kind or another.

During engagement, for example, the girl thinks constantly about her fiance's good looks, nice personality, dancing ability, popularity, bright future and special talents. But she seldom speculates about his sexual potentialities. The man, on the other hand, does a great deal of eager speculation about his future bride as a sex partner. Often he cannot force himself to wait until after marriage to explore the possibilities.

"Nice" girls, by tradition, are not supposed to be too interested in sex. This tradition still persists today, even though the Kinsey Reports have made sex an acceptable subject for social conversation. Consequently, an unhappily large number of our brides today are well-prepared for the domestic side of marriage, but not for the sexual side.

The way in which men and women think about sex is different long before they marry. In Terman's study, he found that only 13 per cent of men felt disgust, aversion or indifference about sex, compared to 34 per cent of women. Likewise, fully 87 per cent of men looked forward to marital coitus with pleased anticipation of ardent longing, compared to only 66 per cent of women. It isn't surprising, therefore, that husbands and wives often don't see eye to eye on the physical side of marriage.

For one thing, a woman tends to think of sex as "love," while a man thinks of it purely as sex. While single, men are apt to pursue bald sex satisfaction, unrelated to any love feelings. It is hard for them to change this pattern after marriage. As husbands they often have a casual approach to coition which shocks and disturbs their wives.

Kinsey points out that this basic difference in approach causes a great deal of trouble in marriage. Husband and wife each tend to feel that the other is personally at fault. But the husband needs to understand that the reactions of his wife are largely typical of females in general. She, in turn, needs to recognize that the sexual interests of her husband are typical of most males.

Thus, I have had husbands complain to me because their wives disliked having marital relations with the light on — a reticent trait which *most* wives share. And I have had wives complain to me that their husbands used coarse language during marital relations — which *most* husbands find exhilarating.

Despite the reticence of most women to think sexually, many of today's brides enter marriage expecting more sexually of their husbands than the brides of any previous generation. The average bride has read over and over again in magazines that she is entitled to the same sexual satisfactions in marriage as her husband. Often she expects her spouse to arouse her passionately, stimulate her until she is wild with desire, make her swoon with his lovemaking, and leave her gratified.

BUT she is usually less prepared to make this possible than he. Inhibitions she has developed before marriage tend to keep her from allowing herself to be stimulated into reaching a climax. Instinctively she holds back, out of fear.

She is afraid of the pain arising from the invasion of her body. She is afraid of the emotional impact of the orgasm. She is afraid of letting the man see her emotionally out of control. She is afraid of pregnancy. The bridegroom is aware of none of these fears in the bride. He realizes that she is supposed to be a little shy and nervous, as a virgin. But he expects her to "get over it" soon after she is initiated.

As a result, he is seldom gentle or patient enough. His bride is frequently shocked, hurt emotionally and physically, and disappointed. The bridegroom, more used to taking pleasure than giving it, is often too fast in his responses to give her any satisfaction. She becomes secretly anxious because she cannot seem to find the delight in sex that he does.

It often worries her — and baffles her husband — that she seems to feel no vaginal sensations of pleasure. Frightened, she thinks that something is wrong with her. Neither she nor her husband realize that the sole seat of pleasure for most sexually inexperienced wives is not the vagina but the clitoris — the tiny protrusion situated just within the outer lips of the vulva, above the entrance to the vagina.

UNLESS this tiny replica of the male organ is stimulated by contact, friction or pressure during marital relations, the wife may feel no pleasurable sensations. In time the wife may learn to transfer her sex feelings from the clitoris to the vagina, at least to some extent. But early in marriage the virginal bride needs clitoral stimulation to reach a climax.

The average bridgroom's lack of skill in making love often makes the honeymoon an ordeal to his bride.

One young woman admitted to me, "On my honeymoon I found the whole business so embarrassing and unsatisfactory that I couldn't wait to get home and talk things over with my married sister. I wanted to know if the fault was mine, or whether this was the way most marriages were. For one thing, I couldn't believe that other men wanted to do some of the things that my husband tried to do. It was a great relief to me to find out that most other brides go through the same thing!"

Often a bride is made so hostile to sex on her honeymoon that she constantly looks for alibis to avoid marital relations as much as possible. She may plead repeated headaches, fatigue or illness. She may go to bed while her husband watches TV, and pretend to be fast asleep when he retires. Or she may reverse the procedure, and avoid coming to bed until she is sure that he has fallen asleep.

Many women's secret sexual thoughts are strongly colored by what psychiatrists call the "masculine protest." Such a woman resents, and feels envious of, her husband because he is a man. She feels that he enjoys many special privileges as a man which she is denied as a woman. For example, he is entitled to be aggressive, and she is expected to be passive.

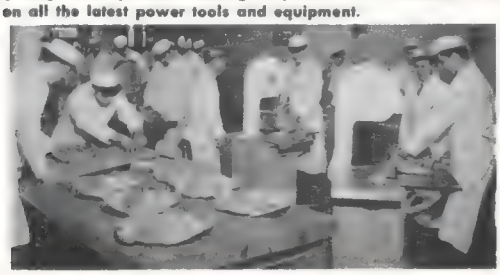
All her life she has an inner struggle to accept her femininity, and to reconcile herself to the fact of her own womanhood. She is deeply resentful, for example, of the freedom of the male from the "curse" of menstruation. She feels it is unjust that the whole burden of bearing a child falls on the woman, for nine long months, while the man can go blithely about his business.

Most often such feelings are either unconscious or hidden from male view. A woman can love a man, and yet secretly resent him just because he is a man. This conflict of feeling may lead her, on one hand, to submit to him sexually with numb surrender, and on the other, to make him pay for it by bossing him around, nagging or being critical. Some wives enjoy a sense of power — along with guilt feelings — by denying their husbands sexually, on one pretext or another. Some

MEAT CUTTING OFFERS YOU SUCCESS And SECURITY

In The Best Established Business In The World • PEOPLE MUST EAT!

Students (above) getting actual practice training in meat cutting in only their 3rd day at school. Students (below) getting actual practice training on power saw. Students train on all the latest power tools and equipment.



TRAIN QUICKLY in 8 short weeks for a job with a bright and secure future in the vital meat business. Trained meat men needed. Good pay, full-time jobs, year-round income, no lay-offs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN!

LEARN BY DOING

Get your training under actual meat market conditions in our big, modern, cutting and processing rooms and retail meat market. Expert instructors show you how—then you do each job yourself. Nearly a million dollars worth of meat is cut, processed, displayed and merchandised by National students yearly!

PAY AFTER GRADUATION

Come to National for complete 8-weeks course and pay your tuition in easy installments after you graduate. Diploma awarded. FREE nationwide employment help. Thousands of successful graduates. OUR 26th YEAR!

FREE CATALOG—MAIL COUPON

Send coupon for big, fully illustrated, National School catalog showing students in training. See for yourself what rapid progress you can make. See meat you cut and equipment you train with. No obligation. No salesman will call. FOR REAL JOB SECURITY, get all the facts NOW! G.I. Approved.

National School Of Meat Cutting
Dept. P-24 Toledo 4, Ohio

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. P-24 Toledo 4, Ohio
Send me your FREE illustrated school catalog showing me now I can quickly train for SUCCESS and SECURITY in Meat Cutting, Meat Merchandising and Self Service Meats. No obligation. No salesman will call. Approved for veterans.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

even use sex as a bargaining weapon to get what they want.

The truth about marital sex is that it is much harder for the average wife to derive adequate satisfactions from it than for her husband. In his study of 1,000 marriages, Dickinson found that 175 wives suffered from dyspareunia — pain and discomfort in marital relations — and 120 wives were frigid. Not one husband in the 1,000 cases fitted either description.

Invariably these are women who never reconcile themselves to their own femininity. They resent their husbands for forcing them to yield. They resent themselves for yielding. After relations they often pick up a magazine or light a cigarette, to indicate how little value they place upon the experience.

Rhoda Waller came to me complaining of chronic depression, aggravated by headaches, dizziness, fatigue and increased irritability during her menstrual periods. Married little more than a year, she told me that her husband was experiencing potency trouble. I asked her whether she found this upsetting.

"Upsetting!" She was amused. "If you want to know the truth, Doctor, I'm privately *pleased* when it happens! Perhaps if it happens more often, my husband will be too ashamed to bother me so much. Then I'll get some sleep for a change!"

It was not difficult to determine that her husband's difficulties were the result of Rhoda's hostile attitude toward sex. There was also little doubt that menstruation reminded her inescapably of her female status — a fact she unconsciously wished to repudiate. Her resentment at menstruating expressed itself in the form of headaches and dizziness.

Rhoda became indignant when these facts were explained to her, and broke off consultations. I never saw her again. My sympathy goes to her unhappy husband, who probably blamed himself as sexually inadequate, never realizing that the true cause of his trouble lay in the secret hostility toward the female sex role which crippled his wife's responses to his love-making.

Because of her negative conditioning toward sex before marriage, the average wife tends to repress her own sexual instincts infinitely more than the average husband. In one European study, Dr. Marc Lanval found that only 15.6 per cent of wives recognized in the sex act an expression of their own passion, although 44 per cent found pleasure in it. Fully 35 per cent said they regarded it as boring, disgusting or a duty.

ONCE a wife has children, she tends to become more preoccupied with their needs than with copulation. Often she unconsciously thinks of sex as a "pacifier" for her husband, to keep him contented and prevent him from becoming involved with other women. She may also pretend to be receiving greater satisfaction — including a climax — than she actually is, because she knows that it is important to him to feel that he has the power to stimulate and arouse her.

A 32-year-old carpenter, Aaron Easter, came to me worried because the violence of his wife's reactions in marital relations alarmed and distracted him. "She throws me off," he complained. "It's like being forced to watch a giant fireworks display, when you're trying to concentrate on setting off a firecracker of your own. I don't know what to do about it without hurting her feelings and making her frigid."

A discreet talk with his wife revealed that Peggy Easter's private sex thoughts were a complete secret from her husband. She confessed that she actually felt little or nothing in their love-making, but put on a great pretense in order to please him and prevent him from thinking she was inadequate.

The problem was solved to the satisfaction of both by having Peggy relax and take a more passive role. She sincerely loved her husband, and happily learned that he was content to accept her giving herself to him, without expecting any wildly passionate reaction.

"Most wives do not seem to feel dissatisfaction or disappointment in anything like the degree men do when marriage does not bring a full flowering of passion," observes Professor Ernest Burgess, Chicago sociologist. "The wife who loves her husband wishes him to gratify his own desires, even though hers do not match his. When a man loves his wife and shows her every tenderness and consideration, he need feel no guilt or failure if he does not always evoke sexual response from her that equals his own."

Most psychiatrists agree that for a husband to insist upon the female orgasm is a serious mistake. It may force pretense upon the wife, or cause hostility between them.

Many husbands are puzzled and disturbed because a wife who begins marriage as a passionate partner gradually loses this fervor and becomes passive or indifferent. This can happen because a wife loses interest in sex if she is constantly brought to the verge of a climax, only to be disappointed. But most often there is a far simpler reason, not understood by husbands.

"My trouble is that I've been *bored* into frigidity," one astute woman patient told me. "Why do husbands have to be so monotonous about love-making? The same approach; the same words; the same smirk; the same steps 1, 2, 3 and 4; the same number of days between sessions; the same time of night; the same place; the same remarks afterward — the same *everything!* It's enough to make a woman scream. Why can't husbands realize, without being told, that variety is the spice of life? If only they would show a little imagination!"

KINSEY revealed that, if the female sex drive were free of inhibitions our culture imposes, it would be as powerful — or even more powerful than the male sex drive. The less inhibited a woman is, the more her sex desire resembles a man's. This is why when a woman drinks, and her inhibitions are temporarily cast aside, she often becomes sexually aggressive.

Thus, the anti-sexual attitude of many women is simply a veneer — sometimes a thick veneer, it is true — which covers a basic passionate nature. Many women cannot help themselves from involuntarily having sex thoughts, even though they try hard not to. The conflict makes them feel guilty.

"We are all taught to try not to think about sex, and I wonder if maybe this teaching hasn't been considerably overdone," shrewdly observes writer Hannah Lees. ". . . . I wonder if we wouldn't be warmer and more responsive wives if we gave our imaginations a little more rope. You can't, as the old saying goes, be put in jail for what you're thinking, but a good many of us have a vague uneasy feeling that maybe we can. We turn our minds away from our husbands. We tell ourselves, if our thoughts turn to love-making, 'Stop that, you can't be thinking about sex all the time.'"

Women are most apt to feel sexiest during a few special days of the month — before, during and after their menstrual periods. At other times their emotions have a great deal to do with their erotic urge. They are most apt to feel physically desirous when a husband has done something tender and loving, after witnessing a passionate movie or reading a highly romantic story or when feeling exhilarated.

The extent of natural sex feeling in women can be judged from studies made of female auto-eroticism. When an auto-erotic act occurs, it unquestionably signifies an active sexual desire. Since it can take place privately, and since it cannot result in pregnancy, it is the most tempting form of sex activity for the woman who feels ardent.

One survey, by Dr. R. L. Dickinson, revealed that 70 per cent of "average women" felt sex impulses of sufficient strength to induce them to resort to solitary gratification, usually with considerable frequency.

The erotic desires of women, Havelock Ellis notes, are not publicly voiced, and women themselves would be the last to assert them. He explains: "The woman is free to know what she latently feels and desires, but she is not yet fully free to manifest these feelings and desires. The result is that we have today a far larger body of women who definitely know what they want, but definitely know also that to make that clear would cause misunderstanding, if not repulsion, in the very men who are in need of that knowledge."

So women try, as far as possible, to keep their deepest erotic desires secret, even from husbands. They are careful to play the passive role, letting their husbands take the initiative. When they permit themselves to respond, they do so in a manner which allows the husband to feel that *he* is responsible for arousing her passions.

But women often give themselves away unconsciously, without realizing it. The more they try to suppress their instinctive sexuality, the more it reveals itself in different ways.

When Doris Pelham came to see me, for example, she complained of pruritis — a severe itching of the skin in the genital region. She had been referred to me by a physician who had been unable to find a physical cause for the ailment, and suspected that it was simply a psychosomatic symptom.

He was quite right. It turned out that Doris, a 28-year-old woman, was married to a sexually inadequate 56-year-old man. Having had two previous love affairs which she found physically gratifying, Doris insisted that sex wasn't really important to her any more. She was very content with the thoughtfulness and generosity of her husband, she said.

BUT after several visits Doris began to admit that this was simply what she *wanted* to feel. Her marriage was a comfortable one, and she didn't want to give it up. But she admitted to a strong sexual frustration, which she sought to suppress. I suggested that she stop trying to fight these feelings, and admit them to herself. When she was able to do this, her pruritis diminished. It disappeared completely when she channeled her erotic energy into looking after an adopted child.

Women sometimes give themselves away in slips of the tongue. One wife, for example, became deeply frustrated because her marital relations, which gave her little pleasure, did not result in pregnancy. Shopping for underwear one day, she asked the salesgirl for "Fruit of the Womb" instead of "Fruit of the Loom."

Women give away their secret sex desires when they dream of being raped. If they describe such a dream, they always characterize it as a nightmare. But it is only a nightmare to their conscious mind. To their unconscious, such a dream actually represents wish fulfillment. Rape has a special secret significance for many women. It suggests a way of having the sex urge satisfied, while being morally blameless. Some women actually invite rape — deliberately or unconsciously — by putting themselves in a position likely to result in it.

Sometimes the woman who expresses great shock at some sexual sight or occurrence may be trying to disguise her strong sex interest. It was shrewdly said in a Shakespearian drama, "Methinks the lady doth protest too much." Our western history is full of examples of righteous ladies who joined forces to drive prostitutes out of the towns in which they lived.

There is little doubt that each of these virtuous matrons secretly envied the uninhibited sex lives of the harlots she pretended to deplore. By angrily driving them out of town, she was in reality trying to drive away her own secret fascination with the life of the prostitute.

All women strive for the trappings of respectability, to feel socially secure. To be considered respectable, they know, they must seem to be too "refined" to have any active interest in sex. In some sophisticated circles women do not lose status by laughing at — or even telling — off-color stories.

The average woman is afraid to admit to the enjoyment of even lusty talk, for fear it will brand her as a common or morally loose woman. Thus she often pretends to be offended or disgusted by vulgar language or off-color stories, even though she secretly enjoys them. Some women are so inhibited that they dare not let themselves enjoy sex talk.

Perhaps the greatest single fact which perplexes husbands about the sexual thinking of their wives is the inability of the average wife to separate her emotions from her sex feelings. If a man is feeling ardent, he can have a fight with his wife and still be ready to have relations with her two minutes later. This is because the erection principle in the male is almost mechanical in nature. But for a women to reach an equal state of readiness, she must first be put in the mood *emotionally.*

She cannot respond sexually until she first feels the impulse to say "I love you" to her husband. And she can't say "I love you" to him in bed when other things in her marriage are making her feel, instead, "I despise you." To the average wife, her husband's stinginess with money or his unwillingness to help with the dishes have a very definite influence upon her sex feelings.

Of all the traits in a man, perhaps the one that means the most to his wife is tenderness. Without tenderness sex means very little to her. A wise young friend of mine once observed, "An ounce of tenderness is worth a pound of passion."

In the Burgess study of 666 couples, we find this highly important revelation: "The wives in our study have made it plain that tenderness, affection and consideration are most important to them. The wife's enjoyment of sex often increases in proportion as she feels these qualities in her mate. Neither male virility nor art in love-making can make up for a man's failure to consider his wife as a dearly loved companion, rather than as a female."

How vividly true this is can be glimpsed from what one young wife, married less than a year, told Dr. F. Alexander Magoun, well-known marriage counselor, about her husband:

"He doesn't seem to be able to excite me any more. He tries to act like a caveman, and I don't like it. I don't think he realizes that he is so rough. I have asked him to be more gentle, but he still pulls my hair by leaning his arm on it when he kisses me, and is likely to crush my stomach with his unsupported weight, or even to brandish an elbow in my face. Sometimes he crumples me against the mattress in what resembles a clutch far more than an embrace, and scours my cheek with his unshaven stubble."

I have had a woman patient, whose husband accused her of frigidity, tell me that he would spend almost half an hour bawling her out for not keeping her check stub records properly, then abruptly snort, "Well, that's enough of that. Come on, let's get to bed and you-know-what!"

THE husband who fails to put his wife in a romantic frame of mind *before* approaching her sexually commits the worst possible blunder he can make as a married man. Wives rarely take pleasure in the simple, unadorned act itself. It is only when a wife is made to feel wooed, loved and cherished that her hidden sexual fires can be fanned into a bright flame. Often a tender, romantic prelude means much more to her than sex itself.

This is easier said than done, because the average male tends to find it difficult to be sentimental. He has been brought up to feel that it's sissified to be emotional or express tenderness — just as the average girl has been brought up to obey the taboo against expressing sex feelings. To make a good adjustment, husband and wife both need to learn to overcome these taboos, and to give full expression to *both*

the sentimental and the sexual feelings.

In actual practice, it means that the husband must bring home flowers or small gifts occasionally; must force his wife to rest in an easy chair after dinner and bring her a cocktail; must praise her as a wonderful woman to their children; must put a record on the turntable and dance with her; must hold her in his arms, caress her hair, kiss her and tell her how much he loves her.

It means that the wife must occasionally take the initiative and seduce her husband; must undress skillfully in a deliberate attempt to excite him; must not hesitate to caress and stimulate him in any way that she knows he finds hugely enjoyable; must encourage him to arouse her by petting, to a point where she is quickly able to join him in a climax, before beginning actual intercourse; must be willing to experiment with various techniques; must praise him for the sensual pleasure he brings her in their love-making.

It should be noted that there are a small number of wives whose sex drive is so strong, and whose inhibitions so slight, that they are even more passionate than their husbands. In the Burgess study, 7.5 per cent of wives said that they were more sexually desirous than their husbands, while 16.7 per cent of husbands said this about their wives. We can see in this disagreement the greater reluctance of the woman to admit that she is driven by a strong sex compulsion.

There is always the danger that if a wife wants more love-making than her husband, she may make him feel inadequate and, consequently, resentful. She herself may feel immoral, perhaps queer and socially out of step.

The way out for the passionate wife is simply to give her husband all the credit for arousing such a response in her. Such wives, for example, often have multiple climaxes to their husbands' single orgasm. They should praise their husbands for providing so much pleasure. Most husbands will respond to such praise by swelling with masculine pride. If a wife needs a greater frequency of marital relations than her husband seems to seek, she can always arouse him by sexual teasing.

BUT the average wife's problem is less in arousing her husband than in getting *him* to arouse *her*. If he were able to read her secret sexual thoughts, he would find that she hopes he will help her melt her inhibitions before claiming her. She wants him to be tender. She wants him to make romantic love. She wants to be set afire with erotic love play. She wants him to wait until her genital region is bathed in the glandular secretion which reveals that she is ready, before he begins the complete act of love with her.

And she wants him to feel love for her, not just sex hunger.

"The woman recognizes, far better than most men realize, the feelings in back of all he does," declares Dr. Ernest Graffenberg, New York gynecologist. "They are revealed in many ways — by the depth of voice, the inflection, the muscles in his hands, around his eyes, his rhythm of breathing, the tightness of his hugging, the tenseness of the sexual desire of his organs. No learned technique can master or control all these matters. Only his feelings can make them authentic and convincing."

Any husband who deliberately ignores the secret sexual thoughts of his wife is a fool. In the last analysis, the quality of the marital relations you enjoy will depend almost entirely upon the investment of love you are willing to make in your wife. ▲

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for a complimentary copy of the booklet, "The Mastery of Life." It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to the Scribe whose address is given in the coupon. The initial step is for you to take.

Use Coupon for free Copy of Booklet

Scribe A.W.B.
The Rosicrucian Order (AMORC)
San Jose, California.

Please send copy of sealed booklet, "The Mastery of Life," which I shall read as directed.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

The Gay Guide to the Hilarious Rules of Love
JEST MARRIED
Vic Roberts
Every man, married or unmarried, and every girl — virgin, bride or better ... will highly enjoy JEST MARRIED
14 RIOTOUS CHAPTERS 65 ROLLICKING CARTOONS

The old Hindus published books on the art of love—manuals guiding the wed, the newly-wed, and the almost-wed to those high places where sex expands in Vesuvian glory—and where high hopes turn into hot lava.

American know-how is couched in more whimsical ways. The great American guide to amorous joys is not a rhapsodic book of verse. It is not an ode. It is a gay, gallant, galloping book of wit and frolic humor—*Jest Married*—a book guaranteed to tickle your risibilities, enflame your *amour propre*, and make every night's taps a siren song of sweetness and laughter.

Jest Married is not a manual of love. It's not a pedal to be pushed on your ride to the temple of Venus. *Jest Married* is a cornucopia of joys, a treasure trove of proper means to improper ends, a chuckling collection of choice rules and routines—when love is rampant.

Here is a book to be read by every man just married, about to be married, or too-long married. It's a book to be read by every girl who wants to marry, tarry, or go on safari. It's a handbook to the body beautiful, a body-blow to glumness, and a sure cure for a black-and-blue libido.

Jest Married is a must in every trousseau. It is every man's companion and every woman's golden book of couchant wisdom. It's the ideal gift for a man on his way to the altar, and for a girl on her way to Reno. It will make sick men rise up from their beds, and strong men lie down. It will put marrow in bones, enliven the limpid, and brighten the hearts of the faint.

We guarantee that "Jest Married" will double your enjoyment, lives your moments, and make every month quiver ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS.

Frederick Fell, Inc. **Dept. M-11**
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

☐ OK Mr. Fell. Let's gild my *amour propre*. Here is my $2.00. Send me JEST MARRIED post-paid at your risk and let me laugh my way to lusty bliss. And hurry, please; each day missed means pleasure lost.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Send C.O.D., please. It will cost $.53 extra.
Please note No C.O.D.'s outside of U.S.A.

The Incredible Trek

(*continued from page 34*)

Oklahoma, were killed by the score to provide additional winter clothing for the crew.

On August 23 they got a foretaste of winter when a blizzard struck, and now there were brief hours of darkness. At last they reached the islands of New Siberia, several hundred miles north of the central Siberian coast, and turned north toward the Pole. The thermometer dropped and the anemometer spun to gale-force winds, and presently it was the night that prevailed, with only brief hours of daylight.

On September 25 the *Fram* came to the outer fringes of the pack ice, where vagrant floes mottled the sea, and continued plowing north. The next day the pack had thickened, so that now there was more ice than water, and the surface of the sea looked like shattered milk-glass. *Fram* kept forging ahead, and 24 hours later she was frozen fast in the ice, locked in for a drift that was not to end until three years later, when she would break out near Spitzbergen, on August 13, 1896.

Nansen's first move, while the ice remained thin enough to break through, was to dismantle the rudder so that it wouldn't be broken by ice pressure. All around them the ice screeched and thundered as floes split apart to form open leads and then came crashing together again to erupt in pressure ridges along the new seams. Time and again the ice split out from the *Fram* and then came snapping back to buffet the tiny ship, and the howling of the frightened huskies furnished an eerie obbligato to the cannonading of the ice.

No longer was the *Fram* merely a transport; it became a home and a base of operations, a laboratory and a workshop. Although Nansen yearned to reach the North Pole for the glory of Norway, his expedition was basically a scientific one. All through the voyage north the scientists had been making maps, taking soundings, recording winds and temperatures, shooting the stars, and gathering specimens of flora and fauna.

Now Nansen set a schedule of work that was arduous and productive, and deliberately designed to keep the men from going off their rockers. Solitude was their enemy. Nansen had known men to be driven mad by The Great Loneliness. And so each man was assigned duty that amounted to a full time job every day, while the evenings were given over to reading, relaxation and sing-songs — led by the accordian-playing Dr. Henry Blessing, ship's doctor and botanist.

The days went by, adding up quickly to weeks and months, as Mogstad trained the dog teams, harpooner Peter Henricksen led hunts for whale and seal, and the scientists examined and recorded the phenomena of the Arctic.

AMONG the weirdest of these were the sudden terrifying ice-quakes caused by tidal waves slipping beneath the pack ice at some distant, southerly point. As the racing, rising wave exerted its pressure from below, the ice field buckled, split and erupted in an explosion of huge ice chunks that resembled corn popping on a griddle. The *Fram* was lifted up, too, amid the deafening thunder, and the men hurled about like peas in a maraca. Then she'd come slamming down on her beam ends as fragments of ice were spewed through the halyards and onto her decks. The ship rolled and reverberated from the bombardment and small bits of ice were hurled with enough fury to crash through the thick glass of the portholes.

Fear of this sudden, recurrent phenomenon compelled Nansen's men, in March, 1895, to try to dissuade him from making his biggest gamble. For almost two and a half years the *Fram* had been drifting steadily northward, reaching a high point of 84° 04′ N. Then, for almost a week, her recorded drift was southerly. The exasperated Nansen had long since made up his mind privately what he would do under these circumstances, and when Hansen brought in his sixth consecutive southerly drift reckoning, he announced his plan.

"IT has become clear," Nansen told the men sitting at supper one night, "our drift is not going to take us across the Pole after all. We're more than 250 miles from the Pole and it looks as though that's as close as we'll ever get." He looked from one man to the other. "Unless . . ." He went on, "Well, I've decided that I'm going to reach the Pole on skis, with a dog team."

The men looked at him, incredulous. "Alone?" asked Hansen.

"No. I'll take one man with me."

"Gud bevar os!" said Juell, the cook. *"Hvad om de djevle skruinger?"*

Nansen shrugged at Juell's remark about "those damned ice-quakes" and then pulled at his moustache, his eyes twinkling. "It'll be risky — but the man will be a volunteer." He coughed. "You, Juell?"

The others laughed as Juell snorted and went back into the galley. Nansen pulled a paper and pencil out of his pocket and pointed out some figuring he'd been doing. He reckoned that he'd be able to make 14 miles a day on skis, and, allowing for stormy days when travel was impossible, he should be able to reach his goal in a month.

"That's all well and good," said Sverdrup, the ship's captain, "but how will you get back here? We'll drift to God knows where — it'll be like trying to find a camel in the desert!"

Nansen regarded him thoughtfully. "I'll meet you back in Norway. We'll bring kayaks with us, my companion and I, and we'll ski back as far as we can — maybe reach Franz Josef Land on the ice — walk across the island there and go by kayak across the Barents Sea to the North Cape."

"Good God, man!" Sverdrup said, calculating hastily by degrees of latitude, "that'll be well over a thousand miles. It's imposs——" He caught himself, suddenly remembering that everyone had said the same thing prior to Nansen's trek across Greenland, and smiled sheepishly. "Well, good luck, my friend."

When Nansen called for volunteers, almost every hand shot up, as he knew it would. His only logical choice was Johansen, since everyone but Blessing, Hansen, Mogstad and he were married and had children. The three other bachelors, the doctor and two scientists, were indispensable aboard ship; and Nansen was satisfied that the tough, eager young lieutenant would more than fill the bill.

They made a strange sight as they took off on March 14, 1895, after two aborted attempts due to breakdowns of the overladen sleds. There were three sleds pulled by 27 dogs, Johansen driving two teams tandem. What made things look odd was that on two of the sleds, atop all the supplies, were lashed two 10-foot seal-skin kayaks, and as the two men skied behind they looked as though they were chasing runaway rowboats.

Their progress was fast the first few hours as they sped across the flat. They'd taken off at dawn, which broke at 10 A.M.

at this time of year, and were trying to make as much distance as possible before nightfall, at 2 P.M. It was 50 below zero and Nansen, who had shaved that morning, had his face whipped raw by the wind.

They'd covered 10 miles and night was falling when they hit the first tough obstacle, an omen of things to come. A 20-foot high pressure ridge blocked their way, and there was no break in the wild jumble of ice and snow. When they tried an assault with the teams, the dogs' harnesses tangled, and the sleds tipped over. The huskies were unable to get a footing or pull in unison. Finally, the teams had to be staked down while Nansen and Johansen wrestled the sleds across the ridge one by one.

Each sled weighed 600 pounds fully loaded and, with its heavily-greased runners, was as treacherous to handle as a piano on rollers. One sled, its cargo lashed heavily since it was being conserved for the return trip, could not be unloaded due to the cold. They did make a stab at it but froze their fingers before they could make any impression at all on the knots, and so they had to struggle the sled up the slopes, crags, precipices and peaks of the treacherous mountain-in-miniature and then lower it down the other side. After a brief rest they made a dozen more trips back and forth, until they had everything including the dogs on the north side.

This was only the beginning, for the dogs had to be fed, the tent put up, the primus stove lit and snow melted for drinking before they could even think about getting their own food. Four hours after they'd encountered the pressure ridge they slipped into their sleeping bags, too exhausted to cook supper.

"Things will be better further north," Nansen said drowsily as he thawed a hunk of pemmican against his body. "They've got to be."

Johansen didn't answer. He'd fallen asleep before his ration became edible.

The weather held fair the first few days, but things didn't get better. Several times a day they hit *skrugarer*, or pressure ridges, and would travel miles out of their way to try to find gaps through them. On the fifth day, when the temperature had dropped to 70 below, Nansen was trailing his companion, his head bent against the fierce, prevalent northeast wind, when he noticed a yellowish powder between Johansen's sled tracks.

"LIEUTENANT!" Nansen screamed, leaping ahead on his skis to overtake him. He pointed to the powder and together they dived for Johansen's second sled to find that a dislodged axe had cut a hole in a precious bag of fish meal. About a week's supply of food had dribbled out behind them in the snow. While Nansen repaired the rent in the bag, Johansen unhitched the dogs and led them back over the trail to lap up the meal, and make the best of a bad situation. He and Nansen would get to bed sooner now that the dogs were fed for the day.

The bad days became bad weeks as they forged northward, blazing an erratic trail through a million-square-mile wasteland. No man had ever been this far north before and any pride the men could take in this was ignored as they fought constantly to stay alive. Tired as they were, they had to be constantly on their guard against death from cold, possible desertion by their dogs, blizzards and ice-quakes.

Their clothes were soaked through most of the time, and shifting temperatures would in a few hours transform a flat, icy terrain into a bog of knee-deep mush.

The torment was endless, but for several weeks their goal seemed attainable — and they were after a prize that would bring fame to themselves and their country, knowledge to scientists, and perhaps the unraveling of a great mystery.

Nansen kept taking observations and noting a slow progress. On March 22 they were at 85 degrees 9 minutes N., and a week later at 85° 30′ N. Another week went by and then Nansen found that they'd only gotten as far as 86° 10′ North, and it was at that point that the unpleasant suspicion hit him that the ice was drifting south almost as fast as they were trekking north. It was a staggering disappointment, and as he took stock of his situation, he knew reaching the Pole was hopeless.

The dogs were lean and spent after each day's run. Food had been consumed faster than they'd reckoned on, and as he ran through his logbook he noted the daily entries of the past week. All began ominously the same: *Isen er vaerre og vaerre.* "The ice gets worse and worse." The pressure ridges which had, until recently, resembled diminutive mountain ranges stretched out along old seams in the ice, now were a vastly sprawled out jumble of ice boulders and pinnacles that looked like the dumping ground of an avalanche. And each mile northward it got worse.

But having come thus far Nansen was stubborn enough to try "just one more day" to see if things would get better. The next day, April 7, the two men with their three teams set out in high hopes, determined to beat their record day's run. The dog teams raced ahead, yelping excitedly, catching the fever of their drivers'

FREE BOOKLET and Job-Getting Secrets

Let this Conservationist show the way to BECOME a

GAME WARDEN, FOREST RANGER GOVERNMENT HUNTER

OR SECURE EMPLOYMENT WITH A PRIVATE FUR, FISH OR FORESTRY COMPANY!

Meet Jim Allison, one of our personal counselors, who'll work hard for you if you're *seriously* interested in career conservation. Jim's a well-known outdoor writer. He lives on a Colorado ranch, spends his time writing various wildlife departments . . . helping men like yourself locate rewarding wildlife opportunities. If you live only for those glorious days afield; if you *believe* in conservation; then why not use your spare-time to prepare NOW, at home, for a challenging outdoor job? It's easy, fun, enjoyable as reading your favorite sports magazines. Opportunities have never been greater – almost *regardless* of your age or education. We've helped many others. Now, let Jim Allison and Home Study Training show you the way, too!

NEW! HURRY! APPLY NOW!

What other Career offers so many of the really Important things in Life?

HUNTING AND FARMING EXPERIENCE. Hunting, farming, military service, common skills, as well as specialized schooling—all help to qualify for most outdoor jobs. Positions for men age 17 to age 45, most states.

GOOD PAY, SECURITY. Start at up to $3000 yearly, enjoy fair play, regular raises. Work toward a $6000 to $10,000 position. Benefit from low cost housing, retirement income, many other advantages!

HEALTHFUL WORK. The sense of well-being you enjoy on vacations and outings may be yours *all the time.* Say goodbye to "city tensions" and a humdrum job. Live *better, longer* . . . raise your family in health and happiness.

PRESTIGE. Command the respect of others! Your uniform symbolizes the vigilance needed to conserve America's precious natural resources!

HELP FILL THE NEED FOR *Qualified Career Conservationist!*

Make the "great outdoors" your business! With states spending more conservation funds than ever you can imagine the opportunities available! Our organization (which is not connected with Federal or State Civil Service, or politically controlled in any way) is dedicated to showing other conservation minded men how they, too, may prepare for and locate these careers.

GAME WARDEN You'll protect wildlife, apprehend law breakers . . . supervise refuges, feeding stations, make game counts, etc. Start at up to $3410 a year. Prepare NOW.

FORESTRY Work amid towering timber, crystal clear mountain streams. Protect trees against fire, insects, diseases . . . supervise patrols. Beginners often earn $300 per month. Prepare now.

GOVT. HUNTER Hunt, trap and get paid for it! Control Mt. Lions, coyotes, bobcats, weasels, etc. Protect game, livestock. Start at up to $310 mo. Many states pay extra bounties up to $60 per predator. Here, it's hunting "know how" that counts!

HATCHERY WORK You'll artificially propagate game fish . . . stock lakes, streams . . . keep growth records, etc. Start at up to $300 per month, earn about $700 as foreman. Prepare now.

PRIVATE FISHERIES, GAME FARMS Qualified employees are urgently needed at private game farms, preserves, trout pools, etc. Above average salaries. Prepare now.

Thousands of Part Time & Seasonal

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Fall is already upon us and next Spring and Summer are coming up fast, and thousands of seasonal jobs must again be filled. Over 100 National Parks, Forests and Wildlife Refuges all over the U. S. are taking applications now for these healthful, challenging outdoor jobs! Make your application now for choice positions!

Our free Booklet answers all important questions . . . Covers 100 choice vacation spots in America! Tells type of jobs to be filled . . . Wages paid . . . Who does hiring . . . Where to locate hiring agent . . . When to apply . . . How to apply . . . (98 will hire out-of-state men!) . . . Physical and educational requirements . . . Duration of employment . . . Living expenses . . . Everything! HURRY – NOW!

ALL 3 FREE!

Write for your copy "Vacations with Pay in the Great Outdoors" FREE!

Colorful card reveals [illegible] booklet explains all exciting facts [illegible] Select-a-Job Chart [illegible] outdoor job opportunities.

FREE INFORMATION MAIL TODAY!

©1958

AIR MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

FORESTRY & WILDLIFE COURSE, Dept B24B
1038 S. La Brea, Los Angeles 19, Calif.

Rush me FREE "Job Opportunity" booklet, FREE "Select-A-Job Chart" details & FREE "Vacations with Pay Booklet" without obligation. (No salesman will call.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

unrestrained commands and free-reining. They threaded through a veritable petrified forest of ice, sped on a few miles over a wide flat clearing, and then came to another wild welter of mountainous ice-boulders. Johansen was far in the lead and as he veered away from the pressure ridge to seek a gap through it, he was suddenly thrown from his skis when they hit the lip of a hole in the ice.

A QUARTER of a mile behind, Nansen saw him disappear. He raced to the spot to find his lieutenant up to his neck in sea water, too frozen, too stunned to move. Nansen fished him out, stripped off his clothes and got him into his sleeping bag, and while Johansen thawed out, Nansen dried his clothes as best he could with the primus stove.

That episode, as far as Nansen's determination to make a last stubborn effort to reach the Pole, did it. When Johansen was warmed and dressed again, Nansen took his final observation of the northward trek and found that he'd reached 86° 13′ 36″ N.

He didn't take time to delve into the mystery of the sinkhole of unfrozen sea water in the midst of solid ice in a 50-below temperature; he simply heeded it as an omen, and not a scientific phenomenon to investigate. Accordingly, he reversed his map and began plotting a course in the opposite direction.

"We'll head in a southwesterly direction and try to skirt Peterman's Land and reach Franz Josef's Land," Nansen said, running his mittened hand over the course he'd pencilled on the map. "It took us almost a month to get to where we are now from where we left the *Fram*," he added. "And Franz Josef's Land is three times that distance from here."

Together they studied the vast, almost landless map, and their goal seemed remote and miniscule. "You think we can make it?" Nansen asked with a wry smile.

Johansen looked up in mock surprise. "How can we fail?" he said.

Nansen planted the Norwegian flag in the ice to mark this northernmost point ever reached by man, and that night the explorers celebrated with an unrationed feast of *lobskouse*, chocolate, cranberry porridge, thawed-out bread, and a hot drink made of water flavored with pulverized field-rose fruit they'd brought along as a sweetener. They slept well that night, relieved of the pressure of attempting the impossible, and the next morning got off to a flying start south.

They had come to within less than 200 miles of the North Pole, an achievement in itself, but as he looked back it seemed to the dejected Nansen that the flag *"saa sorgeliglut"* (hung sadly) like a banner of defeat.

If Nansen believed that their trail would be conversely easier and easier on the way south because he'd found it daily "worse and worse" going north, he was wrong. The seasonal changes were setting in as the days lengthened, and where they could be sure of hard ice in the Arctic darkness of March, the longer days and the warmer sun of April presented new problems. Whenever the temperature rose above 20° below zero they sweated and turned their inner clothes greasy as well as saturating their outer clothing too. When the temperature suddenly fell, as it did often, everything froze right down to the skin.

Underfoot, after a rapid temperature shift, everything was treacherous. Sometimes like greased glass, at other times the ice would be mush so that they sank to their hips. There were no spring rains of course, but fierce wet snowflakes turned the whole of the Arctic Basin into "white darkness," and the blizzards would last for days. Many times they had to stay in one spot for days, their tent buried in snow, the dogs howling with rage as they buried themselves in successive layers of mounting snow. And as they made despairingly slow progress the food began to run out.

One after another the dogs faltered, unable to go on. When a dog refused food it was a sure sign that the end was near; and Nansen and Johansen held a long council to determine the most humane way to put it out of its misery. Shooting the dog was impractical, because they had to preserve ammunition for getting game later; and they quickly voted down strangulation. It was decided at last to use Nansen's razor-sharp Lapp knife, and it was he who assumed the unpleasant duty of executioner. Afterwards, he cut up the carcass and fed it to the other dogs.

When Goldie, one of the lead dogs, died, Nansen wrote in his log: "Poor animal! Faithfully it trekked over the ice, leading us on, until it couldn't stagger another step further. And so as thanks for all this loyalty, when it is utterly played out, it must become a dog food. It was a good, gentle animal, one of those born on the *Fram* in December, 1893, and it never knew anything but ice and snow."

BY April 25th their string of 27 dogs dwindled to 20, and two days later they came to the most formidable obstacle they'd encountered. It was a puzling sight: a huge jumble of convoluting pressure-ridges which were not the usual, glistening blue-white, but brownish, and dappled with what seemed to be mud. Nansen knew that there was no land near, and that the bottom of the sea was some 15,000 feet below, too remote for mud to have been churned up from there. Investigating, he found it to be excrement of some kind, whether from fish, mammal, animal or fowl he couldn't be sure. But a surge of excitement went through him as he figured that soon they'd be able to replenish their larder.

Ahead of them the pressure ridges were impassable, so they swung wide to the west and looked for an opening. They found a way through after half a day's trek, and Johansen sped on ahead. Just as he got through the gap there was a sudden rumbling and the ice between the two explorers suddenly sundered, and an open "lead," or body of water, split the two men. Slowly the lead began to widen.

Nansen had to move fast. He raced his team off to the west, listening to the thunderous cracking that indicated the ice was splitting off to the east. For an hour he skied and mushed furiously, finally finding an ice-bridge across the lead that brought him onto the vast floe on which Johansen stood. Another hour's journey brought the two men together again.

"I was beginning to miss you," Johansen grinned, "since you've got the tent and the primus stove packed on your sled. . . ."

Early in May a raven flew down at them, the first bird they'd seen in more than a year. Its appearance gave Nansen an unreasonable hope that land was nearer than he thought, but he wasn't destined to see another bird for weeks, nor land for months. On May 6, however, as they crossed through a network of hummocks and pressure ridges, they came across an opening in the ice and their eyes bugged as they saw a school of narwhals playing in the water. As he dashed to get his harpoon and rifle, Nansen reasoned that it was the excrement of these animals which had stained the ice behind them.

It was a small seal harpoon that Johansen held poised as he waited on the lip of the ice for a whale to appear, but with luck it might do the job. A whale did come up and Johansen flung the harpoon. He missed. Nansen fired his Krag-Jorgensen rifle rapidly, and he never knew whether or not he hit.

Thus it went on the terrible trip south. The dogs were being rationed now, just as the men had been for a long time, and they were lean and hungry and easily tired. One night the dogs gnawed through the leather of their harnesses, got free and raided the sleds. The pemmican was kept in the gunwales of one of the kayaks and the dogs ate right through the boat and made off with a third of the rations.

This, as close to catastrophe as the men had come yet, led Nansen to a decision he'd been pondering for days. Since they were now reduced to 13 dogs, he decided to break up the third sled for firewood and abandon some of their precious equipment to make room for the food on the remaining sleds. As he worked to repair the kayak a sudden thought hit him: Since the wind was prevailingly from the northeast and they were headed southwest, wouldn't it help to put up the sails on the kayaks? It was worth a try; and the next day when they took off, they had the sails up on the kayaks and, with a strong wind behind, they made the best speed that they had thus far.

But the distance was great, and despite the fact that their work had been lessened, the dogs continued to drop in their tracks. By now Nansen's and Johansen's mukluks and spare boots were used up, and one of the canvas sails had to go to repair the soles. Another month went by and they were down to three dogs, and the men were now doing most of the hauling themselves.

They were constantly striking open leads which networked the ice prior to breaking up into drift ice, and to cross them they joined the kayaks together, put the sleds and dogs aboard, and sailed across.

"And so it went endlessly as we moved slowly forward," Nansen wrote in his log, "Day after day with the same arduous work and hopelessly heavy going." They wanted only to lie down and rest and never get up, just as the last of the dogs finally did, but home lay ahead.

At last they came to that moment when they tumbled down the pressure ridge and Nansen discovered that they were near the open sea.

Nansen wrote in his log: "There are moments when it seems impossible that any creature not having wings could go any farther, and one longingly follows the flight of a gull and thinks how far away one could be could one but borrow its wings."

When they reached the edge of the ice they piled their sleds and skis aboard the kayaks, and now their arms took up the burden that their legs had had as they paddled across the open sea toward the Franz Joseph archipelago. Drifting ice they encountered everywhere, and from time to time they'd get out of the cramped quarters of their kayaks to stretch their legs on an ice floe, and then get back in and paddle some more. By early July they had touched in and rested on Peterman's Land, and then moved on to stop over at various little islands of the Franz Josef group. Now, too, they began making good use of their guns as they bagged fowl and rabbits and had their first hearty meals since they'd left the *Fram*.

AUGUST found them ensconced in a hut on a tiny island where the sudden arrival of winter forced them to hibernate. One day Johansen went out hunting his usual quarry of rabbit while Nansen stayed home to write in his logbook. For some reason Nansen felt uneasy, and decided to grab his gun and join his lieutenant. He

found his trail and then saw that Johansen's footprints were suddenly joined by bear tracks. Nansen fired a shot in the air and raced on, arriving in a pine glade in time to see a huge bear making ready to sink his teeth into the unconscious Johansen, whom the animal had stalked and stunned from behind. Nansen sprawled to his knees and fired, wounding the bear with his first shot, and then killing it with his second.

The island, they found, abounded in bears and their food and clothing problems were solved. When spring came they got back into their kayaks and resumed their year-long trip south.

When they reached Cape Flora, at the southern tip of the archipelago, they went ashore for more game with which to provision their trip across the Barents Sea to Spitzbergen. Nansen reckoned that, by now, the *Fram* must be out of the ice and back in Norway, but Spitzbergen was a shade closer to Europe than where he was, and he wanted to make his open-sea trip to Europe as short as possible. Incredibly, what Nansen planned was to sail in the two tiny kayaks from Spitzbergen to Norway in as rough a sea as there is anywhere —a distance of almost 700 miles!

But Fate intervened. As he was hunting Nansen saw a man mushing along behind a dog team, and as he came close he heard him shouting to the dogs in English.

"How do you do?" Nansen said, tipping his hat in the Scandinavian fashion.

The man looked at him, astonished. He came closer and peered into the tanned, bearded face. The man was Sir Frederick Jackson, who'd once met Nansen in London. "Aren't you Nansen?" he asked, carrying out the "Dr. Livingston-I-presume" mood of the meeting.

When Nansen told him about the trip the Englishman couldn't believe his ears, and when he saw the kayaks in which they'd traveled he was even more astonished. Jackson, encamped not far away, prevailed on the two men to stay with him a few days and rest up. He then revealed that a schooner, the *Windward*, was due any day now to pick up his expedition and take him back to Europe.

IT didn't take much persuading to get Nansen to forego his kayak trip to Spitzbergen and accept Jackson's invitation to accompany him as far as Norway. His incredible trek through the Arctic Basin, unequaled in the saga of the frozen North, was over.

All that remained now was to join up with his companions of the *Fram* and compare notes as to what the expedition had achieved. When he reached Norway, he found that the *Fram* had arrived only a few days before him, and that she'd had to be freed by dynamite charges from the ice locked around her near Spitzbergen.

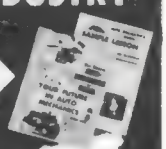
The expedition had proved one thing that Nansen had hoped for: That his theory of the transpolar current was correct. The scientists aboard had gathered astonishing new data on ocean soundings and meteorology, and brought back a great collection of Arctic flora and fauna.

But it was Nansen and Johansen who proved the most remarkable thing of all: that man can endure the unendurable and achieve the incredible when he makes up his mind to it. On the way north Nansen had been sparked by a determination to reach the Pole, and, going south, by a resolve to get home to his family.

And so, when he'd concluded his business aboard the *Fram*, he headed home to see the little daughter who'd been born the day before the expedition set sail from Oslo more than three years before. He thought, she must be quite a little lady by now. ▲

MAKE MORE MONEY
TRAIN FOR SUCCESS IN MODERN INDUSTRY

FREE BOOK and SAMPLE LESSON SHOWS YOU HOW...



No Obligation. Make your own decision. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL.

TELEVISION RADIO and ELECTRONICS

Be a skilled Technician. *Only* National Schools trains you at home, in spare time, in ALL PHASES of the industry—Television, plus Color TV...Radio, AM & FM...Electronics...Sound Recording & Hi-Fi...FCC License...Automation ...Radar...Communications. Easy-to-understand lessons, manuals and many extras. Friendly instruction. Employment Service. Lowest Tuition. Earn as you learn. Mail coupon NOW!

19 KITS OF EQUIPMENT, YOURS TO KEEP

AUTO MECHANICS and DIESEL

Every car, bus, truck, tractor, bulldozer, and motor vehicle needs the services of a trained Mechanic. National Schools offers you up-to-date shop-method training, covering ALL PHASES of Auto Mechanics and Diesel, in your own home, in spare time...loaded with easy-to-learn lessons, manuals and many extras. Job placement service. Lowest tuition, yet MOST COMPLETE TRAINING ANYWHERE! Earn as you learn. Send for information TODAY!

YOU GET AND KEEP ALL THIS EQUIPMENT

RESIDENT TRAINING ALSO AVAILABLE AT LOS ANGELES IN THESE 2 GREAT COURSES

NATIONAL SCHOOLS
4000 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 37, Calif.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS
TECHNICAL TRADE TRAINING SINCE 1905
LOS ANGELES 37, CALIFORNIA

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, Dept. 4K-108
4000 S. FIGUEROA ST. LOS ANGELES 37, CALIF.

Please rush FREE Book and Sample Lesson checked below. No obligation, no salesman will call.
☐ "My Future in TV-Radio-Electronics"
☐ "My Future in Auto-Mechanics and Diesel"

Name _____ Age ____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ____ State ____
☐ Check if interested ONLY in Resident Training at Los Angeles
VETERANS: Give date of discharge _____

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK & SAMPLE LESSON

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

For rates, write Stewart, 9 S. Clinton, Chicago 6, (MS-ONS)

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

ELECTRONIC AND AERONAUTICAL Engineering Technology. Two Year Courses. Northrop Institute in Southern California prepares you for highly paid positions in Aviation and Electronic Industries. Employment assistance during school and after graduation. Approved for Veterans. Write for free catalog. Northrop Aeronautical Institute, 1125 Arbor Vitae, Inglewood 1, California.

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with 61-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept X716, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

LEARN CIVIL AND Criminal Investigation at home. Earn steady, good pay. Inst. Applied Science, 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 136, Chicago 40, Illinois.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP! Details free. Research Association, Box 610-PE, Omaha.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

TREMENDOUS PROFITS! EVERY man, woman and child a customer. Suits $1.50. Pants 35c, Dresses 20c, Shoes 20c. Operate from store, home, car. Free catalog. Superior, 1250-KK Jefferson, Chicago 7.

EARN EXTRA MONEY Selling Advertising Book Matches. Free Sample kit furnished. Matchcorp, Dept. GH-17, Chicago 32, Illinois.

PIECE-LIKE STAY-At-Homework! No Doorbell Ringing! Securall, Box 871, Pasadena, California.

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple, Easy. No canvassing. Write: Ougor, Caldwell 3, Arkansas.

EARN EXTRA CASH! Prepare Advertising Postcards. Langdons, Box 41107MB, Los Angeles 41, California.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

ASTONISHING "PERSONAL POWER" attracts friends easily! Swiftly developed at home! Free details. Dimensional Enterprises, Sedona 1, Arizona.

BULLETIN OF ADULT Domestic Discipline. Details. Box 75662, Los Angeles 5, California.

FREE "DO-IT-Yourself" Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-027, Fort Worth, Texas.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write: Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 46W, California.

WANT YOUR BOOK published? Free booklet 56. Vantage, 120 W. 31, New York City.

STAMP COLLECTING

TERRIFIC STAMP BARGAIN! Israel—Iceland—Vatican Assortment—plus exotic triangle set—Also fabulous British Colonial Accumulation—Plus large stamp book—All four offers free—Send 10c to cover postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept. PL, Toronto, Canada.

SALESMEN WANTED

FAST MONEYMAKER—NEW Development Uniforms advertise 24 hours a day. Exclusive with Master. Name—emblem glow in dark. Free outfit. Master, H-16 Water, Ligonier, Indiana.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

POEMS WANTED FOR New Songs and Recording. Immediate Consideration. Send Poems. Songcrafters, Box 6145, Acklen Station, Nashville, Tenn.

LOANS BY MAIL

BORROW MONEY BY Mail. $100-$600. Anywhere. Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeline Building, Dept. 063T, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

HOME SEWING OPPORTUNITY

$200 MONTHLY POSSIBLE, Sewing Babywear—No house selling! Send stamped, addressed envelope. "Cuties," Warsaw 13, Indiana.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corporation, 1311, Fremont, Ohio.

FOREIGN & U.S.A. JOB LISTINGS

FOREIGN JOBS—TO $500 weekly—laborers or skilled. Best deal: Send 50c. World Employment, Box 5071, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

SAVE 75% ON WORK CLOTHES!

Terrific values you've got to see to believe!

SHIRTS 4 for $2.99 **79c**

Made to sell for 2.99. Now, 4 for the price of one! The used, sterilized and ready for long, tough wear! In blue, tan or green. Send neck size, 1st and 2nd color choice.

PANTS to match

Sold for 3.85, now only..... **99c**

Send waist measure and inside leg length. 4 for $3.75

COVERALLS . . . wear 'em used and save plenty! Were 6.95, now **$2.29**

Send chest measurement. 3 for $6.75

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE . . . If not satisfied. Order TODAY! Send $1.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Add 25c for postage on prepaid orders.

GALCO SALES CO. Dept. 8711

7120 Harvard Ave. • Cleveland 5, Ohio

Sexy Salvationist

(continued from page 28)

baptizing the believers by ducking them in the water. Between immersions he roared short sermons, fulminating against evil and promising hell to the wicked. Though Katie wasn't sure what she'd expected to find, she now stood entranced by the preacher's magnificent voice and awesome words. Slowly she walked toward the river, helpless to stop herself.

Everything he said seemed to be directed at her as he held forth on deceit, adultery and carnal sin in general. Remorse surged through her, and a wave of guilt engulfed her. Mesmerized, Katy waded into the stream and joined the queue of zealots; and when her turn came she uttered the responses she'd heard from the others, and let the preacher take her head between his huge hands and immerse her.

"You are saved!" he cried, and the exalted Katy waded out onto the shore in her ruined dress. Her lover waited, laughing at what he thought was a gag, but she ignored him and strode on up to the hotel. The next day she was back at the camp meeting, embracing the gospel with all the fervor and passion which she'd formerly reserved for sex, and in a few days headed home for Pittsburgh with a Bible in her hand and a psalm in her heart.

Peter Scoffel couldn't believe his ears when Katy told him that she had seen the light and henceforth her life was to be dedicated to saving souls. But that night, when she knelt by the bedside to pray instead of crawling in to harass him, he saw she meant business — and not monkey business. He sighed with relief as she kept to her side of the bed, blissfully unaware that she intended to use his prisoners as her flock.

The next morning she started early, leaving the warden's lodge which adjoined the prison and crossing the small courtyard to a side door. She had a ring of keys which would open all doors from the main gate to the sally port, and presently she was making the rounds of the cells.

In a world of men without women her presence was, to put it mildly, disturbing. She was greeted at first by the piercing whistles of cons who didn't know her status, but the word got around quickly and all they could do was gawk. The average Bible-thumper would have gotten short shrift from the men, but they knew that a warden's wife was a women to be wary of. Besides, she had an uninhibited technique that scared the hell out of them.

Katy had always been impulsive, and in religion she operated on inspiration. Accordingly, when things spiritual moved her she went into action. The "call" might strike at any hour of the day or night, and Katy would respond. Whether in the midst of her housework or in bed, Katy would hie herself over to the prison in housedress or negligee to minister to her flock. The results were often sensational, especially when she called at night.

SHE invariably carried a small kerosene lantern to light her way and read the Bible by, and when she unlocked a random cell, she'd flash it on the sleeping occupant and cry in a sepulchral voice, "Arise! It is not too late to be saved!"

Consternation. Terror. The prisoner might have been reliving dangerously his life of crime in a nightmare, and he'd wake up gibbering. Or he might wake up fighting mad, thinking sleepily he'd been surprised by the cops. But the worst thing about the Allegheny County Jail, a hot and stuffy place, was that the men slept raw.

After instinctively obeying her command to arise, the con would suddenly realize the situation and dive headlong beneath the blankets. There was never a dull moment when Katherine came calling, and her mental file on the physical characteristics of the prisoners must have rivaled Bertillon's anthropometric studies.

Unembarrassed, Katy would intone: "You must remember, my friend, what Ezra saith in Chapter 9 Verse 9. 'God hath not forsaken us in our bondage.' I am here to help you and impart the word of the Gospel so that your sins shall be shriven and you will depart from these grim walls and lead a good and penitent life."

With his nose twitching from the fragrance of her perfume and his senses reeling from the nearness of her body, he'd mutter a hoarse, dutiful "Yes, Ma'am." The voices of the strongest, toughest characters quavered when she urged them to join her in prayer, and sweat ran freely as they wrestled with the Devil, who was booked solid at Allegheny Jail those days, to conquer their lust. The whole prison seethed with repressed desires, and it seemed only a matter of time before some doomed character who had nothing to lose dragged the lush, vibrant creature into his bed for one final caper.

Although Peter had no idea of the extent of her nocturnal prowlings, he cautioned her against this possibility. Had he known the frequency and erratic schedule of her missions, he probably would have put his foot down. But Katy had an ally in Bill McGarey, the head night guard, who kept her secret; and the cons themselves weren't about to confide in the warden.

Blithely she continued with her missionary work, unwittingly fanning smoldering passions as her flock's emotional pressure mounted.

But sooner or later, something had to give.

ONE night, as Peter pored over prison reports and she sat, busily underlining apt quotations in her catechism, they heard a knock at the door and Bill McGarey entered.

"Good evening, Ma'am. Evening, Warden," he said. "The paddy wagon's just arrived with those two prisoners from the county court."

"The Biddle boys?" Scoffel said, waving a hand at the dossier on the desk before him.

McGarey nodded and said, "You'll be over to sign 'em in?"

"Right away," Scoffel said, and McGarey left.

Katy had looked up from her work when McGarey entered and now she contemplated her husband as he slipped on his jacket. "Who are the Biddle boys?" she asked curiously.

"Killers," Scoffel said. "You probably read about them. Almost a year ago — last March to be exact — they shot and killed a shopkeeper and then a detective. Real tough birds."

He started for the door but stopped as he noticed the elated expression on his wife's face. "Now, look, Katie," he growled, "don't go getting any ideas about saving their souls. And don't you dare enter the cell of either one of them." He pointed to the dossier on his desk. "There's the whole story on them if you want to look at it. You'll see what I mean."

After Peter had gone, Katy went over to the desk and started to read. Her face brightened as she leafed through the file, for here indeed was a wicked story.

The last document, dated January 4, 1902, two days ago, concerned their sen-

tence: To be hanged by the neck until they were dead, at the Pittsburgh Allegheny County Jail on February 14. *St. Valentine's Day!* thought Katy, straining to recall some fitting scripture. She was thoroughly enchanted with the prospect of these two lost souls, John and Edward Biddle, who had obviously been needing redemption for a long, long time. Once again she went over the dossier, lingering over the Rogues Gallery shot of Ed Biddle, the handsome one, and noting that he had always been the brains of the brotherly team.

KATHERINE'S heart was pounding and her eyes shone as she finished the report. Adrian Kruta had been bad, but these two were thoroughly wicked creatures who killed on whim and whose constant companions were thugs, harlots and other lost creatures. What a challenge! If she could save *their* souls *that* would be a feather in her cap!

She went back to her chair and idly picked up her pencil and the catechism in which she'd been underlining appropriate quotations. She smiled to herself as she fantasied her meeting with the two brothers, and then got back to her work. Suddenly she looked at the book, startled at what she had underlined just before McGarey came in with the news of the new arrivals.

"This day is salvation come to this house," she read above the interlineation in Luke 19:9. She looked up in wonder. This, no mere coincidence, was like a vision, almost; certainly an omen of success. She just couldn't wait to get her hands on those Biddle boys!

The next morning found her tripping across the courtyard to the prison just after breakfast, Bible in hand. She was all charged up and the usual fatiguing climb to Death Row, on the top floor, was a breeze this morning. As she reached the top floor some instinct told her to primp her hair, adjust the neckline of her dress, and rub a touch of color in her cheeks. Then she walked down to the end of the corridor where the cells of the new arrivals adjoined. She stopped outside Ed Biddle's cell.

Katy was not prepared for what she saw. Ed stood by the washbowl in the corner, stripped down to his long-johns, rubbing his chest briskly with a towel. He looked up as he heard her tapping heels come to a stop and gave her a mocking grin.

"Morning, honey," he sad. "I wasn't expecting you. You one of the angels comin' to claim me?"

Katy blushed, after a quick gasp of admiration. He was, she thought, a beautiful man — a big-muscled, broad-chested six-footer with a strong-jawed, handsome face topped by a leonine crop of jet black hair. His high-bridged nose reminded her of John Drew's, and his mischievous manner was also like the famous matinee idol's. A pity he was so wicked.

Biddle stood unperturbed, the towel draped in front of him, grinning at her. Completely flustered, Katy stammered, for want of something better to say, "I—I'm no angel."

"Well, that's bully!" Biddle laughed. "I like a woman who admits it. It saves time."

Beet red by now, Katy said angrily, "I didn't mean that! And you know it —" She stopped, remembering her mission, and decided to turn the other cheek and deal only in soft answers to turn away wrath. "I have come," she said in her vibrant, throaty voice, "to get you to repent."

Biddle threw back his head and roared. "I intend to," he said, choking with laughter, "I'll have my *pents* back on in a moment." She heard Jack's laughter echoing in the next cell.

Biting her lip, Katy turned on her heel and walked back down the corridor. She'd leave the Biddles for later, when they'd had time to reflect on the gravity of their situation. As she walked downstairs she couldn't help smiling to herself at Ed's bad vaudeville joke, and suddenly she realized what a devastating foe of her missionary work laughter was. She'd have to call on the Biddles when their mood was apt to be more serious. At night, for instance — when the grim walls were at their most forbidding, and there wasn't the bright new day to give them hope.

She knew from long experience how depressing night was for the inmates, remembering the groans and nightmare screams as she wandered through the corridors and into the cells.

Obviously Ed Biddle didn't know who she was, and so before leaving the building, she spoke to McGarey. She suggested that he brief the Biddles on her identity. In future, she assured herself, they would treat her with more respect.

All the rest of the day, and during the evening, Katy's thoughts kept returning to the scene with Ed Biddle. Though she sat a good part of the time with her Bible in her lap, she couldn't concentrate on it.

He wasn't going to get the better of her the next time, she determined, but despite

AIRLINES WANT YOUNG MEN!

GOOD PAY · GOOD FUTURE

On the Ground · In the Air

FLY TO Hollywood, Washington, D.C. or Chicago at No Extra Charge!

Men! Get in world's most exciting business! We train you for positions as Station Agents, Passenger Agents, Sales Agents, Stewards, and many other good paying positions. NON-TECHNICAL. Good pay, good future. Start with home preparatory training, without interfering with your present occupation. Then let us fly you to Chicago or Hollywood or Washington, D. C., at NO EXTRA COST, to complete your training! Thousands of men needed NOW and with vast expanded airline program, MORE men will be needed. FREE! Placement Service. The facilities of this School, the largest of its kind in the United States, places nation-wide openings before you. Write for FREE details if you're a high school graduate and between 17 and 39. Before you can be accepted for training, you must be prepared to show proof of age. No obligation.

AIRLINE DIVISION, NORTHWEST SCHOOLS, Dept. AL-1
228 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.
Please rush exciting information about airline careers.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Education..... Home Phone.....

Hours I work.....

the fact that she tried to think of clever phrases and suitable scriptures, the image of the handsome, beautifully muscled rogue crowded out her thoughts. Her meditations were suddenly far from spiritual, and she had to pray aloud to exorcise this dashing devil from her mind. She — not Ed Biddle — didn't sleep well that night.

AFTER praying for guidance and preparing her discourse Katy returned the next day to Death Row. She had decided, with good Christian charity, to forget and forgive yesterday's incident. And then when Ed spoke to her with proper deference, now that McGarey had told him who she was, she would ease his embarrassment and then get to work on his ungodliness.

The Biddles heard her coming and were waiting by the bars of their cells.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Ed said as he sighted her. "The psalm-singer's back again. Mornin', sister!"

"You were right, Ed!" Jack called. "She certainly is a sweet patootie" Katherine looked indignantly over at Jack and saw that he was remarkably like his brother, but a shorter and not so husky version wearing a small moustache.

"Don't you know who I am?" Katy said, aghast. "Don't you know that I'm Mrs. Scoffel, the warden's wife?"

"Ah, yes," Ed answered, giving an exaggerated bow. "I've heard of you. An angel of mercy who saves souls — a do-gooder."

"That explains a lot of things," Jack said.

"What does?" Katy said.

"You being the warden's wife. With a beauty like you around, no wonder he keeps all these guys locked up!"

Katy stamped her foot. "Have you no shame?" I come here to preach the gospel and you taunt me." She was on the verge of tears of frustration, but this time she wouldn't be put off. She got out her keys and inserted one of them in Ed's door. Before letting herself in she beckoned to guard George Sutcliffe, at the end of the corridor, to stand by.

Resolutely she strode over to the cot, sat down and opened her Bible. She began to read, giving it to him chapter and verse. He stood watching her, and when she paused, Ed said, "You have a lovely voice."

"It is the words that matter, and the good thoughts," she said, looking up at him. Their eyes met, and something far from spiritual brought butterflies to her stomach. "You don't have to stand," she murmured, indicating a place beside her on the cot.

Grinning, he sat down and stage-whispered, "You know, this is the first time I've ever been in bed with a warden's wife."

Katy ignored him and went on reading. But her voice faltered from time to time. She could feel his eyes roving over her, and she was disconcerted. Once, under the pretext of having her reread a passage, he reached over and turned back a page, giving her hand a lingering touch. Her throat tightened and she could hardly read.

At last she was finished. "I hope," she said, "that this has done you some good and that you will honestly try to save yourself from perdition." She went to the door and added, "Goodby for now, and bless you. I shall pray for you."

"You'd better start praying for yourself, sister," he muttered, but she was out of earshot, on her way next door to spread the Gospel to the younger Biddle.

Something had come over her, Katy found when she got back home, that was terrifying. She kept thinking about Ed, and it was not his soul that concerned her. She prayed and wrestled with her conscience and Peter noticed her restlessness. Wisely, he kept his own counsel, for she looked as though she was ready to explode.

Katherine spent an unusually long time at her devotions that night, Peter noticed, kneeling beside the bed in that fancy yellow silk nightgown and negligee he'd given her money to buy herself last Christmas. When they went to bed he dropped off to sleep immediately; but she lay for hours staring into the darkness. At last she got up, putting on her negligee and slippers, and went downstairs. She stopped at the wine decanter, took two quick drinks, and then picked up her Bible, keys and lantern and started for the prison. By now, she thought, the grim night shadows might have made Ed Biddle serious, perhaps even apprehensive of the fate in store for him.

His fate, she would soon discover, was a far cry from what she imagined it would be.

MCGAREY looked at her in surprise as she said good evening and went upstairs. He'd never seen her dress quite like this before, in an outfit that brought out all her voluptuousness.

When she reached the top floor Katherine beamed her lantern down the corridor and walked quickly, quietly to Ed's cell. She muttered a prayer to herself for strength, and then unlocked the door. Her light played on the cot and then she saw that Ed was awake, smiling at her.

"Breaking and entering," he said in a low voice. "I ought to call the cops."

"Hush," she said. "I have come to pray with you." She put the lantern on the floor and opened her book. "I had hoped that by night you would not be so irreverent. I am going to read to you from the Psalms." This wasn't easy, she found. Her mouth was cottony and she began to breathe hard. She sat on the edge of the cot, leaning over to get the full light of the lantern, while Ed sat up and slyly looked at her — all of her. As she read, she sought inspiration, and groped for a Message. But the message coming in loud and clear wasn't the one she'd counted on.

Suddenly Ed leaned over and pulled her toward him. Her Bible slid from her hand to the floor and she brought up her fists and beat against his bare chest.

"Stop! Stop!" she said hoarsely. "You mustn't — I came to help you. Oh, dear Lord, control this man —"

He cut off her words with a kiss. For a moment she fought it, and then the fire of it charged through her and she unclenched her hands and her arms went around him. All her evangelical ardor was forgotten, and she rained kisses on his face as he gasped for breath. . . .

Later that night she prayed for herself, but it was a lost cause. She had been tried and found wanting, but she'd gone down to a glorious defeat. When she'd left him, Ed had said, "I love you, honey, and that is the Gospel truth!" And she knew, despite the fact that it was wrong and wicked, that she loved him, too.

Katherine now became a frequent nightly visitor to Death Row, still carrying the props of sanctimony as she went about her unholy business. She was desolated at the thought that Ed would soon go to the gallows, and she fell in readily with his scheme to break out and take her with him. It should be easy, since she had the keys, money, and clothes of Peter's that would help in a getaway. By day Ed and Jack formulated their plans, and at night Ed and Katherine went over them. She was, as they said in those days, in a transport of joy, and she couldn't have cared less about the consequences.

Peter informed her one night that they would be doubling the guard on the Death House come the first of February, and so the trio set their escape for the morning of January 30.

One of the privileges accorded the Biddles was having their breakfast together in Ed's cell; other cons had to go to the mess hall in the north wing. Around 7:30 A.M. Katherine came into the prison and passed the time of day with McGarey, who was due to go off at 8:00. There was only a skeleton force of guards in the south wing at breakfast time, she noticed as she went to the top floor for her rendezvous with the killers.

Beneath the folds of her skirt she'd concealed a gun, which she handed to Ed. "I have another in the kitchen of the house," she told Jack. "Now, look — we've got to hurry. I've timed everything just right. In exactly seven minutes you follow me. Stick to the plan in every detail!" Then she kissed Jack and went quickly down the corridor.

Exactly seven minutes later they went out the door and down the corridor as the guards' change-over took place. They had a minute to make it down the stairs to the main floor, arriving there when McGarey would supposedly be at the end of his patrol. They rushed to the guard's station Katherine had described, and waited. When McGarey reached the corner they slugged him unconscious and dumped him into a ventilator.

A guard named Reynolds, hearing the commotion, came running. Ed dropped him with a shot in the belly, and when this brought Coslow, another guard, to the scene, Jack sprang on him from behind and knocked him out with a heavy stool. The way was clear now, and the Biddles let themselves out into the courtyard.

Katherine was waiting for them, heavily cloaked and ready to go. Swiftly the men changed into the warden's suits and mackinaws, and Katherine handed Jack a gun. Then the trio ran out to an awaiting horse-drawn sled. Jack took the reins, flogging the horse to a brisk canter, as they disappeared in the swirling snow.

By the time the alarm had been raised in the jail, there was no trace of the fugitives. At first Peter thought that his wife had been taken as a hostage, but when he discovered that the criminals had gotten two of his hidden guns, a box of ammunition, and clothes from his upstairs closet in an exceedingly rapidly executed break, he realized that Katherine was their accomplice. He immediately telephoned Police Chief Asa Warner and spared no details as he told him the news.

The chief arrived at the prison with two teams of detectives and a squad of men, but they couldn't find a clue beyond the sled tracks — lost in the maze of other sled tracks at the next corner. Warner assigned detectives to guard the gates at the railroad terminals, then sent out bulletins to the police in surrounding towns.

THE next day a call came in from Perryville, 20 miles away, that a woman and two men had been seen holing up in a schoolhouse during the storm the night before. Warner assembled his men together after asking the Perryville constabulary to try to trace the three, and hightailed it north. Shortly after they reached Perryville police headquarters, a livery stableman, badly beaten, came in to report that a woman and two men had made him hitch up a sled at gunpoint, and then made off with it.

"They forced me to drive along with them," he said, "so I couldn't give an alarm. Then they dumped me way the hell and gone out on Butler Plank Road and I had to walk back."

With a few fast teams, Warner figured, he and his men would be able to overtake them if they stuck to the way they were headed. Three teams were soon ready, four men to a sled, and they sped off in pursuit of the fugitives.

Katherine was having herself a ball, meanwhile, as their sled sped along the road, the cold air nipping color in her cheeks. Beneath the blanket they had around their knees she squeezed Ed's hand. "This is so wonderfully thrilling," she said. He leaned over and gave her the kind of kiss that heightened her color even more. "That's even more thrilling," she sighed.

Jack had been looking over his shoulder from time to time, fearing pursuit. Once more he looked, and when he turned back, he said gruffly, "If you're looking for thrills — cast an eye back of us. I think it's the coppers." He gee-hawed the horses and lathered them with his whip.

Whoever it was behind was gaining on them, Ed saw, and he had little doubt that it was the police. As they came to a rise in the road he saw that there were three sleds in all. Suddenly, as they rounded a turn, a trace broke and the team began to pull off the shaft.

"We can't go on!" Jack yelled. "We'll have to get out here and fight for it!"

A moment later the horses broke away and three fugitives leaped clear as the sled headed for a ditch, careened into it, and turned over on its side. Katherine and the Biddles, who had their guns drawn, crouched behind the sled and waited.

When the police rounded the bend Jack and Ed opened fire. A quick-thinking driver veered fast, spilled his sled and its occupants; then the policemen, running, ducked behind snowdrifts. Forewarned, the other sleds pulled up and the cops tumbled out, fanning along the roadside. They had a number of rifles, against which the Biddles' pistols were no match, and slug after slug thunked into the sled, and a number went right on through. Katherine crouched behind the sled, reloading the pistols of the desperadoes.

SUDDENLY Jack, leaning out to take a potshot at the enemy, fell dead with a bullet through his heart. Swearing revenge, Ed picked up his gun and splashed wild shots toward the police. His anger made him careless and, as he sighted on a dark blob in the snow, he was hit in the stomach and fell groaning to the snow. Katherine pulled him back of the sled.

"It's all over, my darling," he said. "They got me that time." He coughed wildly, and said, "Pray for me, baby. Now see if it does any good." Then a crazy light came into his eyes, and he aimed the gun at her breast. "Pray for us both. We're gonna go out together." He fired twice, and Katherine slumped over with a bullet in her chest as death overtook Ed Biddle.

Katherine was still breathing when the police warily closed in and found her. They rushed her on the fastest sled to the Mercy Hospital at Cooperstown. In critical condition for many weeks with an ugly wound from the bullet that had narrowly missed her heart, at last she had passed her crisis and was on the mend.

One of the first requests of the wayward wife of the warden, destined to serve two years for the break-out, never to see her family again, and die a lonely recluse 20 years later, was for a Bible. She had gotten religion again, but this time she vowed that she wouldn't worry about spreading the Gospel to others.

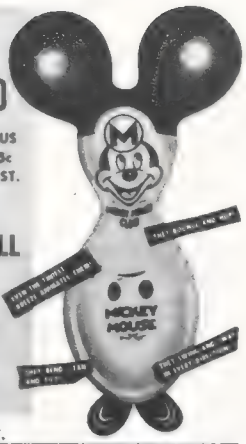
Recalling those wild and adulterous nights with Ed Biddle in his cell on Death Row, she knew that saving her own soul was going to be a full-time job. ▲

AMERICA'S MOST LOVABLE CHARACTERS from
WALT DISNEY'S MICKEY MOUSE CLUB

10 KING-SIZE BALLOON TOYS for $1.00 PLUS 25c POST.

they stand from 15" to ALMOST 2 FEET TALL

Here's good clean fun for every youngster. They'll be busy for hours with their Mickey Mouse Club favorite characters. Toss them in the air and they always land on their feet. Completely inflatable balloon toys, from one-piece quality latex, in assorted bright colors! A terrific value for $1.00 plus 25c postage. Money back guarantee. Sorry, no COD's.



© WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS 1958

MOTHER HUBBARD'S, Dept. H-2 114 E. 32nd St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

ROYAL JELLY

Each Capsule Contains 50 Milligrams

NOT $20 . . . NOT $15 . . .

But only $10 per 100 at Vitamin-Quota

In response to a terrific demand, Vitamin-Quota now makes available Royal Jelly at down-to-earth prices! No longer need you pay up to $20.00 per 100 for Royal Jelly capsules of even lower potencies. Vitamin-Quota now gives you 100 capsules, each containing 50 mgs. of Royal Jelly—the nectar of the Queen Bee—at sensationally low prices! Order today!

100 Capsules, $10 250 Capsules, $22.50

V.Q. Royal Jelly is sold only at the addresses below. Order C.O.D. or save all charges by sending check or money order. We pay all postage. Money back if not satisfied.

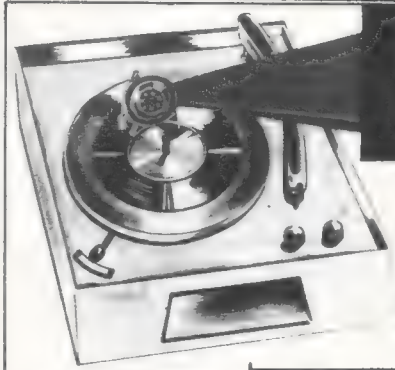
35th Anniversary VITAMIN-QUOTA 1923-1958

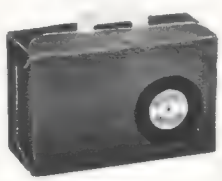
One of world's largest retailers of vitamins. Serving over 2,000,000 families coast to coast

Dept. LSB16, 880 A Broadway, New York 3, New York or
Dept. LSB16, 1125 A Crenshaw Blvd., Los Angeles 19, Calif.

Sales in California add tax of 4%

RECORD YOUR VOICE AT HOME





ONLY $6.98

- Cuts Actual Records
- Records at 33⅓, 45, or 78 R.P.M.S
- Money Back Guarantee

Make Your Own Records Anywhere!

Now, you can cut your own records at home. Sing, tell jokes, record "secret" conversations, take off your favorite show and music, and it's all ready to play back instantly. Baby's first words, famous speeches, top shows and so much more are all captured by you forever. Yes, with this precision instrument, you no longer need expensive tape recorders. And, think how useful this exciting recorder will be at parties, gatherings and wherever you and your family and friends gather.

Not A Cheap Tape Recorder—
Makes Actual Records

You receive complete recording equipment, including recording arm and head, microphone, tracking disc, cutting needles, and full supply of blank records. It all attaches to your phonograph, and you're all set to record what you like, where you like, and when you like. Take only 30 seconds to operate and so simple any child can use it. Perfect for mailing to a loved one who hasn't heard from baby or the kids in a while. Records at 33⅓, 45 or 78 R.P.M.'s.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Dept. RD41
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my Home Voice Recorder on 10 Day Free Trial. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 Day Free Trial for prompt refund of the purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $6.98 plus postage and shipping charges.

☐ I enclose $6.98 plus 45¢ shipping charges in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Rebel Butcher

(*continued from page 27*)

the first time he informed them that the expedition was headed for Palanan to capture Aguinaldo. The terrified men refused, saying Aguinaldo would kill them.

Funston merely told them, "This time, he won't have a chance to kill anyone." Then, with a menacing edge in his voice, he gave them an ultimatum: "Either help us or I'll have you shot and your bodies thrown overboard for the sharks."

The men quickly reconsidered. Next he told the Macabebes — who cheered when they heard the destination. Funston looked at the grinning brown faces, the hands clenching knives and wicked-looking bolos, and knew they'd be no worry.

Day after day, as the gunboat fought its way through the choppy sea, everyone rehearsed his role. Everything had to be letter perfect if the plan was to succeed. The Filipinos officered their own men, and the most difficult thing to teach them was to treat the American officers, disguised as prisoners, as real prisoners, to curse and beat them, and never, under any circumstances, to give the smallest flicker of recognition.

Once they hit the beach at Casiguran Bay, Placida would head the expedition; all orders would come from him and be carried out by the other ex-rebel officers. Funston beat it into them that, even in that deserted country, there were spies and savages along the trail, lookouts who would have them under surveillance all the way. One misstep might mean their lives.

The *Vicksburg* docked at the island of Polilli, where the expedition bought four large canoe-like sailboats, called *barcas*, from friendly natives. Funston and his group planned to leave the gunboat 30 miles out at sea, paddle in under their own power at night, hide the boats and strike north along the coast for Aguinaldo's camp. Two Macabebes were put on each of the boats, and on March 12th, with a stout tow line securing the *barcas* to the *Vicksburg*, the gunboat headed northwest for the mouth of Casiguran Bay.

The wind rose and the sea became heavy with white-capped waves that slammed into the fragile *barcas*. One of the boats swamped and the two men, pitched overboard, climbed into the nearest *barca*, but a sudden squall capsized and staved in those remaining afloat. Two scouts had their heads smashed by the rising prow of the boat behind them, and they went under without a cry. The others were thrown into the raging sea. They swam alongside the overturned boats, managing to hold on until a boat could be lowered from the *Vicksburg*.

All six survivors were dragged aboard, sick and retching, and the heavy towline, holding the now worthless capsized boats, was cut. They were too far up the coast now to put into another village and obtain other boats. Funston told Commander Barry to keep well out to sea, and then he adjusted his plans swiftly. He decided to use the ship's boats and risk being discovered. While the *barcas* wouldn't have aroused any suspicion, the *Vicksburg's* boats would scream the presence of an American force.

FROM the beginning, Funston knew that everything would have to work perfectly — not only to accomplish the mission, but if they were to get out alive. As the towline was cut and he saw the capsized *barcas* drifting in the gunboat's wake, he thought that, perhaps, he had planned everything just a little too tight.

At 1 A.M., her engines silent, drifting in the heavy sea, the *Vicksburg* lay off Casiguran Bay in a driving rainstorm. Carrying only a day's ration of rice, the average quota for guerrillas who'll live off the countryside, the troops climbed down the swaying rope ladders into the longboats. Midway in the debarking, there was a wild scream of pain and all heads turned toward one of the boats, where a Macabebe lay clenching his teeth. One of the men descending the ladder had dropped his bolo, and it went whistling down to hack off three toes of the man in the boat. He was taken to the ship's hospital.

Another Mac suddenly became frightened at the idea of marching into Aguinaldo's hands and hid in the hammock nets. He was discovered babbling about the terrible things the Tagalogs had done to his people. Counting the two drowned men, the expeditionary force was reduced to 91 men, including the five "prisoners."

As the boats pushed for shore, it was unspoken but understood that no one would allow himself to be taken alive.

They neared land, and some of the men plunged into the surf to help direct the boats in closer. The rest hit the beach silently and ran to a grove of trees to assemble. The boats put back to sea immediately and disappeared into the darkness.

They were alone now, deep in enemy territory, with 11 days to accomplish their mission and rendezvous with the gunboat on the beach of Palanan Bay. If they missed it, they'd be trapped and would have to fight their way out while marching cross-country.

It was several hours until dawn and they waited silently in the cold, drenching rain, trying to keep their footing in the slimy mud and pondering the odds.

As the first light streaked the sky, the rain stopped and they built small fires to boil their ration of rice. They took only a few minutes to eat and then Placida gave the order to move out. They were bound for the village of Casiguran, a rebel stronghold. Following the west side of the Bay, they made their own trail. The landing purposely had been made at about the same point that a force coming cross-country from the central provinces would have arrived at the beach. The plan had been to follow the beach, but thick growths of mangrove, down to the water's edge, forced them to detour.

Inland, flash-floods and water seeping in from the sea had created swift-running streams; they were forced to wade them, just barely able to keep their heads and weapons above water.

CROSSING the last stream, one of the scouts stepped into a hole, stumbled, and went under with a muffled shout. Before anyone could get to him, the man was carried downstream with the rushing tide. They saw his head bob to the surface once and then he disappeared.

Lieutenant Hazzard saw Placida and Segovia cross themselves and the column struggled to the far bank. Placida ordered a rest and sent word ahead with a letter to the *presidente* of the village, asking him to send a guide out and make preparations to shelter and feed his men. They found a *barca* in the mangrove thickets along the bank and Segovia and three Macs sailed directly across the Bay to save time.

Casiguran lay only a few miles away, but it rained again and it took them almost a day to walk around the swelling sea and choking tropical forest. By the time they hit the village, the men were hungry and exhausted; their only food, the boiled rice, had been eaten early that morning. It was a small, dirty town, but to Funston, who had planned a three-day stay, it represented the crucial point on which the whole plan hinged. He knew his men would need rest for the difficult march ahead, and once they were accepted in Casiguran, the rest of the way to Palanan would be that much easier. As they stepped into the town in a smart formation, a band began to play. Funston noticed that the entire population had turned out to greet the "rebel" victors.

The people cursed and spat on the "prisoners" and pelted them with rocks. Captain Hazzard's mouth was cut and Captain Newton caught a rock just above his left eye, but the American officers acted their roles to the hilt. They tried to appear brave but, realistically, a little frightened and hangdog. Once one of the Macs, putting on a good show, shoved Funston to the ground; and all the Casigurans laughed.

A carnival spirit prevailed, for these were the first Americans the isolated villagers had ever seen. But most of the Macabebes found it too difficult to treat the Americans as real prisoners. From long service with the Spanish, they regarded commissioned officers as sacred and Funston could almost hear their astonishment when he went sprawling.

Another Mac tried to join the act and pushed Captain Hazzard, but he whispered a fervent "Forgive me, *Capitán*. . . ." Then the Macs began to break ranks and grab women. But, suddenly realizing their breach of discipline, they turned, not to Placida and the other Filipino officers, but with sheepish expressions, to Funston. Despite the danger, it was all the general could do to keep from laughing.

THE prisoners were taken to a hut and a guard was posted around the building. The other Macs began to tell the townspeople fantastic stories about their conquests of the Americans all over the islands. The women were generous, the native beer flowed, and the Macs enjoyed being celebrities. Through the prison window, Funston heard some of the scouts lapse into their native dialect; but he breathed easier when he peered outside and saw no strangers about. During the celebration, the *presidente* approached Placida, who had requested the official to supply his column with food for the march to Palanan.

"I can get you enough corn for the trip within five days."

Placida hesitated only momentarily. Funston had given him orders — under penalty of death — never to deviate from the plan if it meant a delay, under any circumstances. If they weren't on the beach at Palanan on the 25th, Commander Barry's orders were to take a force of Marines and try to discover what had happened to them. If the Marines attacked Palanan before they arrived, or before they were ready to spring the trap, they'd be slaughtered. Funston was still thinking of the 400 men Aguinaldo expected.

"We cannot wait that long," Placida replied. "The *jefe* is waiting for us. He needs these men. Gather what you can. Do your best and I will give the *jefe* a good report. My men are brave; they'll march on what we have."

The *presidente*, anxious to please so important a man, a friend of Aguinaldo himself, bowed, and said that he'd do his best. Placida, on the pretext that he was interrogating Funston, managed to get him alone and told him what he'd done. The brigadier agreed it was a terrible gamble trying to get through murderous country on short rations, but Placida had done his job well.

On March 16th, the next step in the plan

was put into operation: The letters were sent to Aguinaldo with three townsmen and an Ilongote head-hunter as a guide. The *presidente*, meanwhile, came up with 400 pounds of corn, rations enough for three days, but the trip to Palanan would take seven. Placida asked for more and the official managed to secure some dried carrabao meat and a half-dozen live chickens which would be eaten first.

On the morning of March 17th, a day of high, screaming winds and driving rain coming off the ocean, the holiday ended. The remaining 90 men started on the long leg of their journey through uncharted country—infested with poisonous snakes, rebel soldiers, swamps, jungles and head-hunting savages. Twelve men from Casiguran were taken along as porters.

Funston knew how the Macabebes would relish slaughtering the townsmen in the dead of a jungle night, but he trusted their discipline. Just before stopping for food at dark, their guide, another Ilongote head-hunter, supposedly at peace with the Casigurans, disappeared into the undergrowth. Funston began to worry about the men bearing the letters; an Ilongote was guiding them. Perhaps they were already lying dead in a jungle clearing.

PLACIDA ordered a guard thrown around the temporary camp, and for the entire trip up the coast he kept flankers out to watch for hostile parties of Ilongotes.

One of the Casigurans said he knew the way to Palanan. The rain continued day and night. The attack party hugged the beach for a time, then had to detour around the floods and mangrove thickets. Sometimes the men had to wade in the pounding surf, and then a few hundred yards up the beach were forced to scale steep cliffs that dropped sheer to the waterline. Where the beach was clear, the sand was soft and the going torturously slow.

Tiring from the pace, the rain and wind, the men began to show the strain. The Americans, unused to the effort, stumbled and fell. When a Mac, acting his part too realistically, kicked Lieutenant Hazzard, the "prisoner" started to throw a punch but checked himself. Funston just looked on as the men began to string out along the beach in a ragged line.

In a detour through the jungle, a Mac bringing up the rear thought he heard a noise behind him. Under orders not to shoot while on the march, he stopped to listen. The column had just disappeared into the trees ahead when he felt a sharp slicing sound spit the air next to his head. He whirled and saw the Ilongote who had been their guide drop a blowgun and run toward him with a short spear raised.

The Mac moved forward swiftly, to get close enough so that the savage couldn't wield the jagged-tipped weapon. They closed, and as the head-hunter tried to jab the spear home, the Mac parried it with his rifle and it dropped to the muddy ground. He pulled out his bolo, and as the Ilongote tried to run, the Mac slashed it down and across the native's neck. He rubbed the edge of the blade on a tree trunk as he looked at the body and then ran forward to join the column.

For two days, they had to climb giant rocks blocking the beach. On one, the pinnacle of a tremendous boulder, Captain Newton slipped and grabbed at the Macabebe in front of him as he plunged over. They went rolling down the jutting rock and Funston bit his lip as he saw them spill. Some of the Macs, with Segovia leading, picked their way quickly down the hill; when they reached the bottom they saw the Mac moaning in anguish, both arms broken, and Newton lying with a broken leg and a brain concussion.

PERSONALIZED HOME BAR

ONLY $5.98

Personally Initialled
It's Portable
For Parties, Gatherings
Basement

This handsome portable Home Bar, personalized with your initials in a striking 3-dimensional contrast, makes it easy to serve guests in style. Made for both indoor and outdoor use. Its handsome contrast of wood grain and gold finish makes for a sparkling setting in the home. Adds class to any party or gathering, and points up the cleverness of its proud owner. And, for relaxing at home, in the parlor, den or basement it's certainly a convenient, handsome addition. Only $5.98. Comparable in satisfaction and utility to bars selling for $30. A perfect gift for any occasion.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Order today! If not delighted return for refund. Because of its large size we are forced to ask for 63¢ shipping charges.

FEATURES

- Personalized With Your Initials
- It's Portable—Sets Up Indoors Or Out
- Built-in Shelf Holds Full Party Supplies
- Stain Resistant Bar Top

It's Big—39" wide, 38" high, 13" deep

Sturdily built of aluminum laminated and wood grain finished Multi Flute Fibreboard, this handsome personalized Home Bar is resistant to alcohol and soda stains. Handy built-in shelf holds full supply of bottles, glasses and napkins. Full size bar top holds drinks, pretzels, chips, etc. Sets up in a jiffy and folds compact for easy storage. A beauty for your home, and a novel gift. State initials desired with each order.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. RB-37
LYNBROOK, NEW YORK

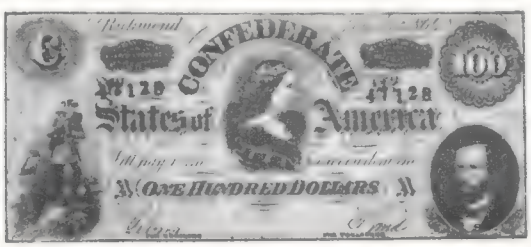
Rush my new personalized portable Home Bar at once. If I am not delighted I may return it after ten days Free Trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. shipping charges.
☐ I enclose $5.98 plus shipping charges.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
MY INITIALS ARE .....

ONE MILLION DOLLARS CASH

AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTIONS OF CONFEDERATE MONEY



Yours only $2.98

Be a deep south millionaire! Have money to burn! We'll send you exactly one million bucks in honest-to-goodness Confederate money—and all you pay is $2.98! You can do everything with this money but spend it. Amaze and amuse your cotton-pickin' friends. Win bar bets by the barrel! Light your cigars and cigarettes with $10.00 bills! Live it up! It's a million dollars worth of laughs and fun—all for only $2.98.

You get one million bucks in $10's, $20's, $50's, $100's, etc. denominations—enough to keep your friends laughing and happy for months—This offer is limited. Only $4 million to a customer. Our supply of this loot is limited—so rush your order . . . One Million dollars only $2.98. Four Million dollars only $10.00. If not delighted keep $100,000 for your trouble and return the rest of the money for a full and prompt refund. Send to—

BEST VALUES CO.

Dept. H-1 • 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

BE A COMMERCIAL
Artist
Learn Illustrating, Cartooning, Figure Drawing, Fashion Designing, TV Art, etc. At Home, in Spare Time

All for 17¢ a Day!

PREPARE for a fascinating, profitable Art career this easy, proven way. We supply TWO ARTIST OUTFITS *at no extra cost.* Our low-cost "teach-yourself" course includes all branches of art listed here. Cash in on demand for trained artists in advertising agencies, newspapers, magazines, TV stations, etc. Make good money part time or full time; free lance or be your own boss.

FREE BOOK describes our easy method. Send for it. No obligation. No salesman will call. Clip ad, fill in name, address and mail to: Washington School of Art, Studio 2511 Port Washington, N.Y. (*Est. 1914*)

ONE LOW-COST COURSE INCLUDES:
Commercial Art
Illustrating
Cartooning
Lettering
Fashion Drawing
Landscape
Oil and Water-color Painting

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

JU-JITSU! STRONG STUNTS!

Learn Ju-Jitsu and win fights—defeat the biggest bullies. Illustrated 96-page book shows and tells all the grips, blows, secrets, etc., necessary to master Ju-Jitsu. Price—75c. How to Perform Strong Man Stunts—Amaze friends—smash rocks barehanded, rip phone book in half, many more feats. Price—50c. Both books above for $1.00.

R. K. JONES, 4331 Taiefa Ave., N. Hollywood, Cal.

Now—From The Wonders Of The Electronics Laboratory
Factory Tested
AMAZING WRIST-RADIO

GIVES UNENDING ENTERTAINMENT EVERYWHERE!

GUARANTEED CLEAR RECEPTION OF YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS!

$4.98

NO BATTERIES TO WEAR OUT!
NO TUBES TO REPLACE!

Listen in privacy to the latest news, sporting events, disc jockey! Amazing Germanium Diode circuit eliminates tubes and batteries. Easy to ground. Comes in durable plastic case less than 3" long. Everything including personal ear plug radio speaker and written 5-year unconditional guarantee against mechanical defects . . . only $4.98 including shipping costs.

MAIL THIS AD-RISK COUPON TODAY!

WRIST RADIO, Dept. H-3
114 E. 32 St.
N. Y. 16, N. Y.

RUSH
We Pay Postage

On Your 5-Year Unconditional Guarantee Send me..... Wrist Radio(s) at $4.98 each, including Postage Costs. If I am not delighted I can return for Full Refund.

☐ Enclosed is $.....
Name.....
Address.....
Town.....Zone.....State.....
☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is $2.00 deposit. I will pay balance of $3.98 plus C.O.D. postage.

They were carried back up and Placida made a quick decision. He had the breaks put in splints made from Mauser bayonets and then spoke to a sergeant:

"We cannot take these men. The Casigurans must carry the American back to their village and the Macabebe will go along."

It was a long chance. Six men stayed behind with Newton and the injured Mac. Before they left, Placida warned them: "The American is to be given good care. He is a soldier and to be treated honorably."

Funston and the other American officers sighed with relief at Placida's shrewdness. They knew the townspeople wouldn't disobey a rebel officer. The injured Mac didn't like the idea of going back to the rebel town alone, but he just shrugged and tried to smile through his pain-wracked face.

By the end of the third day, the expedition had crossed more than 60 deep streams. The remaining food was soaked into a fermenting mass and the rest of the Casigurans were sent back home. The rate of march was killing: from daybreak to noon, then a few grains of rice; and at 1 P.M. they moved out again and marched until darkness, when they had the second and last meal of the day, a duplicate of the first. There was no fresh water, and by the fourth day the food was gone.

Segovia's foot became badly abscessed and he was delaying even the staggering, half-dazed column. He begged Placida to let him quit, that he was risking the entire expedition; but the Filipino commander, almost as though he were reading Funston's mind, replied that Segovia was needed at Palanan.

They tried to lance the foot, but with each hour it grew more swollen. They had already lost eight men, and as Funston watched the suffering Segovia, he realized that they might all die miserably without even reaching Aguinaldo. The men, strung along the beach for a mile, began to fall and the heart seemed to have suddenly dropped out of the column. The starving men lay down on their packs, too weak to continue. Every moment, they expected the crack of rifle fire from the trees and distant cliffs.

Suddenly, a wild sound soared through the jungle. For a second they thought it was a party of Ilongote, head-hunters, and the startled men braced, their rifles at the ready. What they saw made them almost hysterical with joy. It was a party from Aguinaldo's headquarters. The chief had received the letters and dispatched an envoy with this message:

There is food only a short march away at Dinundungan. Proceed and refresh your men, but leave the American prisoners there. They cannot be brought in to learn Colon Magdilo Aguinaldo's headquarters.

It was signed by Simon Villa, Aguinaldo's chief-of-staff.

DINUNDUNGAN was a collection of huts, with an old man supervising Negritos in the building of a stockade for the prisoners. The Macs were to leave for Palanan the next morning, and Placida decided to send a messenger back, instructing the jailer to send the prisoners forward. The next day everything went according to plan, and the jailer, grumbling about the mysterious workings of the army mind, released the prisoners and sent them, and the ten Macs guarding them, to join the main body.

Funston, cracking from the strain of the responsibility and the wear on his body, scarred by years of campaigning and exploration, began to falter. He walked with great laboring breaths and every hundred yards had to lie down to rest. Palanan was only eight miles away, and Funston tried to move faster, afraid they'd lose the main body, but he collapsed.

The other American officers heard rustling in the bushes ahead and dropped to the ground, one of the Macs sheltering Funston's body. It was a panting Macabebe sergeant running at top speed. He waved them into the bamboo thickets and held up his hand for silence. They dragged Funston in and lay still. In a few minutes, a band of rebels came along the trail, passing within a few feet of the concealed soldiers. They were a guard sent back to relieve the Macs, who were to have the honor of meeting Aguinaldo.

Placida and Segovia, at the head of the main column, had met them on the trail. While Segovia had engaged their leader in conversation, Placida signaled the sergeant to slip away and hide Funston.

When the rebels passed, Funston was revived and they set out to join Placida. They met up with the others at the Palanan River, as the Macs were preparing to cross. The river was about 100 yards wide, swollen by the continuous rain. Aguinaldo's hideout was visible on the opposite bank, and Placida and Segovia crossed with four men in a *barca* to meet the chief, who emerged with several officers from the small house.

Aguinaldo shook their hands and took the two officers into the house, where he congratulated them on reaching Palanan.

Placida then took his life in his hands:

"My General — I have disobeyed you."

Aguinaldo asked him how.

"I have brought the prisoners with me — one died on the beach — and did not leave them where the General ordered," replied Placida. Surrounded by seven armed rebel officers of Aguinaldo's staff, he had to think fast. "They have very valuable information which they are willing to sell. I told them that the General is a man of great honor — "

"WHY didn't you bring me the information?" asked Aguinaldo.

"They said they would tell no one but you. The short one with the beard. He leads and talks for the others."

Aguinaldo paused, then told Placida to bring the Americans over with the rest of the party who were ferrying the river.

Segovia, standing near the entrance out onto a balcony, knew they had to stall for time until all the men were on the near bank. He began a lengthy story about how they had captured the Americans. While he talked, he occasionally glanced out to see if everyone was across.

Funston was jostled into the headquarters by two Macs and the rebel chief cautioned them not to treat prisoners so roughly. The Macs who had crossed formed ranks and marched to a point opposite the 50 men of Aguinaldo's guard. As the line of ragged little men swung abreast of the enemy troops, Segovia strolled out on the balcony and waved his hat. It was the signal.

The Macabebes threw their rifles to their shoulders and fired. Still spent from the march, their volley was a ragged staccato, but eight of the rebels fell. The rest broke in confusion, firing as they retreated. The Mac guns barked out another volley and three more rebels pitched forward in the mud. Inside, Aguinaldo shouted:

"Stop that foolishness — don't waste your ammunition!" He thought it was the guard celebrating the reinforcements. Then he saw what had happened. His men were moving back toward the jungle, to the rear of the village, while the Macs pursued.

Aguinaldo drew his pistol, and shouted to his stunned officers. Before they could

act, Segovia drew a Mauser pistol, rushed back into the room, following Aguinaldo, hit one officer three times and wounded a major. One of the Macs ripped off shots from his revolver and a rebel officer standing alongside Funston dropped. One of the rebels drew and his shot hit the Macabebe in the mouth.

The little man dropped without a cry and fell in front of Aguinaldo just as the wiry rebel leader leaped for the door. Funston grabbed for him, but in his weakened condition he couldn't hold the quick-moving rebel chief. Aguinaldo burst past Funston and was about to make it through the door when two more Macs came rushing up the stairs. The rebel gunned them down and jumped over their prone bodies.

A MAC sergeant met Aguinaldo as he came crashing through, but with his last bullet, the rebel general shot him in the chest. The Mac toppled backward down the stairs and the rebel hurdled the body and made a run for the river.

With a great effort, Funston rushed to the balcony and shouted to Captain Hazzard, closest to the fleeing rebel. He pointed to the slim figure running across the muddy field, toward one of the *barcas*. Hazzard, unarmed, called to two Macs who began to chase Aguinaldo. Funston saw one of the scouts overtake the rebel, swing his Mauser rifle at Aguinaldo's head and miss. He slipped in the mud, but so did the rebel as he swerved to avoid the blow.

Hazzard and the other Mac continued the chase as Aguinaldo arose and hit the *barca* in a long leap. The impetus started the boat out into the river and Hazzard and the Mac made long flat dives into the water and stroked after the boat, heading downstream with the swift current.

Funston's heart sank. The *barca* was disappearing out of sight around a bend when he saw the boat capsize and the gasping Aguinaldo flailing the water in desperation, swimming toward the near bank. When he touched ground, Hazzard and the Macabebe, joined by Funston and Segovia, were there to meet him. Aguinaldo put up his hands, but Funston misunderstood the movement and threw a punch that knocked the rebel senseless.

The rebel troops and the Macs were fighting hand-to-hand. But when Aguinaldo's men saw him being carried up from the river, they threw down their arms and there was much excited shouting and crying. With his capture, the rebellion was over for them.

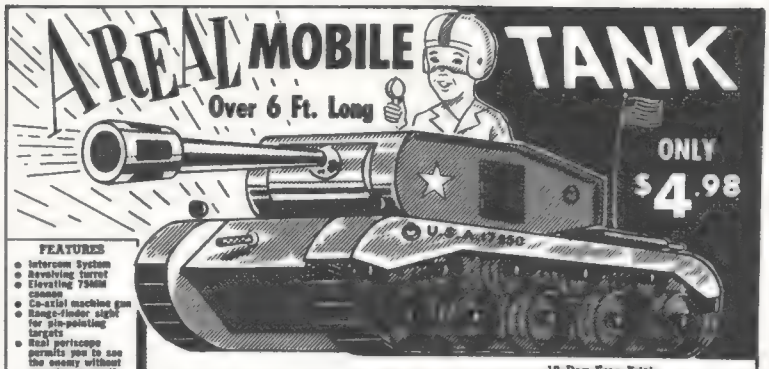
When he awoke, Aguinaldo smiled weakly and said to the bearded Funston, who stood over him, "Isn't this some bad joke?" The brigadier-general shook his head gently.

On the morning of the 25th, exactly on schedule, the party headed for the beach at Palanan Bay and the rendezvous with the *Vicksburg*. When they arrived at the beach, they cheered lustily as they saw the gleaming white gunboat lying offshore. Using a bed sheet, they wigwagged a message: *We have him — send boats for all!* Boats put into the beach and the party boarded without further incident.

During the trip, Americans remained with the Tagalog prisoners, to protect them from the Macabebes.

On the morning of March 28th, they steamed into Manila Bay. A few hours later, Aguinaldo was brought before Generals Wheaton and MacArthur; and Funston stood by listening as the rebel general agreed to issue an order for the end of all hostilities. He would himself travel throughout the islands, said the smiling rebel who had eluded them for years, to make certain that the order was enforced. Then he shook hands all around. ▲

A REAL MOBILE TANK
Over 6 Ft. Long
ONLY $4.98



FEATURES
- Intercom System
- Revolving turret
- Elevating 75MM cannon
- Co-axial machine gun
- Range-finder sight for gun-pointing targets
- Real periscope permits you to see the enemy without exposing yourself
- 2 way radio controls
- Whip antenna and flag

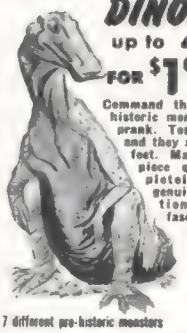
Large Enough for Two Kids But Can Be Handled By One

10 Day Free Trial
Order this sensational "General Patton" Tank on 10 day free trial. If you are not 100% delighted then your purchase price will be refunded.

It's Mobile — Pilot gets INSIDE — Guns Swivel — Turret Turns
Imagine your thrill when you get inside this authentic replica of the mighty "General Sherman tank and power forward to adventure. This six foot beauty of equipment is so realistic with its mighty cannon, swiveling machine gun, simulated treads, and other authentic tank features that its bound to bring squeals of delight from any young warrior. And, when you and a pal get right down into the fully equipped control room and close the cockpit cover — you can but you're using your mobile power to devastate every imaginary enemy in your path. Sturdily constructed for long periods of fun, it's bound to bring more thrills and adventure than you've ever known from a toy. So don't delay! Act now. Only $4.98. Because of its gigantic size, we are forced to ask for an additional 63c shipping charges.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Honor House Products Corp Dept. TK-29
Lynbrook, New York
Rush my "General Sherman Tank at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return after 10 day free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.
☐ I enclose $4.98 plus 63c shipping charge.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charges.
Name .....
Address .....

GIANT INFLATABLE TOYS OF PRE-HISTORIC MONSTERS
7 GIGANTIC DINOSAURS
up to 4 feet tall
FOR $1.00 plus 25c post.



Command these fun-loving pre-historic monsters to your every prank. Toss them in the air and they always land on their feet. Made of molded one-piece quality latex, completely inflatable with genuine toss-up feet action. Thrill to their fascinating names
PLATEOSAURUS
SEA SERPENT
PROTOCERATOPS
TRITASNAPATUS
SPHENACONDON
TRACHODON
CERATOSAUROS
7 different pre-historic monsters
Each set contains all 7 DINOSAURS for only $1.00 plus 25c postage and handling per set. The most exciting gift a child can receive. Money Back Guarantee. In ordering please PRINT name and address.
GIANT DINOSAURS, Dept. H19
114 EAST 32nd ST. NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

NEW-WHIRLING HYPNO-COIN HELPS HYPNOTIZE OTHERS IN MINUTES!

FASCINATING POCKET-SIZE INVENTION.
Hold the plastic HYPNO-COIN in front of the person you want to hypnotize. Then, make the hypnotic pattern whirl by gently vibrating the coin. This whirling motion is so fascinating, so eye arresting . . . it captures and holds your subject's gaze. Now—you are ready to hypnotize. Get this amazing hypnotic aid plus a Free revealing booklet of secrets and instructions. It tells you what to say and do, how to command, how to re-hypnotize with the snap of a finger. Also-entertaining feats that will thrill and amaze them at parties. Both the COIN and booklet—only 99¢ ppd. Sent in plain wrapper Your money back if not delighted.
GUARANTEED 99¢
HYPNOTIC-AIDS • Dept. 11SP 1133 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10

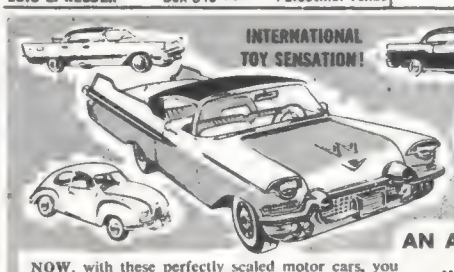
"How to MAKE MONEY with Simple CARTOONS"

A book everyone who likes to draw should have. It is free; no obligation. Simply address
FREE BOOK
CARTOONISTS' EXCHANGE
Dept 1611 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

LONESOME?
Find your Lifemate through my Club. Old and Reliable. Established 1924. Personal service for refined men and women. Nation-wide membership. Many state they are wealthy. (CONTINUOUS, DEPENDABLE, INDIVIDUAL SERVICE.) Confidential introductions by letter. Free Particulars, Photos, Descriptions. Sealed.
LOIS L. REEDER Box 549-PM Palestine, Texas

FREE! Writer's Market List! If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines, or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item. For free copy write: Daniel S. Mead, 913 Broadway, Dept. MM-1, N. Y. 10, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL TOY SENSATION!



40 FOREIGN & AMERICAN CARS ONLY $1

AN AMAZING TOY BARGAIN!
All makes, models, including WORLD FAMOUS SPORTS CARS!
- Jaguar • M.G. • Fiat • Thunderbird
- Mercedes • Sunbeam • Corvette • Volks wagon
- Buick • Packard • Plymouth • Cadillac
- Nash • Hudson • DeSoto • Oldsmobile
- Ford • Lincoln • Dodge • Pontiac
- Rambler • Chrysler • Mercury • Chevrolet

NOW, with these perfectly scaled motor cars, you can give any child of any age a world of pleasure — at an unbelievably low price! Please don't confuse them with flat, brittle toys. These are *3-dimensional, unbreakable* models — 40 in all — in brilliant colors, beautifully finished right down to the wheels; no assembling necessary. Each car is clearly marked with its own name — and what names they are! Jaguar, Cadillac, Mercedes, MG — the racy sports and town cars that kids dream about. They'll have unlimited fun staging races, auto shows, playing garage, guessing models. Never before has $1 bought so much *real play value!* Handsomely gift packaged. Please order today for quick delivery.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ORDER NOW! Send only $1.00 for each collection of 40 cars. Add 25c per set for handling.
No C.O.D.'s, please.
MODEL CARS Dept. H-2 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Five Man Invasion

(*continued from page 41*)

blitzing a credited three Italian submarines and several Nazi E-boats. Now, well equipped for Ventotene, and with four rugged specialists in the art of knife-and-judo, Fairbanks calmly probed for the harbor.

On the third try, with the sea combing up gently over the whaleboat's fantail, his light followed deep water around a false bar into shore. The four men grinned at their CO. The Chief Boatswain shoved his hand at a swaying object. "German E-boat! One of their *spitkits* (motor patrol boats) sir!"

"Cut motor!" Fairbanks whispered. The quiet slapping of surf muted the whaleboat's approach. A long cloud passed over the moon, opened briefly, then closed again. The whaleboat slid silently to the end of the wharf, and four of the five men leaped out. A German looked incredulously at the onrushing invaders, then heaved a potato masher grenade at his own E-boat! The trick was typically German, much like the U-boat crews who scuttled their subs and then screamed for mercy. The patrol boat exploded in a towering pall of flame and for a long moment the Nazi seemed to wait there, enjoying the holocaust.

"Get him!" the Lieutenant Commander roared.

Three sailors charged out behind the German with tommy-guns, but this Nazi wasn't about to shed blood for the Fuehrer. Ripping out his Luger, he heaved it into the water and came toward the Americans with his hands up, shouting, *"Kamarad!"*

Thus, at 2340, the first Nazi was bagged and dumped in a corner of the bobbing whaleboat. But all hell suddenly broke loose with the first spindle of light that stabbed down from the cliffs.

Another flashlight pinpointed the running men and the shattering flames of the exploding patrol boat, cascading a ton of debris over the wharf.

In the eerie light of the fire, Fairbanks and his men charged toward the cliff. . . . All together now, they crouched in their tracks, waiting nervously as grotesque figures began stumbling down from the cliff gun emplacements.

"Surrender! Surrender!" voices shouted in broken English.

"The Eyties!" Brituzzo snapped. "They're giving up, sir!"

The five-man invasion team, bathed in brilliant light, crouched helplessly, waiting as the first of the Italian garrison began streaming down the slopes of the beach toward them. To the Italian sailors of his detail, Fairbanks issued curt orders. Triano and Brituzzo went forward to take their prisoners — the first of 250 well-armed Italians to surrender.

"Your task force, sir," the Italian garrison commander told Fairbanks. "Please tell them to withold fire."

"Nobody fires as long as nobody misbehaves," the blackfaced commando chief gestured to the band of soldiers stacking their rifles at the far end of the dock. "Line up against the cliff!"

LONG sick of war, laughing and weeping with joy, the Italians poured down from the cliffs to capitulate — all of them talking at once, all of them trying to shake hands with the five invaders. They even shook the barrels of the tommy-guns!

Then there was sudden silence as the first of a succession of explosions rocked the hills above them.

"That," the Italian garrison commander shrugged, "is the Nazis. They're blowing up everything as they're retreating to the radar station. They won't surrender!"

Fairbanks wheeled around to his radioman. "Raise the *Knight!*" he ordered. "Tell 'em we've got a slew of prisoners, and tell 'em we're going in to get the Nazis. Ask for instructions — ask when paratroopers are supposed to come in!"

Triano raced back to the whaleboat and got on his portable set. The four dockside commandos stared at the long queue of beaming Italians against the cliffs. Suppose, Fairbanks wondered, the Navy *doesn't* send the troopers in and the Germans begin attacking? The same horrible thought apparently crossed five minds simultaneously.

Clanton Long looked at Fairbanks. "Sir, if it's all the same to you," he drawled, "let's not just sit around here waiting to get plastered."

"Let's not!" Fairbanks grimaced. "Only we'd better see what the skipper says."

Triano raced back a few moments later.

"Captain Andrews says to wait up! He says he's sending in the paratroopers."

"Christmas!" Fairbanks groaned. "Wonder how long it'll take?"

"Too long, Mr. Fairbanks!" the Chief Boatswain growled. "Those Nazis may be penned up right now, but they may change their minds and come out fightin'!"

"That's what I'm thinking," Fairbanks nodded grimly. "Let's wait a few minutes. No troops come in, we'll go look."

THE FIVE Americans covered the line of Italian prisoners. Back in the cliffs the dynamiting continued. The Italians muttered ominously among themselves, and their five captors began to sweat. It wasn't inconceivable that, among them, were Fascists suddenly sorry that Italy had gone down in surrender. If the troops didn't show up — and soon — Fairbanks shuddered inwardly, it was possible that all 250, tears or no, would hanker to forget co-existence. Five safety catches were snapped off, the tommy-guns pointed menacingly at the disarmed.

High in the hills the glow of firelight revealed a continuing retreat by the Germans. One aged Italian, claiming to have been a political prisoner, volunteered complete information about the Nazis. In their radar station they numbered 87, and they were well armed and well nigh impregnable. It was the Italian's offhand guess that, if the Americans didn't attack pretty damned quick, the Germans would. It was now 0005, September 9th. The five-man invasion of Ventotene was 50 minutes old.

Another 10 minutes elapsed; the Americans were still brooding over their gun barrels as a solitary FW-190 flew over the beach and began strafing. Instantly the Task Force counterattacked. Spiraling ack-ack tossed up a withering fusilade of red-and-white tracers. Then the five-inch turrets opened up. The plane nevertheless made two strafing runs over the beach, veering high over the convoy. Twin puffs of flame showed at the engine nacels, and it dipped to sea screaming like a banshee. It was during this fleeting interval, in which the entire task group was committed, that Fairbanks and his sailor team made their decision.

Leaving behind RM 2/c Paul Triano to ride herd on the 250 Italians — they gave him two tommy-guns — the pocket task force charged headlong up fire-lit cliffs toward the German radar station. In the jagged race of flames from the town of Ventotene, the formidable array of Allied naval might showed itself. From the beacon of the radar tower the Nazis saw this, too. As the four men worked their way to the top of the cliff, Triano flashed a searchlight at the first boat leaving the convoy. Then Triano sweated bullets, wondering if the paratroopers would come.

"Skipper," Chief Boats Maruski growled as the four men closed in on the base. "What now?"

"Spread around. Cut loose 10 rounds apiece as you go. Yell like hell!" Fairbanks rasped. "They've seen the task force. Maybe by some miracle they'll think they're surrounded — "

Reminiscent of Wild West days, when one cavalryman held off 500 Indians by firing the guns of his propped up companions, the four Americans — whooping and hollering as they crept along the rock base of the radar station — cut loose a wild barrage of lead aimlessly directed and seemingly from all quarters. The gun ports, the windows of the station were shuttered. No light showed through. This suited the Americans fine. The less seen by the penned-up Nazis, the better, infinitely better, the task force's chance of survival.

Meeting again at the jumping off point, Fairbanks, Maruski, Long and Brituzzo caucused. To the Lieutenant Commander, a sheen of icy perspiration dripping down his face, it didn't seem right that the arrogant Germans would stand silent in such desperate straits. Something had to be going on — but what?

Big Maruski squinted at the building. "The back door, skipper. Somebody better keep an eye on it. . . . Maybe they'll try to bust out," the Chief whispered.

"Maybe that's it!" Fairbanks paled. "Get around there, quickly!"

On all fours, the bo'sun slithered around the bouldered base of the oblong station. Below in the gulf, the ships of the task force blinked warmingly. It wasn't much of a fleet, Maruski grinned inwardly, but who the hell could tell the difference from all those shots the ships had tossed at the plane?

STATIONING himself beyond the back door, the tommy-gun at his side, a knife smothered in his large hands, Maruski watched the faintest spindle of light pierce the blackness. The station was a long, rambling affair — one floor. Even a single shot fired into the limited confines of the building had to hit a Nazi. Still, he reasoned, if he could use the knife the psychological affect would be a damnsight greater. And big Maruski was a pro with cold steel. He grinned as the head emerged further into the crack.

The man was less than three yards away. The Chief's wrist flipped back. The face blinked stupidly into the darkness, then furtively emerged until the neck was visible. *C'mon, you son of a bitch! Just a little more, a little more for daddy!* the Chief intoned silently. One shoulder slipped out sideways, then the other. Half a Nazi was enough. The knife swished out and buried itself to the hilt in the man's mouth. An astonished look fused with a choking scream as the German stumbled, clawing for the blade. Another German pushed the body outside and slammed the door.

Maruski darted forward, yanked out his knife and retreated a few feet to roost. He wiped the blade and blinked at Fairbanks as the skipper crept up.

"Scratch one!" Maruski beamed. "Don't bet on any more of 'em volunteering to come out — "

"You think you can keep them penned?"

"Yes, sir. I think so."

"Okay," Fairbanks grinned. "Brituzzo and I'll be up front. I'll send Long down for the paratroopers."

"They ain't gonna like it, skipper," the chief whispered. "We're really rubbing it in — "

"C'est la guerre," Fairbanks shrugged. "Hold the fort."

When a face appeared at the front door a few seconds later, Maruski heard another shrill scream of agony in the wake of silent death. Then the front door slammed shut, and there was nothing more to worry about. Maruski yawned and sniffed the warm Italian night. The only thing missing was a dark eyed *signorina* to cushion the rocks for him. Sherman had a point, the chief grimaced: War sure is hell.

IN front of the station, Fairbanks wiped his knife and folded his arms. Once again, it was out of a Hollywood set—this star-studded night with a quarter moon glistening on the bay below. A gondola, a mandolin and . . . Inside, there was suddenly the harsh command of authority and the clomping of running feet and the clanking metal of a gun being dragged.

"Commander Fairbanks!" a voice cut the silence. "That you?"

The voice was Army. Fairbanks and Brituzzo sighed. The paratroop captain crept to the Navy men's ambush. It was a tight little setup. The Army approved.

"You guys are relieved. By direction of Captain Andrews," the Army man smiled. "Nice work. Yes, sir! Nice, work—"

"It's not over," Fairbanks said. "They may cut loose any moment now . . ."

Long, looking at Commander Fairbanks, said: "How about staying for the kill?"

The Army man shook his head. "Sorry, sailor. You're wanted on the beach."

Long stared at the tall, good looking black-faced commando.

The Army man said curtly: "Captain Andrews' orders."

Fairbanks took his men and crept past the oncoming paratroopers, 48 in all, and climbed down to the beach.

By now the heavy machine guns and ammo and mortars were being unloaded, and the 250 surrendered Italians were flopped along the base of the cliff, bored and bickering. When they saw Fairbanks and his men they swarmed up to shake hands again. Then the five men walked down the long dock to the whaleboat.

"Think you can have motor trouble?" Fairbanks asked his RM. "We'd like to see the finish of this show."

Triano fumbled with the distributor cap. Then the five-man invasion force walked back up to the radar station. Not long before daylight somebody noticed a white undershirt flying from a rifle barrel. Slowly, back and forth, it waved. A few minutes later a voice shouted, *"Kamarad! Kamarad!"* and the first of 85 Nazis slipped into the twilight dawn and began the long march to the beach.

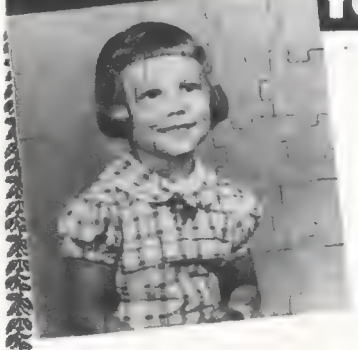
"We believed we were surrounded," the *Oberst* bitterly told Captain Andrews when interrogated in the *Knight*'s wardroom. *"Gott!* Five men—"

"Those five men," Andrews smiled mischievously, "were all we could spare for a little job like Ventotene."

The Nazi almost had apoplexy. Andrews clapped him in irons with the other supermen aboard his spiffy destroyer, and at 0430 D-Day morning, September 9, 1943, TG 804 swung offshore and got underway. The former Nazi radar installation, now manned by a crew of Canadians and British, was swept, swabbed and put to immediate use as an RAF spotter station. Like other beachheads of the Italian campaign, Salerno was no piece of cake. TG 804 was in on the bloody kill two days later.

As for the five-man invasion force, they all received Silver Stars for extraordinary heroism, spot promotions and a decent night's sleep. ▲

BRAND NEW XMAS GIFT for CHILDREN!



Jigsaw Puzzle of Your Child's Photo

$1.00

Here is the most wonderful, different Xmas Gift of all—and SO inexpensive! Send us your favorite snapshot, print or negative, of your child, family, pet, home, etc. We will beautifully enlarge it and make an EXTRA-LARGE 8"x10" life-like patented JIGSAW PUZZLE, so natural, so touchingly personal, it will thrill the heart and capture the imagination of any youngster, Mom, Dad, or Grandparents. Your choice of beautiful black and white JIGSAWS for *only $1.00* or gorgeous, genuine de-luxe quality HAND-COLORED for *only $1.50 each!* Send money or order C. O. D. Your original pictures returned *immediately* with puzzle. MONEY-BACK guarantee. But order TODAY.

PHOTO XMAS CARDS 3 1/3¢ ea.

NAME PRINTED

FREE ON EACH

Biggest and absolutely best offer of its kind in U.S.A. Finest quality—made from your favorite snapshot or negative. Your name *printed FREE on EACH! 25 for $1.00;*

—with FREE envelopes. Order TODAY for prompt service. Fastest in country! MONEY-BACK guarantee.

American Studios, Dept. C-1
114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

USE COUPON for RUSH DELIVERY

AMERICAN STUDIOS, Dept. C-1
114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.
Please send me _____ Jigsaw Puzzles. I want _____ gorgeously hand colored; _____ in black and white. I enclose $_____. Send C.O.D. _____
Send me _____ Photo Xmas Cards with my name printed on each. I enclose $_____. Send C.O.D. _____
IMPORTANT: Please include 25c for postage and handling for each puzzle & each set of cards.
My name _____
Address _____

GIANT 40TH Anniversary CATALOG 72 PAGES! ALL NEW!

DICE CARDS

Never before available . . . 72 pages. 40th Anniversary Blue Book Catalog. Newest types of Perfect Dice, Magic Dice, Magic Cards (READ THE BACKS)—Inks, Daubs, Poker Chips, Gaming Layouts, Dice Boxes, Counter Games, Punch Boards. LIMITED SUPPLY. WRITE TODAY!

Send name, address and 25c to cover postage and handling

K. C. CARD CO., Room 509
831 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Read The Backs! Full Information On CONTACT LENSES (See Catalog)

Better Than Your Own SHOE STORE AT HOME

No investment, no experience needed. Just show magic cushion comfort to friends, neighbors, co-workers. Advance commissions to $4.00 a pair, plus Cash Bonus, Paid Vacation, $25.00 Reward Offer. Outstanding values for men, women, children. Money back guarantee. Shoe samples supplied without cost. Write TODAY for FREE new 84 page catalog and full details.

Two-Eyelet Hit With Cushioned Comfort

TANNERS SHOE CO., 883 BROCKTON, MASS.

DEVELOP MUSCLES OF STEEL!

START BUILDING A SUPER BODY IN JUST 10 DAYS

only $1.00

Earn the respect of all you meet

"Power Gym" will develop your chest, biceps, triceps, neck, back, shoulder, stomach and legs. In just 10 short days you'll start showing the results that will earn you the respect of all your friends—the admiration of all the girls. You'll develop a powerful, masculine physique that will keep you fit, healthy and in top shape always. So don't delay! Start now on your way to a body of steel.

YOU'LL FEAR NO ONE

Imagine how proud you'll be when your muscles begin to bulge and your body begins to take on the powerful, rock-hard appearance of a "Mr. America". You'll fear no one because you're confident of your might! And, wherever you go you'll enjoy the envious glances of other guys, and the open admiration of all the girls who'll just love to feel your muscles. "Power-Gym" is compactly made of elastic rubber. Only $1 plus 25c shipping charges.

Features
- Develops a muscular frame
- Keeps you trim and healthy
- Fear no one
- Be envied and admired
- Made of elasticized rubber

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Order now! If you aren't 100% satisfied with the improvement shown in just 10 days return to us for full refund of purchase price.

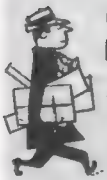
Money Back Guarantee

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. MD53
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my "Power-Gym" Muscle Builder at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 day free trial for full refund of purchase price.

☐ I enclose $1 plus 25c shipping charges
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D.

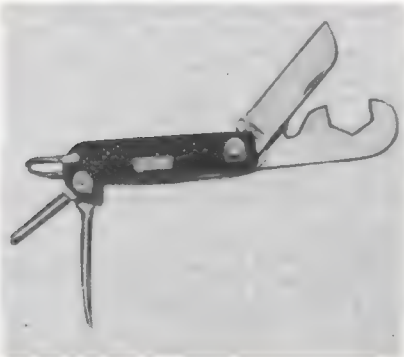
Name _____
Address _____



Shopping Around with MAN'S

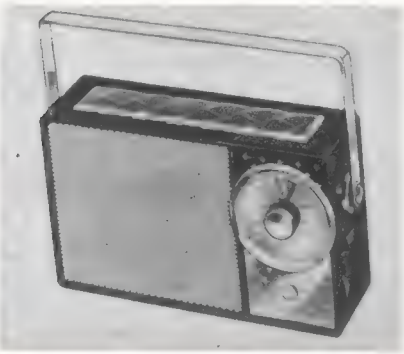
This column contains no paid advertising. It is an editorial feature for which MAN'S MAGAZINE *assumes no responsibility on items ordered.*

Datsun 1000 combines compactness and economy with enough weight for safety and comfort. Japanese import weighs more than 2,000 pounds, yet delivers 40 miles per gallon. Water-cooled engine has overhead valves, 7:1 compression ratio. Other features are a 12-volt ignition system, 41" interior headroom. Datsun, made by Nissan Motor Co., Ltd., is distributed in U.S. by Luby Datsun Distributors, Ltd., 105-20 Queens Blvd., N.Y., N.Y.



Universal Tool Knife is especially handy for automobile tinkerers. Solingen steel tools include a wrench for non-recessed spark plugs, screw driver, phillips head driver, forged steel blade, crown bottle opener, and an awl. Non-slip handles are available in red or black plastic. This German product comes with money-back guarantee. Imported by Tor Heyerdahl Co., 825 Lander St., Boise, Idaho. Price is $2.95, plus 64¢ for airmail. No C.O.D.'s.

Long the choice of champion drivers in international competition, Protector racing goggles may now be purchased in the U.S. **Super Protector 60** features: Laminated shatter-proof glass lenses in two sections for wide-angle vision; thick, soft rubber face pads with comfortable foam lining; anti-fogging vents; adjustable bridge; chrome plated brass frame; metal carrying case. Goggles cost $14.95, from the Buttaffari Corp., 452 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.



Trans-Solar is world's first solar-powered portable radio priced competitively with comparable battery powered models. Featuring a solar battery pack which converts sunlight or incandescent light into electricity, radio also contains a long-life mercury battery for operation when illumination is low. Transistor-equipped radio measures only 5¾ by 3½ by 1⅝ inches overall. A product of Hoffman Electronics Corp., Los Angeles, suggested retail price is $75 at local stores.

Toughest Actor

(*continued from page 37*)

dollars McLaglen singing and Crow exhibiting his body, slashed with hundreds of knife scars (a Chinese river pirate torture, he said).

McLaglen ran the $5 into $286 in a poker game, and they hit Cobalt in the dead of winter.

After only two days in Cobalt, Victor rushed into the north country when he heard of a gold rush. He pushed by boat, wagon, and horseback, and when he arrived there was no gold, only a cold, bleak forest. He headed back for the silver town, but a few months labor in the mines led to nothing. Crow suddenly died and McLaglen, broke again, lonely, and looking for an outlet for his tremendous energy, decided to take on a local wrestler named Lefebre who offered $200 to any man who could take him three out of five falls. He was a burly kid of untested — and almost unlimited — strength, but the wily professional threw him — and then told him that he was made to be a boxer, not a wrestler.

Almost eaten up with frustration because a man had physically conquered him, he hung around Cobalt for a few weeks wondering what to do next. As always, for McLaglen, fate intervened — this time in the form of an injury suffered during a fire. The doctor told him hard work would help cure it.

He decided to join his brother in Winnipeg, and on the way stopped off for what he thought would be two weeks in Owen Sound, a railroad terminus. He got a job as a laborer, and while his co-workers did as little as possible, McLaglen, intent on building himself up for a boxing career, did the work of four men loading and unloading freight cars. One of the railroad executives spotted him, and on the spot offered him the job of chief of the railroad police.

This was work to his taste, he thought. He had a crew of bruisers under him, almost unlimited authority — which he insisted time-and-time again on testing against the town police — and though the job didn't call for a uniform, McLaglen strutted about town in one of his own design. He chased a band of fur thieves 200 miles into the wilderness and, after a running gun fight, arrested them. With that triumph, he wanted to move on: his stay had stretched into months, he was bored with the niceties of the law, and he felt the urge to do some bashing with his fists professionally. It was time to get to Winnipeg — to Fred and the ring.

HE stopped off in Port Arthur on Lake Superior and made his professional debut by "going into the tank," the fragrant fight-game expression for throwing a match. He was fighting an aging, local champion, and the man's backers, aware that the young bruiser could tear their man apart, decided to play it safe.

Through the local manager that McLaglen had hired, they first offered him $250 to go down, but he indignantly refused. The ante was raised to $400, and when it reached $520 by the sixth round, McLaglen got the idea that his first victory could be postponed. Years later, he freely admitted throwing the fight, but says that was the last dishonest money he ever made out of the ring.

The reason is amusing:

In a saloon after the fight, he and his manager were accosted by a stranger who accused McLaglen of dishonesty; it was obvious, said the man, that he could have

beaten his opponent easily. The big boy threw a punch at the righteous stranger and a riot followed wherein McLaglen, evidently doing further preparation for his movie roles, wrecked the joint. He was thrown in jail until someone bailed him out the next morning.

When he was asked by the police if he knew his benefactor, the stranger of the night before, McLaglen replied that he'd never laid eyes on him. The police told him that the man was a murderer and escaped convict who'd slipped through their hands again; they hadn't realized his identity until he was out of town.

When McLaglen reminisces about this, he slobbers in that mournful Great Dane way moviegoers know so well, "If a murderer could think there was something contemptible about throwing a fight, then there must be, I thought. I never again touched the shady side of boxing."

CLEANSED by this experience, he finally reached Winnipeg, where he joined his brother Fred on the police force. But even the influence of his idol couldn't hold him. In his off-duty hours, he frequented the Happy Land Amusement Park. There he was introduced to a brawler named Hume Duvel who took on all comers, boxing or wrestling. McLaglen took him on and, by admittedly dirty tactics, gave the man a good pasting, and was offered Duvel's job at $125 a week.

He was gloriously happy; police work had been ill-paying and limiting and now he was getting good money for the kind of experience he needed if he was to become a heavyweight champion. He began to fight on an assembly line basis.

He was winning with regularity when a local jeweler put up 11 gold watches as prizes for members of a football team if they could take on McLaglen in single matches, the idea being to keep him busy for more than an hour. Still shy of his nineteenth birthday, McLaglen didn't fear the footballers until he heard that they had two professional Russian wrestlers enlisted as ringers. Not only his reputation, but his living — for the deposed Duvel was challenging him again — was at stake.

He devised a plan of attack, a rigid time schedule, that allowed him 15 minutes for the two wrestlers and five minutes apiece for the other nine men. Any lost time would have to be made up somewhere among the middle opponents. He knew that, when he faced the last few men, he'd be weakened enough to need the full allotment of time. In what old-timers in Winnipeg call the most brutal event they've ever seen, McLaglen, occasionally resorting to kneeing, butting, and gouging to get rid of a pesky opponent, finished off the entire team in 56 minutes flat!

After combining his talents with Duvel, who was primarily a wrestler, he fought in Winnipeg for a few months and then felt ready for a real crack at Victoria and the fight game. He campaigned all over Canada and northwestern United States, and in a few years was ranked as one of the best dozen heavyweights.

But after Jack Johnson, the first Negro champion, defeated Tommy Burns for the title in Australia, the fight game went into a depression. There were angles, rake-offs, blue-laws, and the unsavory racket was beginning to get on McLaglen's nerves. He didn't want to be just another pug, he wanted to be a champion, and if fights were always going to be that hard to get, he would quit.

Just before he decided, he was offered a no-decision, exhibition bout (a ruse used until recent years to get around local law, and to protect the champ while he had a workout for pay) with Johnson, one of

Make Big Money Selling Hamburgers

Small Drive-In Paid BEGINNER $26,700 Profit in a Single Year

Mail coupon for my Free Book that shows you how to get into the big-pay restaurant business quick. Beginners with absolutely no previous experience can make a big success of it once they know the "angles" of the food business. Even small hamburger or road-side stands can pay fabulous profit to men and women who follow my simple instructions. One man, operating a small Drive-In made in a single year a profit of more than $26,000. But don't go into this restaurant business blindly. Let me show you how to start — how to get use of equipment without cash — how to rent on shares without buying — how to sell — how much to charge — how to get crowds coming in — how to start making money the very hour you open your doors for business. Everything is explained down to the very last detail in a fascinating 20-lesson course — based on my own experience — that you can study at home. Send for my FREE BOOK. No obligation whatever and you can decide about what you want to do later. Everything I send you now is FREE, so mail the coupon right away. This is a great business.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT
335 W. MADISON STREET, Dept. 1311, CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

MAIL FOR FREE BOOK

Chicago School of Restaurant Management
335 W. Madison St., Dept. 1311, Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send me a Free copy of your Book. This request does not place me under any obligation whatsoever.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

HYPNOTISM

Be Popular Amaze Entertain

Learn to apply Hypnotism and Auto-suggestion in short time by training at home. Write to America's oldest, most famous Hypnotic School for free information — now — today. DON'T DELAY. Satisfaction or money refunded. Sent in plain wrapper.

JUST FILL IN COUPON AND MAIL

School of Applied Hypnology
Dept. H-1
114 E. 32 St.,
New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me free information.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NEW U.S.

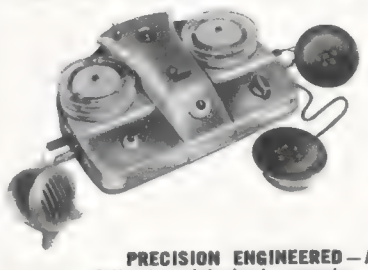
REGIMENT SESSIONS

is in strict pursuance of giving little known facts, & all subjects treated therein, from alleged *Wellington* detail work plans of classified UFO *Vehicle Transporter* that amasses treasures from the deep, plus possible 1959 raising of prize *Monitor* off N. C. coast; Postal Sections on gift enterprises, lotteries & addresses for those in or interested in M. O. & its surprisingly unrealized potential; *copyrighted special* for R. S. by *Alex M. White*, synd. writer, on organization whose membership grows by incredible tens of thousands weekly as it proceeds with each startling step, & also partially solving unemployment by sending members to waiting membership opportunities abroad—& more startling to you that *you* could be a member!; up-to-date SS Companiies' freighters charging traveler less than $130 to most parts of world; *direct* Govt. Surplus Bases for bids one cent on dollar; how to make literally millions with puzzle contests; jobs in State of Alaska; Student Tours for singles or couples, including Study, Art, Hospitality; even only 1000' x 1000' acknowledged O. B. "hot spot" for aspirants, plus scholarships awarded for college educations; to newly opened govt. European-Med. area employment for U.S. citizens only; & a host of other recently compiled 1958 subjects covered.

REGIMENT SESSIONS is the key—that specific information not easily obtainable otherwise for a month's salary. So act now! Price per volume only $2.98 postpaid.

HENDERSON DEPT. 885
P. O. Box 118 Brooklyn 38, New York

Never Before Available at this LOW PRICE



PRECISION, PORTABLE, BATTERY OPERATED, TRANSISTOR TAPE RECORDER

HI-QUALITY REPRODUCTION! WEIGHS ONLY 2 POUNDS!

$29.95 plus $1.25 pp. & hdlg.

PRECISION ENGINEERED — Amazing, new, battery operated, portable, fully transistorized recorder, imported from West Germany, precision engineered to render same functions as machines costing 5 times as much.

FOR HOME, STUDENTS, BUSINESS — It will be the center of attraction at home for recording family get-togethers, capturing the magic of speech and song of family and friends — records radio, record and TV shows! Educators agree that students benefit greatly from studying with a tape recorder. Business men can pack it in brief case and take on trips to record letters, speeches, instructions, ideas; faithfully records verbal agreements, discussions. Perfect for recording interviews!

PENNIES TO OPERATE — The ingenious Tel-Tape records, plays back, erases — has variable speed controls! Operates on 4 small flashlight batteries available at any store for pennies. Simply press button and record.

Unconditionally guaranteed for 90 days against mechanical defects. Comes complete with sensitive microphone, head set and tape — $29.95 plus $1.25 pp. & hdlg.

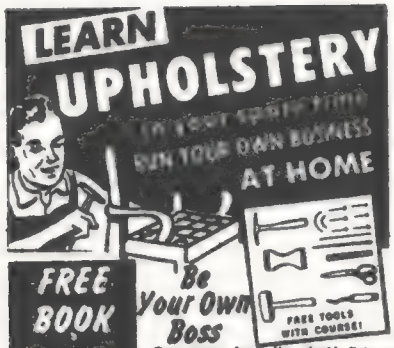
AVAILABLE ACCESSORIES

PATCHCORD — Plug in attachment for playback thru radio, TV or phonograph $2.00
STETHO HEAD-SET — Like a doctor's stethoscope. Lightweight. Leaves hands free for typing, etc. $6.95
REEL OF TAPE (225 ft.) $1.25
BATTERIES — Set of 4 ..... 80c

Send Check or Money Order. $3.00 Deposit on COD orders.

10-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

FILNOR PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. H-3, 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



FREE BOOK

WITH COURSE YOU MAKE SLIPPER CHAIR

OTTOMAN

WITH SLIP COVERS Yours to Keep or Sell

Be Your Own Boss

Earn more from the start! Set up your own profitable business in your own home, enjoy steady income, independence for life—in the booming field of CUSTOM UPHOLSTERY.

Right off you start learning with tools, complete frames, fabrics and materials, included FREE with your UTS course. You learn skilled professional custom upholstery, reupholstery, furniture finishing, repair, how to make beautiful slip covers, window cornices, cushions and draperies. EARN WHILE YOU LEARN, in your spare time. It's easy with the UTS N. Y. State-approved course.

Send for FREE Illustrated Book —FREE Sample Lesson.

Get ready for well-paid job, big profits from steady work, as your own boss, running your own business. Training in N. Y. School also available. Mail coupon NOW!

APPROVED FOR VETERAN TRAINING

UPHOLSTERY TRADES SCHOOL
Dept.GS-2910 721 Broadway, N. Y. 3, N. Y.
Please send me FREE book, "Your New Way to a Successful Career," with FREE Sample lesson. No obligation—no salesman will call.
☐ Home Study ☐ N. Y. School
Name .....
please print plainly
Address .....
City ..... Zone... State.....
☐ Check if Korean Veteran

Ugly Blackheads—Out in Seconds

$1.00

Keep your complexion free of blackheads—look attractive instantly. Scientifically designed vacuum pump gently "lifts" out ugly blackheads safely, without pinching or squeezing. Try VACUTEX 10 days—if not delighted return for refund. Send $1. We pay postage.

BALLCO PRODUCTS CO. Dept. T
1011 Kane Concourse, Surfside 41, Florida

EARN EXTRA CASH!

It's Easy to Take Orders for Advertising Book Matches!

Every business in town is your prospect. No experience needed; we show you how! Millions sold daily! Manufacturer offers you year 'round prestige opportunity with steady repeat earnings. Rush postcard today for details on FREE Sales Outfit, samples.

MATCH CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept.KE-14 3433-43 W. 48th Place, Chicago 32, Ill.

"MY GREY HAIR IS A NATURAL LOOKING COLOR AGAIN" says JAN GARBER, idol of the Airlanes

"TOP SECRET gives my grey hair a natural looking color!" says famous dance band leader Jan Garber. "I noticed results after just a few applications. And TOP SECRET is easy to use—doesn't stain hands or scalp. TOP SECRET is the only hair dressing I use."

A FAVORITE OF THE STARS

TOP SECRET has been a favorite with famous personalities for years. Exclusive formula imparts a natural looking color to grey or faded hair. Does not streak or injure hair; does not wash out. Send $5.00 for 6 oz. plastic container. (Convenient for traveling, too.) Ppd. No COD's. Money back if not delighted with results of first bottle. Albin of California, Room 114 1401-07 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 17, California.

the greatest fighters of all time. McLaglen is humble enough when he talks about the fight: He calls Johnson "a fine gentlemanly opponent. . . . I couldn't lay a glove on him for the six rounds." More objective observers say the 22-year-old McLaglen gave a good account of himself.

Victor quit after that fight and later regretted it. He was young and impetuous, and the idea of hanging around fighting for small purses until he might, one day, get a crack at a title shot didn't appeal to him. He could make good money in the carnivals and returned to his job with Duvel; for a year he took on all comers who thought they could last three rounds with him for $25, knocking out as many as 10 men a night.

Finally, he and Duvel realized they were both close to a breakdown. For a glorious year, they wandered over the face of Canada, fishing, hunting, and sleeping for days at a stretch. Refreshed, and again in need of money, they started a physical culture school in a small town in Washington. It failed and they went into vaudeville as The Romano Brothers, an act of "living statues" illustrating the classic punches of famous prizefighters. He split with Duvel in a drunken argument and recruited an ex-pug, Art Nelson, in San Francisco for the act. This partnership, too, dissolved in a dressing-room fight.

For the first time since he left home, McLaglen felt the need of a familiar face. His dream of being a champion was over and he felt that Canada and the United States were reminders of his failure. He joined another brother, Arthur, in New York and briefly continued the act with him there. As an added attraction, he revived his strong man role: His brother would crush a rock lying on McLaglen's chest with a sledgehammer.

Then they took the act to Hawaii, and Australia, and broke it up temporarily for McLaglen to chase another rainbow in a gold strike at Kalgoorlie; later they tried a commercial venture, catching giant sea-turtles for soup-makers. Failing in this, the brothers moved on to Tahiti, the Dutch East Indies, Ceylon, then back across the Pacific to the Fiji Islands, where they separated.

Arthur went to India and Victor signed on a sailing ship bound for the little-traveled parts of the Pacific and pearl-hunting. He didn't see another ship or island from one month to the next and had to ride out a killing typhoon somewhere near Pitcairn Island. But McLaglen was a happy man: it was free and wild and fascinating and appealed to the youthful savage.

HE knocked about the South Seas after the pearling trip, without ambition, tasting adventure like meat and drink. But he had stayed too long and the familiar uneasiness, the boredom that always attacked him, made him leave. He didn't understand what he was chasing; he couldn't think of anything that would make him happy for any length of time. If he had to plan, he grew frightened; and it was enough just to keep moving, fighting, tasting the smells and sounds of a new place that would temporarily ward off the wracking vagabonding.

He joined Arthur in Bombay and tried to introduce boxing into India, with little success. But the Maharajah of Alkalot, impressed with the husky Englishman, hired him as a bodyguard and athletic instructor. A standing joke for years in Hollywood was that "McLaglen's pajamas had brass buttons," a comment on his penchant for gaudy uniforms.

In India he indulged it to the hilt: He was a handsome, impressive figure in a white turban, mustache, white uniform topped with gold epaulets, gleaming black boots, a saber encased in a silver scabbard and a pistol attached to a woven-gold lanyard; but he grew impatient with the court ceremony and his confining job. He and Arthur decided there was a great continent they'd never seen.

THEY sailed for Portuguese East Africa where, first thing, Victor signed for a fight. The promoter absconded with the money and after he had one bout in Mombasa, Kenya, they hired themselves out to a white hunter in Nairobi who was glad to get the two strapping young Englishmen.

McLaglen was in his twenty-eighth year in Capetown, South Africa, when World War I erupted. He was secretly delighted: He had loved the army and, after years of drifting, now there was something definite to be done, a big scrap, something he understood. He reached London as his seven brothers arrived from all over the world, and re-enlisted. For a time, he was a recruiting sergeant in Trafalgar Square, giving boxing and bayonet-fighting exhibitions to draw crowds. Then he received a captain's commission in a Cheshire Battalion and was sent to Mesopotamia (now Iraq) in the vital Middle East, where Lawrence of Arabia was rallying the Moslem world to support the Allies.

He picked up Arabic amazingly fast and, because of his fluency, was engaged in counterespionage work while he headed the Civil and Military police in the area.

The British campaign was brought to a temporary halt by clever spies, and in true movie-hero fashion, McLaglen finally cracked down on a section of Basra and managed to smash the ring. He received a decoration for this, and when the British under General Allenby took Baghdad, McLaglen, serving now with an Irish Fusiliers Regiment, was made Provost Marshal of the ancient and strategically important city. He saw some action in the Mesopotamian desert, and it was another example of "art" following life when he starred in *The Lost Patrol* 20 years later —a story of a World War I patrol lost in that wasteland.

He came off patrol one day to find a message that his brother Fred had been killed in the fighting in France. It was the first real emotional jolt he'd ever received in his life—the first time he couldn't simply shake something off with a fight or a drink. He was in a deep state of depression, and as the war drew to a close, he began to understand that his youth had gone and everything wasn't going to be the same sweet, irresponsible sleigh ride he'd been on for years.

When he reached London again, McLaglen's mood grew worse. The war had been over for long months when he was discharged from service, and the first flush of hilarity and thanksgiving had disappeared. In its place was a country trying to get back to normal as quickly as possible. England had been bled financially and hundreds of thousands of ex-soldiers were on the streets looking for work. Ex-captains were a dime-a-dozen. Day after day, he sat on a bench in Hyde Park.

The only things he ever really learned were soldiering and fighting. Fight?—he was 33, but decided to try again. It was painful working himself back into shape, but he had been a British Army Cham-

Don't miss
The Nazi Who Fled To Israel
in
MAN'S* December
*on sale October 27

pion, he thought, and he certainly could take some of the boys around now.

In 1920, in his first fight as a civilian, he was knocked out by Goddard, a good journeyman fighter. He managed to get one more fight, with a second-rater named Townley whom McLaglen could have slaughtered in a round five years before. But it was that five-year layoff — and the best of them never came back at his age after such a long time away. Townley punched him into a bloody pulp for 10 rounds, but he couldn't knock out McLaglen. His face swollen almost beyond recognition, he lay on the rubbing table in the dressing room. At that moment, he says, he was filled with despair and contemplated suicide.

Sitting at ringside that night was I. B. Davidson, a film executive. Aware of McLaglen's former reputation as a top-notch boxer, and witnessing the beating the ex-captain was taking, he realized he had the answer to a bothersome casting problem.

"McLaglen," he said to the bleeding giant, "you've tried everything else. How would you like to become a film actor?"

Breaking out of his gloom, McLaglen responded with that familiar roaring laugh: "Man, you're crazy!"

DAVIDSON explained that he had been searching for a rugged-looking man who could play the part of a bare-knuckle prizefighter with some authenticity. He felt that McLaglen, a strikingly handsome man in those days, would be exactly right. Victor swung his legs over the side of the rubbing table, sat up and began to think: he had tackled dozens of tough propositions in his life; only a few moments before the film man had walked in the door, he had wondered what would become of him. In an uncustomary low and thoughtful voice, he looked at Davidson and said, "I'll try it. There's nothing else for me."

His first film, *End of the Road,* was a success, and in his second effort he played leading man to the lovely and dignified Lady Diana Manners, one of Britain's most popular actresses. For a few years he had a solid career in British films, until Hollywood beckoned in 1924 with a $300-a-week offer. His first film role in America was a heavy in a western, *The Beloved Brute,* followed by a succession of good swaggering character parts without McLaglen setting Hollywood on fire.

Then, in 1926, he heard that Raoul Walsh had been selected to direct a film version of the smash Broadway hit, *What Price Glory.* Captain Flagg had been played on the stage by Louis Wolheim, another famous screen heavy, but McLaglen felt he had to have the role: *he was Captain Flagg!* He stormed into Walsh's office, demanded a test, telling the man of his military experience, and shouting that his English regiment was as tough as any "godamned, bloody American Marines!" He was tested and, of course, got the role.

An amusing sidelight of the film was McLaglen's desire for authenticity. Told to curse and, assuming that a silent film was a silent film, he threw himself into the scenes with all of his own belligerent vigor, his army years, and the memory of those virtuosos of cursing he'd met in his wanderings. He fumed and spluttered and cursed, using oaths and expressions that had lip-readers howling.

To this day, whenever the film is revived at special showings, the juicy mouthings come pouring forth off the screen for everyone to see. He was a sensation and the film, co-starring Edmund Lowe as Sergeant Quirt, burst from the screen with a wonderfully rowdy, electric quality. For years after, he and Lowe would co-star in some version of the Flagg-Quirt rivalry. In *The Cockeyed World, Call Out the Marines, Hot Pepper, The Great Hotel Murder, Sez You — Sez Me, The Marines are Ready,* they slugged and snarled and stole each other's woman until, by the middle Thirties, the audience had had it. The team was broken up.

About this time another side of the seemingly good-natured, big-muscled, simple McLaglen began to manifest itself. He organized what he chose to call The California Light Horse Cavalry, a collection of Anglo-Saxon World War I veterans drawn from this country, Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. At first, it seemed like an innocent plaything of an ex-military man approaching 50, who found it amusing to "play soldier."

In McLaglen's words: "In case of flood or an earthquake or any trouble, the authorities can call us out. We're always ready and I tell you," he continued, in that Irish voice he effects, "I have the grandest troopers in the world."

But it was more than a plaything or a group of overage boy scouts ready to help in case of disaster. McLaglen was convinced that communists — and he extended it to all "radicals, labor-leaders and liberals" — were ready to start a revolution in Southern California. He constantly preached the necessity for all men to arm themselves and sign up for the counter-revolution. He preached "Americanism" (though he had just become a citizen) and "tried to waken the country against subversive activities."

He believed in early training. On the set of *Professional Soldier,* he presented his youthful co-star, Freddy Bartholomew, with a .44 automatic, saying, "It may come in handy someday." Then he gave the boy a tear-gas gun, a horse, and a life membership in the Light Horse.

His men, almost a thousand strong, dressed in lilac and blue uniforms with gold trappings. They had lances and sabers (McLaglen was broken-hearted when authorities denied his men artillery, machine-guns, rifles, and revolvers). They also had motorcycles, flying and medical units, and weren't just amusing themselves with sporting and pseudo-military exhibitions at the $75,000 McLaglen Sports Stadium, as the actor insisted.

The pattern became noticeable: Among his troopers were ex-pugs, disgruntled actors, labor goons, vice and Red-squad police bruisers, tramp athletes, professional soldiers, and bully-boys from all over the world. He actually had, what was considered at that time, a more efficient military organization than the United States Army; and it was the only private army in the country besides that of Fritz Kuhn, the German Bundist.

Liberal publications and newspapers began to howl "Fascist!" A tie-up with local Silver Shirt organizations was found. There were branches in Pasadena, Long Beach, Oakland, and McLaglen boasted that he would soon have units all over the country, and to all criticism he replied that he was "just a 100 per cent American!"

He was taken into court by the 61-piece, San Gabriel, California, American Legion Band he had hired — and didn't pay — and had this immortal statement to make of the tribulations of a super-patriot: "I've had more lousy troubles since I became an American citizen than I had all my life before that."

WHILE a bodyguard of a dozen hand-picked storm troopers looked on in admiration, McLaglen jutted out his jaw and proclaimed his 100 per cent Americanism to the court: "Some say I'm a Nazi, and some say I'm a Fascist; but here it is straight: I'm just a patriot of the good old-fashioned kind."

His pictures were being picketed and boycotted, and in some theaters eggs were thrown at the screen. He seemed to be washed-up and the publicity he received was almost sure death then, the time of the popular New Deal. Director John Ford, however, saved him with a role in *The Lost Patrol,* in which McLaglen, for the first time, showed a tender strength and sympathy, and an ability to create a character.

AT the end of the film, he had a characteristic scene where he picked up an 88-pound machine gun and ran with it, firing; but his portrayal of the sergeant leading a doomed patrol in the desert gave director Ford another idea.

When *The Informer* was to be cast, he insisted on McLaglen for the part of the haunted Gyppo Nolan against the shrieking objections of the studio heads. But Ford got his way, and whether McLaglen was plied with liquor throughout the three-week production schedule by the director, as has been rumored, or whether his basic confusion — as many people insist — comes through, the fact is that he gave a stunning performance in the role.

It started a whole new career for him, but the real-life McLaglen was giving evidence that the savage fighter was still uppermost: He was sued for assaulting a riding master, one John E. Epper from Glendale, but McLaglen insisted that all he did was speak sharply to the man who jumped out of a window in fright.

Next, a Doctor R. C. Man and a man named Thomas Hughes complained that McLaglen, already in his fifties, had used them for a little heavy-bag punching.

In 1939, he was sued by Doctor S. G. Sonneland as a result of "monkey gland" shots, which the doctor said he had been giving McLaglen since 1935. It was a blow to his fans who worshipped the heavy-handed, humorous brutes he usually portrayed; but the embarrassed McLaglen insisted that he took the shots "because I thought they would help my complexion."

He was involved in a bottle-swinging binge with a woman in his La Jolla home and, in one year alone, he had 12 actions against him for assault, tax-evasion, unpaid bills, auto accidents, damaging premises, and the like.

He continued in fat roles in films and grew rich through the years. He bought a 1,000-acre ranch for $250,000 near Fresno, California where he raises horses and lives with his second wife. He appears on screen only a little less frequently and his last role was a proud appearance in son Andrew's first directorial assignment, *The Abductors,* in which he played — you guessed it — a roistering, ham-handed, crooked but loveable Irish bully.

He is an old man now, 72, who cried unashamedly in an appearance on TV's This Is Your Life, when he was reunited with his family and old brothers-in-arms.

He came out of a simpler world that is dead and forgotten now, and however puzzled he is by the modern world of organization and adjustment, there are a thousand memories of the old days to occupy him. The world and its problems rushed up on his generation with too swift a pace for him to understand, and, pitifully, he tried to hold back time with his own army. But he is an old man now and has been forgiven.

Victor McLaglen is one of the few men living who can claim that wonderful, evocative title — *Soldier of Fortune.* He is a man of spirit and an adventurer — and the breed has just about disappeared. ▲

LONESOME?

Join The Crowds
Who Are Reading

CARTOONS FOR MEN ONLY

A peepshow of uncensored ribaldry that no red-blooded male can resist. G346

BED AND BROAD

A book-load of sugar and spice—deliciously naughty. G343

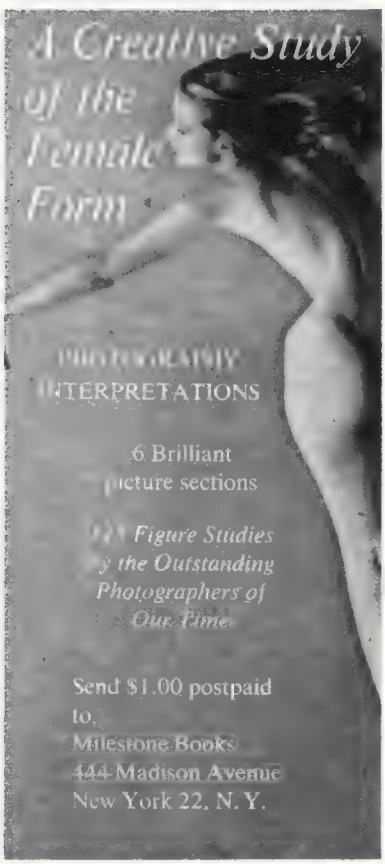
SEX IS BETTER IN COLLEGE

A peek through the college keyhole. Uninhibited and uncensored. G240

Only 35c Each (Plus 10c Postage)
Send For All 3 $1.00 Postage Free

Pyramid Books (Dept. C11-1)
444 Madison Ave. - New York 22

Rush to me G346, G343, G240
I enclose $.....
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....


A Creative Study of the Female Form
PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERPRETATIONS
6 Brilliant picture sections
Figure Studies by the Outstanding Photographers of Our Time
Send $1.00 postpaid to:
Milestone Books
444 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N.Y.

War With Mexico

(*continued from page 11*)

"Doin' all right," I replied.

"Where's the gunboat?"

I shot a glance through the wheelhouse port. "Right now he's about 200 yards off my stern. Hold it a minute . . . I'll switch on the mast light. Help you see me and give him something to shoot at instead of me."

The light glowed white in the night and sure enough it drew some of the Mexicans' fire. Not enough, however, to ease my mind. It never occurred to me that I might get hurt, but I began thinking about my crewmen. If anything happened to them their families would be in a bad way. It'd been almost three hours since I started playing tag with the gunboat.

I could go on indefinitely, I reasoned, but is it worth the risk? What's the use of playing clay pigeon? I give up and they take my shrimp and gear. I keep running and they take a life, maybe three. For a second the frustration of it all hit me.

My knuckles whitened on the wheel, and I fought off a wave of nausea. My mind was working overtime. I wasn't thinking only about the Mexicans. . . . But what it'd take to arouse those birds in Washington.

It didn't stir 'em up when the Mexicans hit the *Gulf Ranger* and the *Sea Otter* for $7,000 in fines and stolen shrimp . . . or when they hit the *Princess* or the *Captain Mac* or the *Captain Scotty* or any of the others. . . . Why should it be any different when they hit me? . . . What am I proving except that Washington has no intention of protecting fishermen against piracy?

I'd had enough. The other shrimpers in the area were powerless to help me; the Coast Guard was God knows where. I figured it was time to call the whole thing off and take our chances with the Mexicans.

That's when the throttle jammed.

Great! For the last three hours I'd kept the *Pescador's* engine running wide open on purpose. And now, when I wanted to put on the brakes, I didn't have any. I couldn't do a thing from the wheelhouse. It meant I'd have to go out on deck, back to the engine room, and manually cut off the flow of fuel to the engine. And out there on deck, bullets were flying.

I threw a spotlight beam on the gunboat, hoping they'd get the idea and ease up on me. They didn't. I walked out on deck and tried to wave them down. The G-28 drew up close, not more than 150 feet away. The moonlight was bright. I saw a Mexican steady himself against the rail. He raised his rifle and leveled it at me. I could almost see his eyes squint along the barrel. For a second I stood rooted to the deck; then I turned and lurched toward the wheelhouse. The rifle cracked. The slug slammed into my back, hard. The deck floated up and smashed into my face, and the moonlight exploded into a million tiny sunbursts — then faded into blackness.

THE Mexican lead in my back made me first casualty of the undeclared shrimp war with Mexico. But not by a long shot was I the first U.S. shrimper fired upon by the Mexicans. Since 1950 at least a hundred U.S. shrimp trawlers have been boarded, fired upon, or both. Mexico has confiscated thousands of dollars worth of shrimp and equipment, captured scores of U.S. vessels on the high seas and held them at Tampico or Vera Cruz for stiff fines. The charge: "violation" of Mexican waters.

Mexico claims as hers the waters out to nine marine miles from her coasts. The United States claims only three miles and doesn't recognize Mexico's nine-mile limit. Yet our government refuses to protect U.S. vessels in the disputed waters or to reimburse U.S. shrimpers for losses sustained there. Washington's only recognition of Mexican piracy is its willingness to pay the fines levied by the Mexicans, but the fines make up only a small fraction of the loss when a shrimper is hauled off to some Mexican port and stripped.

I was 14 miles off shore when they attacked me. Thus, the nine-mile limit is just an alibi. Everybody on the Gulf Coast knows that Mexican gunboat captains get a 20 per cent cut of the loot when they bring in a U.S. shrimper.

This flagrant abuse of U.S. citizens has long been hushed up by the government, fearful of "offending" Mexico, and by some in the shrimp industry. As far as I know this is the first time anyone has told the real story to a mass audience. I'm telling it because Mexican piracy has gone too far. When that Mexican slug (fired from an old U.S. Army Springfield .03 rifle, from the deck of a vessel given to Mexico by the U.S.) ripped into my back I was through turning the other cheek.

It must have been only seconds after I was hit that the lights came back on in my head. I lay sprawled on the deck and watched the gunboat circle cautiously. My diesel was still running wide open. I had to get it stopped. But first I pulled myself to the radio.

"Lloyd, you there?" I said weakly.

My brother answered.

"I'm hit, Lloyd. I'm going to try and get the engine stopped. Throttle's jammed. Stick with us."

"We see you," he said. "Hang on boy."

The slug was a red-hot poker in my back, but somehow I dragged myself back to the engine room and wrestled with the valve until, finally, the flow of fuel stopped. The effort sent a new wave of pain washing through me.

The boat papers! The thought leaped into my mind. If they got hold of them there's no telling — they might keep us and the boat down here for good. I had to hide them. I crawled to the crew's quarters, found the papers and slipped them under a rubber floor mat.

The engine sputtered, sucked up the last drop of fuel and died. The only sounds were the waves lapping at the hull and the drone of the gunboat's engine. The drone got louder, still louder, until it became a roar and exploded in a jarring crash which knocked me into a heap on the deck. They'd rammed us! The fools still hadn't known about my steel hull.

I INCHED toward my bunk, my wound a searing throb of pain. I couldn't make it. I doubled up on the deck in a pool of blood and waited for them.

I listened to the boarding noises, to their feet scraping on deck, and finally four pairs of legs swam before my eyes.

The short, stocky gunboat captain toyed with his close-cropped mustache and surveyed the sorry scene with impassive eyes. Something clicked in my mind and I blinked, trying to focus on the Mexican. The effort was too great. I slumped back to the deck, but now I was sure of it. . . . I'd seen this guy before, sometime, someplace.

"What this boat name?" He ignored my wound.

"The *Pescador*." My own voice sounded distant, like someone mumbling in an echo chamber. "I need a doctor, man."

"No doctor."

"Well, do something!" I rasped. "Can't you see I'm shot?"

"Where boat papers?"

I tried to sit up but the pain knotted my insides.

"I don't know," I managed to blurt out.

The Mexican stiffened. He took a step forward, hesitated and turned away. Lights glowed through the port holes. My brother was lying just off our stern and playing his spotlight over the *Pescador*.

The Mexican captain paused in the door.

"I ever catch you here again I get you; I sure enough kill you," he snarled, then stalked out.

As the gunboat revved up and pulled away, Pedro put water on to heat, dragged me to my bunk and began trying to clean my wound.

The *Joyce Carinhas* pulled alongside and my nephew Charles, Lloyd's son, came aboard to take my boat in. I heard Lloyd reporting to the Coast Guard and asking for instructions.

"Head for Brownsville," came the reply. "We're sending a plane from Corpus Christi to intercept you wherever you are at daybreak."

That meant I'd be in the hospital within a matter of hours. With Lloyd's help, Charles cranked up the *Pescador's* engine. Lloyd went back to his boat and we set out on the 10-hour haul to Brownsville. After we got under way, Charles put her on automatic pilot and came back to my bunk.

"How's it going?" he asked.

"Not bad, kid, not bad." Then it hit me. "I've got it!"

CHARLES' brow knotted. He must have thought I was delirious. "Got what?" he said.

"That Mexican captain . . . I knew I'd seen him before. Remember last summer when the *Joyce* and the *Green's Pride* got taken in? It was the G-28 that took 'em in. Same captain. I was there, too, on the *Pescador*. For some reason they didn't bother me, but I told our boys to be sure and drop a buoy so we could prove our boats weren't inside the nine-mile limit. The Mexican heard me. Made him mad as hell. This guy recognized me, kid, I'm sure of it. He's out to get me . . ."

Charles squatted nearer my bunk. "Maybe so," he said, "but it's O.K. now. They're gone. We're on our way home."

As if in reply to Charles' assurances, a spotlight beam stabbed through the port. Charles looked and saw the G-28 loom out of the darkness again. They were back, probably to finish me off, I thought.

They forced us to stop, and a Mexican officer stomped into the crew's quarters. He held a piece of paper in his hand, a blank piece of paper.

"Sign," he demanded.

It was an old Mexican trick. Get a shrimper's signature on a blank piece of paper, then fill it in with a confession that he'd been fishing in Mexican waters. I wasn't having any.

He turned to Pedro, grabbed his arm and pulled him aside. "You sign, we let you go."

For emphasis the Mexican stuck a pistol in Pedro's ribs. Pedro signed.

"Now," the Mexican smirked, "we go to Tampico, all of us."

"Tampico?" I shouted. "Why, you lying . . ."

"We take you peaceful or with force."

Some choice. The fact that the Coast Guard had contacted our Navy Ministry, which in turn was trying to radio the gunboat to keep hands off us, didn't impress the Mexican.

"Our radio no work," he smiled.

Maybe not, but it didn't keep them from trying to jam all our transmissions. My set was strong enough to get through but they were deliberately blocking the air so we had trouble receiving.

The hell with it. I sagged back on my bunk and felt the sticky red pool under me soak into the mattress. The cabin light gyrated crazily overhead and the pain spread down my leg and into my shoulder. I was conscious, I knew what was happening, but as the Mexican went back to his boat and Charles made ready to get under way, I watched the proceedings through a red haze of agony.

Charles set out with the engine wide open. He was afraid I'd bleed to death before we got to Tampico. So was I. The comforting rumble of the engine made the pain almost bearable. Then the rumble faltered. I felt the boat slow down. Charles had throttled back.

"What's the matter, kid?" I yelled, fighting off a mounting panic.

Charles couldn't come back. The autopilot had gone haywire. He sent Pedro.

"What's going on up there," I shouted at the crewman.

"HE can't help it, Tom," Pedro said quietly. "The gunboat made him slow down."

We inched along at a two-knot crawl. This clinched it. They were trying to kill me. They didn't have the guts to do it quick. They figured if they stalled long enough nature would do it for them.

Well, I thought, we'll see. I braced myself against the steadily throbbing pain and settled back to sweat it out.

Think of something else, I told myself. But all I could think of was the rotten deal we were getting, and not just from the Mexicans. I can generate almost as much hate for the striped-pants boys in Washington.

Something pleasant, I cautioned myself, think of something pleasant. But it was no use. The pain seared through my body and I remembered an account I'd read about another seaman who'd been in almost the same spot.

William Peck was shot down by an Ecuadorian gunboat about a year before. Mexico, you see, isn't the only Latin American nation which has been defying America on the high seas.

I wondered how it must have been for Peck when his vessel, the *Arctic Maid*, drifting with engines stopped more than 30 miles off the coast of Ecuador, was overhauled and boarded; when the Latin officers demanded to see logs and charts, examined them and then left with no explanation; and minutes later, when the gunboat, without warning, bore down on the *Arctic Maid* with guns blazing.

I now knew well how Peck felt when he came on deck and a chunk of hot lead ripped into his leg. And how he must have suffered when the Ecuadorians refused to take him to shore on the faster gunboat, instead convoying the *Arctic Maid* on an agonizing, 15-hour trip into Guayaquil.

I could imagine, too, how the owners felt when they parted with $93,000 in fines and other losses. And how Peck felt when doctors said he'd be crippled for life.

It's a terrible thing, Washington had said, but let's not offend our neighbors.

I remembered the time when the Mexican gunboat *David Porter* captured the *Arrow*, a converted sub chaser, on a trumped-up charge, took her into Vera Cruz, and stole $20,000 worth of shrimp and equipment from Danny Kornegay, the independent captain and owner. I remembered how Danny threw in the towel, how he never recovered from the financial blow, how sorry the government felt for him and how last I heard he was running a service station in Corpus Christi.

Throughout the endless night I fought off the pain as we inched toward Tampico, and I reviewed in my mind all the other

Get Rid of UGLY PIMPLES this new easy way!

Amazing new medicated lotion developed by a doctor works wonders by clearing up complexion in one week or less!

DON'T let a bad complexion ruin romance, spoil your fun, cause you to be embarrassed, shy or ashamed. If you suffer from acne, the common external cause of pimples among young people, try this wonderfully effective medicated lotion that was developed by a practicing physician to clear up his own daughter's complexion after other methods had failed. It has produced astonishing results for many thousands of others. It is GUARANTEED to help you or it won't cost you a single cent!

Doesn't Show on Your Face

Keraplex is a skin-colored lotion (NOT a greasy salve or ointment!) that is quickly absorbed by the skin and gets right down in the pores where its healing and antiseptic ingredients can go to work. After you have applied it, there is no trace left on the surface. In fact, it makes a perfect after-shaving lotion (or powder base for girls). It actually improves the tone of your skin—leaving it soft, clean, attractive!

BEFORE

This young man suffered from a severe case of acne for years and tried all the usual "remedies" without success.

AFTER

Same young man after using KERAPLEX twice a day for just one week. Notice the decided improvement—pimples completely gone!

NO COST Unless It *ACTUALLY* DOES Clear Up Your Skin!

An analysis of results, taken from the "case history" records, indicates that Keraplex is successful in clearing up six out of seven cases of externally caused pimples.

What Users Say:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex was completely relieved."—P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lot on to help clear up the pimples on my face."—K. W.

"I have used Keraplex and for the first time in my life my pimples are clearing up in good shape."—E. S.

And men—if you suffer from pimples on shoulders and back, KERAPLEX does an amazingly effective job of clearing them up FAST—without soiling clothes, without messiness or greasiness!

Mail the convenient coupon below now, for a bottle of Keraplex. Then use it as directed for a full week. If you don't SEE results that delight you within that time, simply return empty bottle and your money will be refunded at once. Don't delay a single minute. Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.

— MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE —

UNDERWOOD LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 162
STRATFORD, CONN.

Yes! I want to try Keraplex ON APPROVAL. Send size checked below in plain wrapper marked "personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with postman amount indicated below, plus postage. If not delighted with the RESULTS, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

☐ Regular Size, $1.98
☐ Double Quantity (Two Bottles), $3.50

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ SAVE POSTAGE. Check here if you ENCLOSE payment, in which case we pay postage. Same money-back Guarantee applies!

Payment must be sent with all orders to be shipped to A.P.O.'s, Canada and foreign countries.

instances of foreign piracy which I'd seen or heard about. A few times everything clouded over and I slept or lost consciousness or something. I must have cried out because I remember the boys huddling around me with worried expressions on their faces. Finally, about 7 A.M., when the sun's rays began trickling out over the calm Gulf, Charles turned the wheel over to Pedro and came back to check on me.

"Lloyd get away?" I asked him, anxious about his boat.

"Yeah, he slipped off sometime during the night."

Then a shout from the wheelhouse sent Charles scurrying forward.

I strained myself half erect and looked out. The G-28 had met up with a Mexican snapper boat. The two masters began passing the time of day. I fell back again, and for an endless hour I twisted and squirmed in the bloody bunk, numb now, only half conscious.

Finally we cast off again, and about 2 P.M., the Mexican crew ran up their national colors for the first time. The sun gleamed off the Tampico jetties about a mile ahead, and our hosts were making ready for a grand entrance. We crept into the harbor at minimum speed, a dress parade of humiliation. The Mexican crewmen thrust out their chests, pasted wide grins on their faces and preened. They waved at the wide-eyed crowds along the channel, and the crowd waved back. Some of them yelled and made motions like cutting our throats.

From the jetty to the dock was a nine-mile trip. It took us two hours. After we tied up at the dock, someone helped me off the *Pescador* and turned me over to the U.S. consul, who was waiting there with a doctor and an ambulance. The Mexican crewmen were openly surprised when I stumbled out into the sun. They thought I'd be dead.

"No statement," the consul said after he'd satisfied himself that I wasn't delirious.

Somebody thrust a stretcher under me, and we pushed through the milling crowd to the ambulance. The siren wailed and traffic zipped past the window as we raced toward the hospital.

AT the hospital I got the verdict quickly. I'd be O.K. There was nothing to do except lie there and wait for the Mexican authorities. They never came. They never even filed charges against me, but I wasn't surprised. The reason was obvious. The hot-headed Mexican captain had overstepped himself, got too spectacular, attracted too much attention. Piracy's fine, the Mexicans must have figured, as long as it can be done quietly. I was too hot for them to press the issue any farther.

The next day I asked the American consul about Charles and my boat.

"The authorities made him leave this morning," he said. "He sailed on the *Pescador*."

"What about my crewmen?"

"They went ashore and didn't show up again. Your nephew sailed alone."

"With no crew?"

"I'm afraid so."

No crew, no auto-pilot. Charles faced a rough haul. But he made it, I learned later to my great relief, meeting up with the *Joyce Carinhas* about 1,250 miles south of Port Isabel, after three days and nights without sleep.

In Tampico the consul would venture no guess as to what might happen next. Neither of us could have foreseen the events that were to follow: The apparent attempt of government and shrimp industry officials to throw a blanket of secrecy over the entire incident; the grudging release of facts to the newspapers; the Senate investigation which resulted in nothing; the State Department's indifferent stalling; my weeks in the hospital and the $2,000 it cost me to regain my health; the continued seething hostilities between Mexico and Gulf Coast fishermen, and finally, the attempt by a shrimp industry official to prevent me from writing my story for MAN'S.

I don't expect it to change anything, to goad our government into protecting its own. But at least it's off my chest.

Like I told a fellow on the plane from Tampico to Brownsville. He knew something about the shrimp war, and he asked me if I was bitter.

"Sure I'm bitter," I told him, "and 99 per cent of the Gulf shrimpers feel the same way. We don't ask a lot. Just protection. More and better Coast Guard vessels in the Gulf. And if we can't have that, we feel like we're entitled to some compensation for our losses."

"From the looks of you," the guy said, "I can't understand why you keep shrimping. It isn't worth the risk."

"Shrimping's our business," I said. "We'll keep wetting out nets in the Gulf because that's all a lot of us know. But I don't mind telling you some of us are a little scared. We're afraid somebody'll have to be sent to the bottom before our government wakes up."

I squirmed and felt a twinge in the hole in my back.

"And I often wonder if even that would do it. Judging from past experience," I told this fellow, "I doubt it." ▲

Mercy Flight

(*continued from page 20*)

I climbed in and started the engine.

Staff Sergeant "Smokey" Collins, our paramedic, was already in the cabin in the back. As I let the engine warm up, I peered toward the large sign on the hangar. I couldn't read it, but I knew what it said by heart: "38th Air Rescue Squadron, Misawa Air Force Base." And on the bottom, in fancy, Gothic script: "That others may live."

I pulled the worn, squadron joke. "That others may live it up," I said in the intercom. Ed didn't even give his usual snort.

At one minute past midnight, I threw in the rotor clutch. The blades picked up speed and started their hysterical pitch. . . . We were off.

We were still in a hover when a gust of wind kicked the chopper up like a plastic toy, then slammed it down. Momentarily, the rotor blades flapped as though in a vacuum. The chopper rattled and shook, falling out of control. I braced myself for a crash, but the rotor bit into an updraft, halting the crazy dive a foot off the ground. I should have cut the power and landed, but I was paralyzed and a split second later another gust sucked us away and into the dark sky.

My innards were still twisted in a knot when the air smoothed out. I was glad I hadn't landed. Nobody likes to chicken out, especially in a Rescue outfit. Hell, I thought, the mission was short — 40 miles to the Ominato radar site. A few minutes to slide that poor kid with the hot appendix into the cabin. . . . We should be back in Misawa in about an hour . . .

At 800 feet now, brushing against the cloud bellies, ahead and to my right, I could see the lights of villages scattered on the snow-covered countryside. I set course for Hikusabashi, a small village on the Matsu Bay shore, and relaxed. Once we get to the bay, I figured, I'll turn and follow the coastline all the way to Ominato. Even if we do get a blizzard or two, I'll be able to fly low and keep an eye on the narrow beach. No sweat.

The cockpit heater pumped a comforting warmth and that tightness in the pit of my stomach melted away. Then, without warning, the first "shower" hit.

Wet snow plastered the windshield and froze the wipers solid. In a second, the cockpit turned into a giant fish bowl with the grotesque reflections of the luminous dials jeering at me from the curved plexiglass panes.

I tensed as I focused on the instrument panel. It doesn't take much to lose 800 feet of altitude and get smeared into a bloody *suki-yaki* over the ground, especially with the chopper weighted by snow. So I watched the altimeter as never before. The blizzard is too rough to last long, I kept telling myself. We'll be out of the mess soon.

The gauges read steady — straight and level. The snow outside reflected the navigation lights back into the cockpit and lit up the instrument panel like a neon sign — red and green flashing in turn. Soon, I caught myself moving my head from side to side with each flash — red — green — red — green.

Suddenly, I felt as though the chopper had tilted and I was falling out of my seat. The pitch of the rotor blades knifing through the blizzard rose to a scream. We were slipping — we were going to crash! I yanked the stick to level off and felt the chopper respond with a shudder. Then I saw the artificial horizon tilt and I froze in horror.

What I had felt to be a slip was the deadly vertigo. The chopper had been level all the time, but having given in to the hypnotic confusion, and trying to "recover" from the illusory slip, I was now plunging at 60 knots toward the ground. My heart pounded in my throat. My hand tightened on the stick as I wrestled with myself to bring the chopper back to level. It felt like jumping from a sixtieth-floor window to save yourself from death by fire. I *knew* I had to center the stick — trust instruments or die. Yet, every fiber of my body screamed that the damned instruments were wrong.

The altimeter unwound . . . 500 feet . . . 300 . . . 100 . . . 50 . . . With a last frantic effort I forced my hand to obey and revved up the engine. The altimeter touched "zero," quivered and started to climb again.

MY first thought was to turn back and land at Misawa. But if I did, I would still have to fly through this damned storm, which would probably beat me back to the field anyway. Now, flying into the wind — I'd be out of this mess sooner.

I remembered my flight instructor's words: "You know what happens to a pilot who goes to Hell? He has eternal vertigo." I laughed at it then, but now I lived the insane torture — a maddening seesaw of reason and instinct, like those damned navigation lights — red — green . . .

Those monotonous flashes made me sick to my stomach. Who the hell needed navigation lights in this soup anyway . . . ? I slipped the switch off and a miracle hap-

THE SIGN OF GOOD READING

THE SIGN OF GOOD READING

TREMENDOUS VALUES IN ENTERTAINMENT

A SPECIALLY SELECTED LIST OF PYRAMID GIANTS, FEATURING THE MOST EXCITING MODERN FICTION. FULL-LENGTH NOVELS. SOME ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED AT PRICES FROM $2.50 to $3.50, NOW OFFERED IN COMPACT POCKET-SIZE FORM AT ONLY **35¢** A COPY

RUMBLE
By H. Ellison
A teen-age gang leader's brutal story. **G352**

LOVE CAMP
By L. C. Royer
Hitler's harem. The story of an infamous Nazi cult. **G320**

FRENCH DOCTOR
By L. C. Royer
The doctor's three women and how they tempted him. **G317**

CITY LIMITS
By N. Marino
The call girl racket, vice unlimited. **G315**

SHE-DEVIL
By H. Hervey
Half-wanton, half witch, she ruled a French prison. **G301**

THE WILD ONES
By V. Fisher
Passion, hatred, tenderness and vengeance. **G310**

YALLER GIRL
By C. Lee
She wanted a man her own people said she couldn't have. **G309**

THE DAUGHTER
By A. Markowitz
Every part of her body longed for the caress of a lover. **G295**

ALL HIS WOMEN
By D. Taylor
How far can a doctor let himself go? **G285**

BITTER LOVE
By D. Taylor
The man she loved was abnormal. **G278**

DEAD WRONG
By L. Holden
The cops were hunting him — so were the killers. **G306**

JEALOUS MISTRESS
By P. Elbogen
The sensual story of a sensuous man. **G222**

TILLIE
By D. Westheimer
Explosive passions in the Deep South. **G233**

HOSPITAL DOCTOR
By E. Young
Revealing novel of nurses, doctors, strange operations. **G297**

I AM ADAM
By M. Kaufman
"I killed my twin brother, because he betrayed the girl I loved." **G289**

ISLE OF THE DAMNED
By G. J. Seaton
The horrors of the world's most infamous prison colony. **G291**

THE LOVE MAKERS
Short stories by **Steinbeck, Lawrence, Zola** and others. **G227**

THE CASE OF THE ATTIC LOVER
By A. Hynd
True crime stories. "Tops" — *Collier's.* **G304**

TAKE MY FACE
By P. Held
Four girls taunted him. Three were brutally murdered. There was still one to go. **G327**

YOU'RE WRONG, DELANEY
By C. Shaw
A hunted criminal, his racket and his women. **G292**

ANY 3 BOOKS For $1.00 Postage Paid.

(Single copies, 35¢ each, plus 10¢ per copy for mailing, etc.)

PYRAMID BOOKS, (DEPT.M11-1)
444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me Numbers: G352 G320 G317 G315 G301 G310 G309 G295 G285 G292 G306 G222 G233 G297 G289 G291 G227 G304 G327 G278

I enclose $.....
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Complete catalogue free on application.

PELLET FIRING "45" CAL. AUTOMATIC Magazine Loading Ammunition Clip — Has Automatic Slide Action — Over 15 Moving Parts

$1.00

Fires 8 Rounds

An automatic full size model of a high powered "45" caliber automatic pistol that looks and feels just like the real thing and contains over 15 moving parts. Loads 8 complete rounds in the magazine clip which snaps into the hard butt just like an army "45". Then fires 8 bullet-like pellets as fast as you can pull the trigger. You've got to see the automatic slide action and feel the power to believe it! Great for target shooting, indoors, action, etc. This is the most authentic model gun we've ever seen.

Learn the Working Mechanism of a "45"

This accurate, high-powered, model "45" comes to you disassembled with all the working parts of a "45". It asesmbles in a jiffy and full instructions are included so that in no time at all you'll learn all the working parts of an automatic. Comes with instructions, full supply of pellets and man-sized silhouette target for target practice.

10 Day Free Trial

Try it for 10 days free. If you are not 100% delighted simply return after 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price. Don't delay! Order now! Simply send $1 plus 25c shipping charge to:

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS **Dept.PA-88**
Lynbrook, N. Y.

'PSYCHIC DOMINANCE

How to RULE OTHERS with your THOUGHTS." Full course—with stirring exercises. (ADULTS). $3. NO C.O.D. Satisfaction or refund. CLARION, 846-K Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

"HYPNOTIZE

With ONE WORD, ONE FINGERSNAP," on stage.....$2. Sat. or ref'd. Hypnomaster, 846-K S'nyside, Chicago 40

COBRA

Self-Defence Street-Fighting Tricks." Designed to help peaceful adults. $2. These are vicious days. GAUCHO, 846-K Sunnyside Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

PILES

Get Rid Of Protruding Ones without surgery. Save $142.50 to boot

For only $7.50 I'll send directions how to do this in home privacy. By a safe, simple, painless, unique method. Ordinary piles will shrink & vanish in about three weeks. Surgery's minimum cost is $150.00. You save $142.50. No C.O.D's.
Campbell Method, Box 1054K, Port Lavaca, Texas

OUR POKER CHIPS

Plastic Club Cards, True Dice, Club Supplies, etc. Send today for FREE Price List and you will also receive a complete Expose of all the New Items.

PIONEER CARD CO., Dept. 4
607 First Ave. Seattle 4, Wash.

pened. As suddenly as it had come, my vertigo confusion vanished. It must have been the flashing that hypnotized me and almost scored another vertigo victim.

Columbus couldn't have been happier than I was over my discovery. I laughed aloud, but I laughed too soon. Worn out by the struggle, my right hand now trembled, losing its grip on the stick. And letting go of controls in the SH-19 is sure-fire suicide. "Take over, Ed!" I yelled to Brown.

He did. A moment later, we popped out of the storm, the windshield wipers picked up again and I could see the Hikusabashi lights on the Matsu Bay shore dead ahead. How I had managed to hold a straight course, I didn't know and didn't care. I slumped back in my seat, happy to be alive and wishing I were home in Kearney, Nebraska.

The sharp contrast of the snowed-under beach and the dark sea made a perfect line to follow. From now on, we would have to stick to that line like a train to its tracks. And no matter how bad the visibility, from now on we could no longer fly instruments because a little inland, to our right, there was a cliff and rugged hills we could easily pile into.

By the time Ed made the turn, my hand felt rested and I took the controls again. I poured on the coal and watched the surf. In about 10 minutes we would hit the halfway mark at Hamada—a small village on the coast.

I flipped on the intercom. "Keep your eyes glued to that coastline, Ed."

He had no time to acknowledge, for another blizzard sneaked up on us. After the first thick flurry, the snow let up, the wipers worked fine and I could make out the beach all right. But gradually, I was forced to slow down as the snow began to blot out the surf—our lifeline.

After a few minutes, even at our turtle pace and staring like a first-row patron at a strip-show, I was losing the coastline. I got closer to the deck, skimming over the surf; but now the wind got gusty and threatened to smash us against the cliff. My hand started to tremble on the stick and my legs, tired from parrying the gusts, jerked a wild tattoo on the pedals. To make things worse, the wipers slowed down under the weight of the piling snow.

I had only one way out. I slowly veered left — over the open water. Maybe I could bypass the blizzard, I figured. But instead of abating, the snow got even thicker. A few feet off the angry breakers, I flew the chopper mostly by feel, getting an occasional glimpse of the water below through the side window.

WE couldn't go on. I slowed down to a hover, trying to figure out my next move. I *had* to land before we got blown against the hills. The point was — where? The beach was too narrow. Still, maybe I'll find a spot wide enough, I thought. Sweating out the precarious altitude and praying for the wipers to keep working, I crept back toward the shore.

The wipers gave a scraping groan and froze solid. We've had it, I said to myself, feeling that old knot squeezing my stomach. A gust of wind squashed the chopper down. We hit! Instinctively, I yanked back on the stick. We still flew. The spray washed the snow off the windshield and there, ahead, I thought I saw a weak blotch of light.

Must be vertigo again, or something, I thought. But Ed's voice came through the intercom. "Do you see what I see?" he stammered.

If Ed saw it too, the light must have been real. "Watch that damned light, Ed. For God's sake, don't lose it.

Like a moth attracted by flame, I headed into the light. When the snow plastered the windshield, I swerved the chopper right and left, each time getting a glimpse of our life-saving "beacon."

We made it! It was a warehouse with a large, flood-lit parking area on the cliff. As I hovered a few feet off the ground, my rotor kicked up a hell of a snow storm of its own. But, blind or not, I was going to set that chopper down.

The landing gear took a sickening wallop and I switched off. In the few seconds it took the rotor to stop milling, the snow thickened, blacking out even the strong lights only a few feet away. Had we been one minute later getting to the spot, we would have missed the lights and smashed for sure into those hills.

I LEANED back and panted like a pug after a 15-round bout. Smokey poked his head in from the cabin. "Where's the patient, Lieutenant?" the paramedic said.

"At Ominato. This is Hamada — at least, that's what we figure."

It was 1 A.M. We were due back at Misawa with the sick man. If the Duty Officer didn't hear from us, he would push the panic button and another crew would stick their necks out to search for us. For that reason, and to check the Ominato weather, we tried to raise Misawa on our radio. The command set static crackled like the damned thing was going to blow up. The UHF radio was no good — we were too far and too low. We tried Ominato — again, no soap.

"What the hell do we do now?" Ed said. "Send a carrier pigeon?"

"There's bound to be a phone somewhere," I said. "Maybe in that warehouse."

Smokey and Ed immediately volunteered to go. But I pulled my rank on them. After all, I was the aircraft commander and it was my job. If I found that the weather at Ominato was good, we would wait for the storm to let up and take off.

I climbed out, slipped on the step and fell, getting dunked in the snowdrift. After the warm cockpit, it was like diving into the Bering Sea. I struggled up, plodded to the warehouse and tried the doors; but they were locked tight, with no sign of life anywhere.

I did find a telephone lead from the warehouse, followed it and located a pole. My teeth chattering, wishing I had stayed put in the warm cockpit, I headed into the blizzard — groping from one pole to the next. There had to be a house somewhere . . .

An icy crust formed on my flight coveralls and the wind beat the wet snow into my face. I stopped at every pole, turned my back to the gale to catch a breath; then I pushed on to the next stop.

The whole thing didn't make sense, I thought, gasping. Rescue or not, a guy has to draw a line somewhere. Why do I knock myself out for one sick airman? So I'm yellow — so what? I turned back, lost my footing and sprawled into the snow.

I lay in some kind of a hollow. Blood pounded in my head like a trip hammer. Sheltered from the wind I felt warm and comfortable. . . . Hell, I needed a breather. I figured I would rest for 10 minutes. I scraped the ice from my wrist watch — I'd been walking for half an hour. Half an hour? I *must* have come close to the village . . .

One part of my brain was telling me to relax and stay in the hollow. But the other part hollered to keep moving. It was like somebody standing over me, shouting, "Get up and walk." But how the hell was I supposed to when I couldn't even move

4 Skin Specialists' Secrets that erase

Acne Pimples Blackheads, Oily Skin

Amazing NEW combination treatment

HEALS as it HIDES

A big improvement first day or MONEY BACK!

A clearer skin in 7 days or WE PAY YOU!

Takes only 30 seconds to use each of the miraculous 4 skin treatments in the "7 Day Clear" sample package. Think of it! All yours for only $1 if you act now!

Here's the most startling news ever published for you millions who suffer terrible embarrassment, perhaps even permanent scars from acne pimples, blackheads and oily skin. Four of the most amazingly effective skin treatments prescribed by dermatologists have been released to you in one big sample package . . . all without a prescription! Yes, now at last you can get a **complete** 4-way treatment . . . that's right – a complete 4-way treatment that is at least 75% more effective than any old hat "one way" method you may have used–hopelessly trying to rid yourself of these stubborn skin conditions! With this new 4-way combination treatment you put an end to embarrassment instantly . . . for it HEALS as it HIDES your ugly blemishes!

Most amazing of all, you don't risk one penny to PROVE the miracles this new shortcut to clearer skin will perform . . . impossible to achieve with just **one** product!

Even if you decide to keep all four of these formulas prescribed by skin doctors . . . you only pay $1 for handling charges! You must see a tremendous improvement the very first day or your dollar will be returned immediately! You must see a **clearer skin in 7 days or we pay you** . . . we'll send you a check for $2. No pharmaceutical company making a product that's sold with or without a prescription would dare make such a claim! The reasons are obvious: you just can't cover up, you just can't clear up your blemishes with **one** product! Ask any dermatologist—he'll tell you!

Here's Why We Make This Unheard Of Offer!

The truth is every man and woman in the United States has suffered with teenage trouble, at some time in his or her life! Acne pimples alone attack 80% of boys and girls to their great social embarrassment and discomfort. That's why we make this amazing limited offer to introduce you to the most trusted, the most widely accepted, the most effective 4-way treatment ever offered. We want to practically GIVE this generous medicine chest containing four wonder formulas to the first 100,000 men and women who write in . . . because we know you will be wildly enthusiastic with the results you get in as little as 7 days and you will tell others who are afflicted with these embarrassing skin conditions! In a short time, this 4-way skin regimen will be available through drug and department stores at four or five times the price you pay! So act now.

FIGHTS SKIN BLEMISHES FOUR WAYS!

The name of this truly amazing 4-way medicated treatment is called "7 Day Clear" . . . it goes to work instantly to help clear up your blemishes while it covers up your blemishes . . . in as little as seven days! IT TAKES LESS THAN 30 SECONDS TO USE EACH TREATMENT! Here's what you do . . .

(1) First you use "7 Day Clear" Medicated Soap containing wonderful "colloidal sulphur" prescribed by skin specialists. It softens and dissolves dead skin cells, cleanses excess oils, purifies deep down, helps DRY UP unsightly blemishes. You'll love its rich gentle foaming lather.

(2) Second, you use amazing "7 Day Clear" Medicated Blemish Cream. It's greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use. This miraculous invisible cream contains "Allantoin" which proved effective in 108 out of 109 stubborn skin conditions tested! It "permeates the pores," soothes, heals, unplugs clogged pores, helps CLEAR UP that unsightly skin!

(3) Next, you use the astonishingly effective "7 Day Clear" Medicated Lotion. It's a bacteriostat, does away with pus-forming germs and bacteria, eliminates scaly residue, treats infected postules, closes pores . . . safeguards against spreading infection!

(4) Last, you use the incredible "7 Day Clear" Blemish Stick! This is naturally flesh colored—is impossible to detect even in glaring sunlight or under 150-watt bulbs! You "cover up" those ugly blemishes with the flick of a finger! It **HEALS** as it **HIDES**! And boys and men can use it without anyone discovering their secret . . . regardless of whether they are light or dark complexioned!

That's all there is to it! You can be certain the "7 Day Clear" foursome will give you the results you've always wanted! This proven Therapy helps rid you of acne pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, and other externally-caused skin blemishes FASTER, more COMPLETELY than any single remedy you've ever tried! Most important of all, it HEALS AS IT HIDES! The very first second you try this amazing combination treatment you: (1) make sure that embarrassing skin eruptions VANISH FROM SIGHT! You'll have renewed confidence, step out with the wonderful feeling that goes with a CLEAR complexion! (2) you'll know the four most effective healing formulas prescribed by dermatologists are at work "outside and deep inside" to help clear up your skin . . . in a matter of hours, days!

Get rid of blackheads and pimples . . . clear up unsightly eruptions with the miraculous "7 Day Clear" Combination treatment that "HEALS as it HIDES." **Remember, you must see a big improvement the first day or money back! You must see a clearer skin in as little as 7 days or we pay you $2.00 for filling out the coupon below!**

DRAMATIC RESULTS IN ONE DAY OR MONEY BACK!

That's the real truth! You must actually see a big improvement in your complexion after one 24-hour treatment with the four miracle formulas available to you in the "7 Day Clear Big Sample Package" . . . offered to you at practically cost . . . only $1.00 plus 25¢ postage. What's more, you must see a clearer skin in as little as 7 days or we send you a check to reward you for your faithful use of this amazing combination skin treatment. It's results that count—not promises that can't be backed up! We know if you use "all four" of the "7 Day Clear" products—the soap, the cream, the lotion, the blemish stick . . . you'll be wildly enthusiastic with the results you get! Don't put it off! Do it now! Just send your name and address today to Healthaids, Inc., Dept. H-4 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16. N. Y. Hurry—this special introductory offer will be withdrawn in thirty days.

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

Healthaids, Inc., Dept. H-4 114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Please rush to me the 7 Day Clear Medicated Sample Package as shown here. I enclose just $1 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling. This is the complete cost. There is no other payment. If I don't see a big improvement the first day you will refund my money. If I don't see a clear skin in just 7 days you will pay me $2.00.

Enclosed is: _____Cash _____Chec. _____money order

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

my legs! To prove it to myself, I tried to bend my left leg and a cramp jabbed at my calf muscles like a branding iron. The pain sobered me. As I rubbed my aching leg, I started to think clearly.

You'll die of exposure, you dope, I told myself. *Get up and move!*

Fighting the cramp, I crawled out and staggered on. A wind eddy momentarily blew the snow away and there, a few paces ahead, was a dark mass of a house.

No lights showed, but I could make out a telephone line leading to the place. I found the door, and pounded on it with my fists.

The door opened and I fell into the light and warmth. When I wiped the snow off my eyes, I saw a Japanese farmer standing over me, gaping as if he'd seen a ghost.

I couldn't make my mouth work, which was just as well. I didn't know much Japanese anyway. But as I dragged myself to my feet, I made signs. The guy caught on. "*Denwá, hai, hai . . .*" he said leading the way to his telephone.

I had some trouble trying to get the operator to put me through to Misawa, but after a few minutes I heard an American voice. Then I got the Duty Officer.

He said the blizzards evidently bypassed Ominato and the weather there was okay. I told him I would try taking off as soon as visibility permitted. Then, thanking the Japanese in sign language, I started back.

It wasn't so bad now with the wind pushing me. Also, the storm was abating. I could now see the warehouse lights from way off. And by the time Ed hoisted me into the cockpit and I thawed out, we could see far enough to start up the windmill.

We made it to Ominato with no more sweat. I hardly had time to finish a cigarette before the patient was carried on board, in Smokey's care. The sick kid, Airman 2nd Class Francis E. Laws, was well doped up, Smokey reported, and he ought to make it all right.

Ed wanted to fly the chopper back. "I've just been talking to Misawa," he told me. "They expect the weather to stay clear there for another hour. Why don't you take a rest?"

My hands still trembled and I was shivering in my wet clothes like an engine missing on half the cylinders. But I wasn't going to miss the easy part of the trip, so we shoved off with me at the controls.

I barreled along the coast at top speed. I wasn't taking any chances on that weather forecast. Suddenly, the chopper bucked and sideswept as if an oversized mule had kicked it in the tail rotor, and my head banged against the window. Recovering, I chopped the power fast.

Flying a helicopter in rough air is like walking a tightrope. If you fly too fast, you might lose the rotor and, before you can say "collective pitch control," you're the subject of a brief obituary in the base newspaper. But if you slow down too much, you risk getting rotor blade-tip stall and fall out of the sky. It's not much of a choice, especially flying 10 feet off the water.

LIKE a fighter with both eyes pummeled blind, I tried to outguess the invisible hooks and jabs, but all I could do was to take the beating and pray that the next gust wouldn't be the K.O. punch.

I no longer shivered. Sweat mixed with melting ice trickled down my back and burned in my eyes. My hands were clammy. I had to wipe them off. "Ed! Take . . ."

A tip stall stopped us with a powerful uppercut under the chopper's chin. The damned machine pointed its snout into the low clouds, shook and buffeted as though it were going to fall apart. The jolt slammed me against my seat belt and knocked off my headset. The beach, the breakers crazily pulled from under us like a trap-door.

Hanging in the air, tail down, we had to crash. That sickening knowledge stretched spit seconds into deathly infinity. There was that roller-coaster emptiness in my stomach as we started down. Between my hammering pulse beats I desperately juggled the throttle . . . the pitch. . . . Then the chopper responded. We were level now, but falling like a ton of bricks. The rotor blades strained. A shiver ran through the fuselage. I tensed.

The landing gear smashed into a whitecap. Spray lashed the windshield. I pulled back on the stick. A merciful gust helped us up. We were still flying.

As soon as Ed found my headset I checked with Smokey. "Is the patient okay?"

"Yes, sir. Strapped down tight."

"The chopper can't take this much longer. We've got to land again. Will the kid hold out?"

"Hope we don't have to stay down long. His heart doesn't sound so good."

Knowing you've got to land is one thing and finding a landing place at night is another — especially since it had started to snow again. If only we could make it to Hamada. . . .

Ed spotted the light to our left. Thinking it was the old warehouse, I headed for it, the snow getting thicker. I had a choice — speed up and risk losing the rotor in the gusts or take it slow and lose the light. I remembered how fast the blizzard blacked out the lights at Hamada. My hands and feet twitched and I didn't know how long I could keep flying in this mess. I took a chance and plowed toward that light — to hell with the rotor.

I AIMED close to the blurring lights and eased the chopper down by feel. This time, too, the blizzard picked up as soon as we touched down. We kept the engine idling to run the cabin heater and I stretched in my seat, soaking up the relaxing warmth.

After awhile, Smokey called from the cabin. "The kid's heart beat is kind of peculiar. Could you try taking off, sir?"

I wiped the steam off the window. It was snowing to beat hell and the gusts rocked the chopper. "Can't do it, Smokey. We've got to sweat it out."

As soon as the blizzard abated, I crawled out to scrape the snow and ice off the windshield. The sky was turning gray and the place didn't look a bit like the Hamada warehouse. I swiveled my neck to case the situation and when I saw where we had landed I almost fainted.

We had squeezed into a midget rice paddy close to an electric power station. The main rotor tips cleared the high tension lines by inches on both sides. And as for the tail rotor — you could hardly put a hand between the blades and the branches of tall fir trees that surrounded it. We were trapped. And to cinch it, the rotor hub was bearded with foot-long icicles and the fuselage, weighted with iced-up snow, looked like Moby Dick.

Ed climbed out after me and his face paled. "Brother, let nobody tell me miracles don't happen," he said. "By the way, you're not thinking of flying this bird out of here . . ."

"Not me."

The only sensible thing to do was to call Misawa and ask them to send an ambulance. We still couldn't make radio contact since I had informed Operations I was going to land, but Ed suggested finding a telephone again. I was all set to let him go out when Smokey reached from the cabin and tugged my leg.

"The sedative is wearing off," he said. "I can't risk giving the patient another shot. He's in bad shape, Lieutenant. You've got to get him to the hospital."

Even if the ambulance could get through the snow, it would take hours. If we were going to save the airman's life I had to make the insane decision to take off from that trap. I didn't recognize my voice when I said, "Come on, Ed. Let's get this egg beater off its frozen backside."

"There's one chance in a million we can make it," Ed said.

"I know, but we've got to try."

THIS was like trying to lift a piece out of the middle of a jigsaw puzzle without upsetting the picture. And what a cotton-picking upset it would make! The slightest wrong move could wreck our tail rotor, and with that little fan gone, nothing would stop us from making high-voltage fireworks. We'd fry in this chopper alive.

What a damned irony, I thought. A few hours ago I was praying for a place to land. Well, I'd landed. And now I was praying again to take off in one piece . . .

I rubbed my hands until they tingled. I scraped every bit of snow off my boots, lest my foot might slip on the pedal. The engine checked out all right. I breathed deeply and engaged the rotor clutch. The blades started to mill slowly. So far, so good. Then, the rotor revved up. The down-wash whipped the snow that hid the power lines from sight.

There was still time to quit, call for an ambulance and sweat it out. Ed knew it, too. "One chance in a million," he said.

I throttled back. What chance did that kid have to live if we did wait. Smokey called from the cabin. "Anything wrong?"

"No. How's the kid?"

"Bad."

I took another deep breath and revved up the engine again. The chopper wobbled, shaking off the whirling snow. My belly tightened and my heart beat seemed to pound over the engine's roar.

Something scraped in the back. Was it ice falling off or the tail rotor . . . those damned trees . . . I froze at the controls. Another scratch. Something was letting go. The chopper shook and the vibration felt like a high-voltage current going through my body. High voltage! If I had busted that tail rotor . . . Holy Mother!

The chopper gave an upward lurch. We shot out of the snow eddies. We were in the clear! I exhaled and a woolly weakness swept over me. How I kept flying I didn't know, but 15 minutes later we landed in front of our hangar — the spot we had left over five hours before.

The corpsmen slid our patient out and as the ambulance rushed off to the hospital, the mechanics surrounded our chopper as though it were a sideshow freak.

The crew chief shook his head. "Now I've seen everything. If I didn't watch you fly this damned iceberg in, I wouldn't have believed it could get off the ground!"

I was too shaky and tired to talk. But Smokey Collins patted the mechanic on the shoulder. "Buster," he said quietly, "you ain't seen nothing." ▲

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 9-10-11: Don E. Duncan of the Brownsville Herald, UPI, WW; Page 15: Birnback; Pages 17-18: European, Stanley Weston, UPI; Pages 22-23: Jurgen Jacobsen; Pages 24-25-26-27: Culver, UPI; Pages 32-33-34: Penguin photo from Columbia's "Coast Guard," FPG; Pages 35-36-37: Culver, Penguin, Brams, WW; Pages 38-39: Hugh Bell; Pages 40-41: WW, U.S. Navy; Pages 43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51: UPI, Culver, Stanley Weston.

Give Me One Evening And I'll Give You A Push-Button Memory

Yes! Here at last is your chance to gain the *super-powered, file-cabinet memory you've always dreamed about*... so easily and so quickly that you'll be astounded ... AND ACTUALLY DO IT WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

Let me explain! I don't care how poor you may *think* your memory is now! I believe that you have a memory 10 TO 20 TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU REALIZE TODAY! I believe that your memory is working at a tiny fraction of its true power today—*because you simply don't know the right way to feed it facts!* Because you don't know the right way to take names and faces and anything else you want to remember—*and burn them into your memory so vividly that you can never forget them!*

Yes! Remembering is a trick! Powerful memories can be made to order—you don't have to be born with them! The secret of a super-powered, hair-trigger memory is as simple as tying your shoelace! I can teach it to you in a single evening! *And I'm willing to prove it to you without your risking a penny!* Here's how!

Would You Invest Three Hours of Your Time to Transform Your Memory?

All I ask from you is this. Let me send you—at my risk—one of the most fascinating books you have ever read. When this book arrives, set aside only one evening. Give this book your uninterrupted attention. *And then get ready for one of the most thrilling accomplishments of your entire life!*

Take this book and turn to page 89. Read eight short pages—no more! And then, put down the book. Review in your own mind the one simple secret I've shown you. *And then—get ready to test your new, AUTOMATIC memory!*

What you are going to do, in that very first evening, is this! without referring to the book, you are going to sit down, and you are going to write—not five, not ten, but TWENTY important facts that you have never been able to memorize before! If you are a business man, they may be customers' orders that you have received . . . if you are a salesman, they may be twenty different products in your line . . . if you are a student, they may be the twenty parts of your homework . . . if you are a housewife, they may be important appointments that you have to keep tomorrow!

In any case, you are simply going to glance over that list again for a few moments. *You are going to perform a simple mental trick on each one of these facts—that will burn that fact into your mind, permanently and automatically!* And then you are going to put that list away. You're going to bed without thinking of it again.

And the next morning, you are going to amaze your family and friends! When you go down to business, you'll attend to every one of those orders—*automatically*—without referring to your memo pad! For perhaps the first time in your life, you'll be able to *plan ahead your entire day*—automatically, in your own mind—without being a slave to reminders, or notes, or other "paper crutches!"

Yes! And you'll amaze your friends by remembering every product in your line—backwards and forwards—in the exact order that you memorized them! You'll keep every single appointment on time—*because one appointment will automatically flash into your mind after another—at the precise moment you need them—exactly as though you pushed a mental button!*

All this—in a single evening! Here is a gift that will pay you dividends for as long as you live! *A simple trick . . . a simple secret of burning facts into your memory that may change your entire life!*

Suddenly, Whole New Worlds of Self-Confidence Open Up for You!

But this is just the beginning of the "miracles" you can perform with your memory! This secret is just one of the over 50 MEMORY INTENSIFIERS contained in this book! You have seen men and women use these exact same methods on television to astound you! *But you never knew how incredibly simple they were—once you learned the inside secret!*

For instance—REMEMBERING NAMES AND FACES! How many times have you been embarrassed, because you couldn't remember the name of the person you were talking to . . . or introduce him to a friend! *In as little as one short week after you receive this book,* how would you like to walk into a room full of TWENTY new people . . . meet each one of them only once . . . *and then remember the names—automatically—for as long as you live!*

Yes! These names and faces are filed in the storehouse of your memory—permanently! Whenever you meet these people on the street . . . whenever you bump into them at the club . . . whenever they drop in unexpectedly at a friend's house—*the instant you see their face, their name pops into your mind automatically!* There is no hesitation, no embarrassment! *By the time you can reach out to shake their hands, your memory has delivered all the important facts you need to please them!*

Think of the advantage in business—when you can call every customer by his first name—and then ask for his wife and children, instantly, by *their* names! Think of the impression you'll make when you ask him about the state of his business, about his hobbies, when you even repeat—almost word for word—the last conversation you had with him! Think of becoming a celebrity at your club—as the member who "knows everyone" . . . who can be depended upon to avoid mistakes, to win new friends for the organization, to get things done!

But this is still just the beginning! This book teaches you to *remember exactly what you hear and read!* It gives you the confidence you need to make an important point at a business conference . . . to back up your opinion in discussions . . . become a *leader* in conversation, with dozens of interesting facts at your fingertips!

This book teaches you how to memorize a speech, or a sales presentation—in minutes! It teaches you how to remember every card played when you relax at night! It can improve your gin, or poker, or bridge game by 100% in a single week!

MEET HARRY LORAYNE "The human being with the most phenomenal memory in the world!" Harry Lorayne has lectured in front of thousands of Americans! Rotarians, Elks, Masons, Chamber of Commerce groups have all called on this amazing man to prove the business and social power of a strong, reliable memory! Lorayne's memory is so strong that he can remember the names, faces, addresses and occupations of over 700 different people in a single evening—after meeting each one of them only once!

And yet, a few short years ago, this man's memory was no better than yours! This man trained his own memory—he built the most fabulous memory in the world from scratch! And now he gives you the very same secrets he discovered and perfected himself! Memory Builders that work overnight! Secrets that can change your entire life in a single week—OR EVERY CENT OF YOUR MONEY BACK!

Read the thrilling details on this page! Try them—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

This book shows you how to improve the depth and force and power of your mind! It shows you how to double your vocabulary . . . learn dozens of ways to burn new words into your memory . . . learn their meanings without looking them up . . . repeat entire phrases, sentences, paragraphs from the great writers! You'll be able to learn a foreign language almost overnight—at least three to four times as quickly and easily as you could without this system! You'll be able to hear a joke, story or anecdote only once, and then repeat it in the same hilarious way!

Yes! And most important of all, this book will show you how to *professionally organize your mind*—do what you have to do in *half* the time! You'll remember dates, addresses, appointments—automatically! You'll carry dozens of telephone numbers in the file-cabinet of your mind! You'll stop going back over work two or three times because you'd forgotten something! *Let me send you this book—and prove these facts in one short evening—OR IT DOESN'T COST YOU A PENNY!*

Try It Entirely at My Risk!

The name of this book is HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY! I believe that this book is revolutionary—because it proves, once and for all, that memory improvement *can* be fun . . . it *can* be exciting . . . it *can* be passed from one person to another—automatically!

This book is a word-for-word copy of my regular mail-order course, which I sell for $25. However, the book costs you only $3.98! *And I want you to try this book—in your own home—entirely at my risk!* Here's how!

First, try for yourself the experiment I have described in this article! *See for yourself the almost-unbelievable results in the very first evening alone!* And then, continue to use the book for an additional week! In this very first week alone, if this amazing book doesn't do everything I say . . . if it doesn't give you a file-cabinet memory—no matter what your age—no matter how poor you may think your memory is today—*then simply return the book for every cent of your money back!*

You have nothing to lose! Act TODAY!

EVEN THE EXPERTS CHEER!

From the top newspapers in America! Enthusiastic raves of Harry Lorayne's new automatic memory improver! Read what top, hardboiled critics say about this man—and his wonderful method.

Robert Coleman, New York Mirror, May 21, 1957 . . . a swell party . . . The stellar entertainer was Harry Lorayne, billed as "The man who has the most phenomenal memory in the world." After watching Harry at work, we were inclined to agree with that statement!

Ruth Ruzzle, WNNT, Virginia . . . this book is fascinating reading . . . Harry Lorayne states this emphatically . . . THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A POOR MEMORY . . . ONLY A TRAINED OR UNTRAINED MEMORY. He shows in this fascinating book how to easily train your own memory to retain facts . . . figures . . . places . . . people and whatever you wish to remember . . . how to quickly memorize speeches or facts that you wish to remember for future use . . . I found HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY an experience in reading.

Ed Galing, Pennsylvania Intelligencer, April 5, 1957 . . . Have you ever wished you had a better memory? That you could remember names, places, things? Well, Sir, a new book just out is guaranteed to improve your memory and you will be able to amaze your friends with your feats of memory . . . "HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY," by Harry Lorayne. The author can call more than 700 persons by their first name after meeting them for the first time . . . The book contains the secret on how to be a good rememberer . . . If you're having trouble remembering a phone number or an anniversary give this book a try. It could make you happy, successful, rich.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MEMORY RESEARCH CORP., Dept. H-1
114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y

Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try a copy of Harry Lorayne's amazing new book HOW TO DEVELOP A SUPER-POWER MEMORY—entirely at your risk. I will pay postman only $3.98 plus low C.O.D. charges. I will use this book for a full ten days at your risk. If I am not completely delighted . . . if this book does not do everything you say, **I will simply return it for every cent of my money back.**

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ CHECK HERE AND SAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we pay all postage and handling charges. You save as much as $.67! Same money-back guarantee, of course!

© Copyright by Memory Research Corp., 1957

The Death House

(*continued from page* 15)

strips and two guards examine every crease in his body, every orifice. A dour-looking physician, with a fixed smile, enters quietly from a side door. He smiles, too, as he probes even deeper into those orifices. It hurts. "Sorry," murmurs the doctor; he says no more, but No. 6503 knows they are making doubly sure he does not carry hidden poison, or a small piece of metal, or even a few matchsticks.

Now they run through his hair with a treated comb. A brilliant light probes into the prisoner's ears. Another guard searches No. 6503's clothing, seam by seam, and hands back each garment after a considerable waiting period.

The money is counted, in this case $36.12, and taken from No. 6503. So are his few letters . . . tragic, hopeless and falsely hopeful ones, too. From his wife.

For all this, No. 6503 gets a receipt.

He is allowed to finish the coffee and hot biscuits. Then he is taken to a Prison Record Desk. There, another courteous "CC" begins to ask questions, all the old ones asked before by lawyers, New York cops, city jail men and others: Name? Date of birth? Citizenship? Family? Place of Conviction?

Suddenly, with a chill, No. 6503 hears a last question: "As you enter here, to what do you attribute this, your *final* crime?"

A hundred times, perhaps, No. 6503 has "explained" his crime. But now, at this hour, explanations will not save him. He is not asked to editorialize about why he should be freed. He is asked to attribute, for the psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists and the "thinkers" in the great death house, who want this caught-off-balance reply on paper. Later, they will question him at length. And still it won't make any difference . . .

"This dame got me into it. It was all a doublecross, see? In my kid days, I never had the right chance . . ." The words are blurted and the pen scratches on the paper. Suddenly, he is shut off. "Today," says the CC gently, "we just need the short statement" and he picks up a phone and mutters, "Okay. Come and get him."

Come and get him.

Number 6503 begins to tremble. But the politeness and consideration do not vanish. Not yet.

A smiling but alert-eyed guard puts a cigarette in No. 6503's mouth and lights it. "We're taking a little walk," he says; "you've got plenty of time."

A truthful statement. Back in New York, standing in the bright courtroom glare, listening to the solemn judge read the words "to be put to death in a manner . . . ," a certain week months ahead was mentioned. But he knew it would be at least six months, maybe eight months. Maybe a whole year. The defense lawyers will get the automatic stay. Then they will file for the appeal. And maybe they will throw in a legal maneuver based on mistrial, or an appeal for a stay of execution "pending new evidence."

SOMETIMES you last two years. Sometimes you get commuted to life imprisonment instead of sudden death.

Sometimes.

The interviewer has one more question: *"Whom shall we notify in case of an emergency?"*

It is another cruel blow, one of dozens more to come. The question has been timed, discreetly, as the condemned man is directed toward an opening door with the "CC" holding his arm, tightly.

Number 6503 glances backward. The interviewer has a separate sheet for this question. Surely another routine one, but now he feels painfully aware that there will be an emergency . . . the last emergency. He mentions his wife's name.

"Do you permit her, legally, to claim?" the interviewer asks.

"Claim *what?*"

"In the event of death," murmurs the interviewer, "due to illness, or other causes, do you permit her to claim your remains?"

"Yes!" cries No. 6503, and he stumbles through that open door.

Bright sunshine!

For a moment No. 6503 is giddy with pleasure and amazement. Flanked by two newly arrived "CC" men he stands on a slate pathway between the Administration Room and, directly ahead, The Place. At first he does not see, nor realize, how close he actually is to The Place.

About him are sweet-smelling flowers, neatly manicured grass and trimmed hedges. Once more, through a high wire fence, he glimpses the sun-dappled Hudson River and hears the far-off and lonely wail of the southbound train headed for New York City 30 miles away.

He is standing on what is called The Hill. Actually it is the brief, elevated passageway outdoors between Administration and the death house, and it is now the last time that No. 6503 will see the outside world and smell fresh clean air. The "CC" men walk him slowly, for they know this.

WITH mechanical compassion, a habit of the years, the "CC" men halt for a second. The prisoner looks at the wooded cliffs across the Hudson, blinks at the blue sky and stamps out his cigarette. Then, with unexpected haste, he is rushed into darkness. . . .

Now No. 6503 stands in a tiny, dim-lit room called "The Front." On the walls, he sees electric alarm signals. Still another "CC" joins the silent parade. He carries a massive steel ring filled with keys.

Gates clang. Locks snap. One final gate slams and No. 6503 finds himself in "The Center." He is confused by this area. It seems to be all doors! It takes up no more than 25 feet in all directions and yet the surrounding wall has eight steel doors. Somewhere ahead he perceives a stairway.

He does not yet comprehend, but those eight doors lead to three separate wings where other doomed men wait for what the law has in store for them.

One of those doors leads to the pre-execution chamber. On his final day No. 6503 will be lodged there.

Abruptly, one of the eight doors opens and two powerfully-built men approach, unsmiling. Number 6503 understands at once that these men are not like the others. They wear neither coats nor ties. Not even a prison badge. About them is an air of ominous informality: white shirts with sleeves rolled up, muscles bulging, and on their feet silent blue sneakers.

Again the prisoner hears those words: "*Strip*, pal!"

Off goes those ransacked clothes. One man hands No. 6503 a pair of bedroom slippers. Another throws a brown blanket across his nude shoulders. Although No. 6503 is a frightened, confused man he still spells killer to this wary pair. They will see a great deal of No. 6503 . . . right up to the last hour. For that very reason — and because of what they are about to do to No. 6503 — they wear no coats. They might offer a strong grip. And if they wore ties, the condemned man might be able to strangle them. It HAS happened! It must not happen again.

A buzzer whines. One sliding door rolls back. Inside, No. 6503 sees a shower room with monster nozzles.

"Inside!" snaps one of the men. He puts a tiny slab of soap and a rough wash cloth into the prisoner's hand. That cloth has an odd, chemical odor . . .

The door slams, the lukewarm water roars. Number 6503 gasps and staggers. At least he is alone for a moment. *But he is not.* Directly above, through a screen, the eyes of the sneaker-clad men watch him fixedly. *"Scrub!"* shouts a voice.

HE scrubs and the tiny chamber is filled with pungent fumes. The prisoner's skin burns burns and smarts painfully. *What the hell?* He tries the soap, generously. But it does not soothe the burning. Suddenly the cascade of water stops.

He steps out once again into "The Center." His stone-faced custodians are there. And they move swiftly. One binds No. 6503's hands, with an adroit upward twist, to the rear of his spine. He sags like a baby. The other man walks in, a massive, rough, green towel in both hands. He massages and rubs, harshly. "I am dry, goddam it!" shouts the prisoner. But they are prepared . . . for this, the first violent response. Number 6503 is gripped tighter and the green towel snaps and whirs. Later, John R ——, the "CC," told this writer:

"It does not harm. It must be done. It is the first deep psychological shock of many to come. This man must die and we are responsible to see that he does not die until the law wants him to.

"The scrubbing and the drying? One last foolproof operation: sanitizing and neutralizing all his skin. Just to make sure he hasn't smeared on his body an invisible poison that could be licked off when he is alone in his death cell with the lights out . . ."

Number 6503 gets back his clothes. He receives a pair of slipper-type shoes . . . without laces. His belt is gone and the old trousers have been expertly sewed to stay up around the hips.

Buzzers whine; another door opens. Number 6503 is shuffling down a long line of cells. A friendly voice . . . a voice loaded with an eager, hopeless chirp: "Hi, pal! Welcome, pal!" And then that voice swells to a chorus: "Hi, pal!"

Number 6503 has joined the regiment of the doomed. They cry out to him. And the "CC" men are ready for this, too. Number 6503 recoils and turns to flee. He runs smack into the burly chests of his guards.

"Take it easy!" murmurs one "CC," and shoves No. 6503 ahead of him, but gently.

A steel door grates and No. 6503 finds himself in a cell. It is 9-by-12 feet and it is his last home on earth. The decorators have spent a little bit more of the taxpayers' money to make it a little cozy. The plaster on the ceiling is a fresh green color. Brown tiles run up the walls. There is a white enameled bed, not a hard bunk. There's a clean porcelain washbowl, a toilet bowl, a neat shelf table on which stand paper drinking cups, a pad of paper and a pencil.

One "CC" says, cheerfully, "You can talk to the other men — if you wish." He hands No. 6503 a dozen magazines and when he takes them, unexpectedly, they disintegrate. The binding staples have been removed. Hell, thinks No. 6503, they figure on you trying ANYTHING to kill yourself.

I'll Set You Up In a MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS You Can Run From Home!

Everything Furnished FREE! Add $217 EXTRA Income In a Month!

I'll set you up in a highly profitable spare-time or full-time business you can run right from home. You don't invest a cent ever... you need no experience. I'll rush you absolutely FREE a powerful Starting Business Outfit containing EVERYTHING you need to start making exciting cash profits from the first hour!

As the Mason Shoe Counselor for your community you can start taking easy orders for fast-selling Mason Shoes the same day your Outfit arrives. I'll show you how to add as much as **$217 EXTRA income a month for just 2 orders a day**... how to take orders from friends, relatives, neighbors, folks where you work, gas station men, your grocer... others you do business with!

EVERYONE wants comfortable shoes, and you'll be amazed how people go for extra-comfortable Mason Shoes. It's no wonder! Mason Velvet-eez shoes are Nationally-Advertised... bear the famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal and have been accepted for advertising by the American Medical Association. Mason's special comfort features are acclaimed by people everywhere. Some top-notch men have made as many as 20 sales the very first day... up to $10 in an hour, plus large Bonus Checks!

You Make Money Right Away With 160 Fast-Selling Items!

With over 160 styles for men and women, you can satisfy almost any taste. Take orders for smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and fast-selling practical work shoes and boots. Folks are delighted with such EXTRA Mason features as Air Cushion innersoles that let you walk on a foamy-soft cushion all day! ...sturdy Steel Shanks... Nylon stitching... special work soles of Neoprene, Cork, Cushion Neoprene Crepe... steel-toe Safety Shoes... miracle Silicone-tanned leathers that SHED water yet still "breathe"!

Because Mason Shoes are not sold in stores, folks *must* buy from YOU, our authorized Mason Shoe Counselor. They keep re-ordering over and over again, too. Think of the almost "automatic" cash profits you'll make!

You'll run the best "shoe store" business in town, because you actually "carry" a greater selection than a store. You draw on our stock of over 200,000 pairs in sizes from 2½ to 15, widths from extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE. You don't need to substitute... folks get the style they choose in the exact size and width they order. No wonder you can expect fast profits as the Mason Shoe Counselor in your town!

Do You Want This Kind of EXTRA Cash?

Here is actual proof of the money-making possibilities in your Mason business! These are taken from hundreds of signed testimonials on file at our factory. Most of these successful men have had no previous selling experience... yet all have made handsome extra incomes for themselves... without investing a single cent! Wouldn't YOU like to make these kind of cash profits?

Earns $93.55 in 4 hours!
"On June 5th, I sold 38 pairs of shoes from 6:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., earning myself $93.55 in commissions." J. Kelly, New York. (While this is exceptional, it shows what an ambitious man can do.)

Earnings Financed Vacation!
"I've used my profits to pay off the final notes on a farm I own and finance a two-weeks' vacation in North Carolina for my family." T. Worley, Michigan.

Adds Greatly to Pension!
"I know there must be many men like myself who would like to add to their pensions to gain the extra things of life. One forenoon I made a net profit of $21.75!" C. Mason, Michigan.

Averages $80 extra a week!
"I have made more money since I started this business than in all my past life. My average earnings have been over $80 a week." C. Tuttle, California.

Rush Coupon for Your FREE Outfit!

Start now to exciting cash profits by rushing the coupon. We will set you up in business right away by rushing your Starting Business Outfit absolutely FREE! It features over 160 fine shoes, foolproof measuring equipment, How-to-Make BIG-MONEY booklet... EVERYTHING you need to start making money the first hour! The Professional Sales Outfit shown above is loaned Free to men who qualify. Start making the extra cash you need... send this coupon NOW!

To start making an exciting extra income YOURSELF, mail the coupon right NOW. We will rush your complete Starting Business Outfit so you can take orders for fast-selling Mason shoes from the first hour!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. S253
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Send for FREE Outfit!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. 9253
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Please set me up in a MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS I can run from home. Rush FREE postpaid my Starting Shoe Business Outfit with EVERYTHING I need to start making *extra cash* the first hour!

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

Then, unbelieving, he hears the same order, "Strip, pal!"

"Hey, wait — !"

"*Off*, pal!"

A pail filled with warm soapy-looking water has suddenly been delivered into the cell. "Put all your clothes into the pail," orders the "CC." "Socks, pants, shirt . . . everything." Once more, the condemned man stands naked, the brown blanket around him. The voice proceeds, "You wash and soak them all, see? Then rinse them. Then lay them across the basin. When dry, you rap on the padlock. But we wait while you wash them . . ."

THEY wait because he might drink the soapy fluid. And they ask him to wash his clothes as the one final security measure designed to dissolve any poison with which the clothing might be saturated.

What time is it?

But here in The Place the word "clock" is taboo.

Yet the unspoken question is answered. A radio suddenly blares throughout the death cell block. Neatly censored, it permits the announcer to forecast the weather — and then shuts him off before he gets to crime news, and the correct time. But outside, the Sing Sing Prison Band strikes up *God Bless America* and voices around No. 6503, the voices of the unseen doomed, call out: "Fifteen minutes to lunch, boys!" or, horribly, "Eleven forty five and I've got five more days!" Far beyond, in the recreation yard of the prisoners serving only "time," that band always starts to practice at 11:45 A.M.

Numbly, the new tenant in The Place sloshes his clothes in the water, wrings them and lays them across the basin. The "CC" takes the pail of liquid. Through the bars he passes clean sheets and a pillow case. They have a strange, plastic inflexibility. Like oilcloth. *They do not make knots.* Hell, No. 6503 thinks, how do you hang yourself anyway, when there's no hook?

One of the "CC" hacks knocks, almost politely, on the steel bars and passes No. 6503 eight filter-type cigarettes. "Compliments of Number Eleven," he says.

"Thanks Number Eleven!" cries out the new prisoner. "It's okay Number Twelve!" answers Number Eleven. The "CC" lights a match, puts it through the bars, touching the end of No. 6503's cigarette. "Can I have those matches?" The hack grins, "Nope, not even one match from a paper book. You might chew the ends. Toxic enough to kill some guys . . ."

The hack is gone. Number 6503 sits down, gingerly, on the edge of his bed. He is not alone. He will never be alone until. . . .

Don't think.

Numbers Four, Six and Eleven are thinking for him.

"What's your name, Number Twelve?"

You tell him.

"What you in for?" cries another voice.

You explain.

It does not register. The silence means: *He's not important. He didn't make headlines.* But those unseen companions in the surrounding cells, never to be seen, are sympathetic. "If you're a sex killer," warns one gruff voice, "we'll find out through the grapevine. We ain't got no truck with sex nasties. If we find out . . . we'll make your life absolute hell, see?"

Now it comes . . .

"What date are you supposed to get it?"

You tell him, half-choking on the cigarette.

"Baloney!" chirps Number Four. "You won't burn for eight, nine months. You just knocked off this bastard with a shotgun because this no-good dame — "

"SHUT UP!"

The "CC" is back in the row and roaring. Silence. The "CC" takes the wrung-out clothes and gives No. 6503 a stringless bathrobe. "When your stuff is dry," he says, "you will get back your original clothes."

Water is now gushing from cell sinks. Toilets are flushing. Food trays are rattling. Noon. Somewhere that band is playing . . .

Number 6503 sits quietly in his stringless bathrobe. It has officially started. The Long Wait . . .

• • •

The morning of April 17 is a very special day for a $96-a-week electrician's helper sitting in the kitchen of his modest suburban home approximately 38 miles south of Sing Sing Prison. The mailman has brought him a special letter. He opens it and reads:

"Dear Sir:

This is to inform you that one (1) execution is scheduled for Thursday night, . . . , 1958 in the case of one (1) John Doe, No. 6503, and we shall expect you to be present at the regular time, 11 P.M.

Kindly acknowledge by wire the receipt of this notice.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Wilfred L. Denno
Warden, Sing Sing Prison."

This is indeed pleasant news, in a sordid sort of way, because Robert Brown had been elected out of a highly secret "pool" of applicants for the assignment. The price for one throw of a switch is $200. And, perhaps if you are expert in the preliminary work and the final "throw," you might obtain some additional assignments — even in other states. The word spreads how good you are with electrocutions . . .

Robert Brown is a tall, sandy-haired man of 34 with gentle, thoughtful eyes and a rather distracted air. He is married, with one child, and $96-a-week does not go very far.

He says:

"I APPLIED for all kinds of state jobs having to do with electrical knowledge. I believe in capital punishment and read up on the moral responsibility of throwing a switch that would kill a man.

"It does not bother me. Why should it bother any man who performs only as an agent for an official act? Besides, the jurors, the prosecutors and the judge were ahead of me. They all killed him, remotely, before I got to the switch . . ."

A well-informed citizen on the history of electrocutions, Robert Brown noted that one of his predecessors, Joseph Francel, of Cairo, N. Y., a skilled electrician who needed extra money, retired in 1954 because, at that time, they would not raise the price to $200. "This man Francel," he explains, "was getting $150. He had executed 135 persons for the State of New York and two for the U.S. Department of Justice. The latter two were the Rosenbergs. In his 14 years of service he made over $20,000 in New York alone. It helps, when you need extra money to keep your family going."

Having tucked away his official letter in a desk, Robert Brown knows he has plenty of time. There is a good chance that No. 6503 will get his stay. It is even possible that his sentence will be commuted to life at the last minute.

Nonetheless, Mr. Brown functions on the theory that he will throw the switch on No. 6503 in approximately three months. One Saturday afternoon, after receiving his notice, Mr. Brown kisses his wife, dresses himself in his best suit and boards a train for Ossining, New York.

There is some preliminary work to be done. . . .

• • •

April 22. Morning . . .

Number 6503 stirs in a troubled sleep. Far-off he seems to hear a cacophony of rattlesnakes. A strange and sickening dream and when he opens his eyes he discovers, once again, that the rattling cacophony originates in the hand of the "CC." He is testing the cell lock by pulling the steel door toward him, and the padlock by tugging it. The safety routine never changes. Every morning at 6:30.

Lock-checking is continuous, but at 6.30 A.M. it is also a discreet technique to wake up the prisoner. Unlike thousands of other Sing Sing inmates committed to a tough daily schedule of exact hours for breakfast, all-day jobs and orders which they dare not disobey, No. 6503 is entitled to the macabre luxuries of plenty of sleep and plenty of nothing to do until the day he dies.

The law says a man or woman condemned to the electric chair cannot be made to work. The law also stipulates that occupants of the death house are to be kept "relaxed" and "entertained," even pampered, within reason.

In the words of a former "CC":

"You rattle the lock just to tell him that 6:30 is a good time to have breakfast — if he wants it. The stuff is fresh and hot. But if he wants to sleep and wants no breakfast, the orders are to let him sleep. If he calls for a 10 o'clock breakfast . . . he gets it, and no complaints from us. He eats meals always at his convenience.

"Number 6503 seemed to be a quiet customer. You can never tell, though. The records show he is a mean bastard.

"Over the years he had been a hardened criminal. His violence came in spurts and when he killed it was with sudden hatred and with premeditated action. Like all the others, he would have to be watched.

"On this, his seventh full day with us, No. 6503 is falling into his own peculiar routine. He likes his breakfast on the rubber-wheeled table wagon. We roll it in with a large can of hot coffee, a can of fresh milk, a cannister of dry cereal, a tray of sliced bread, aluminum bowls and one round-edged spoon. He can't do much harm to himself with this spoon, but we watch him eat anyway.

"He tells me he has a hole in his sock. Long toenails. He says, 'I don't like my nails long.' Okay, so we let him move his chair to the cell door and he sticks his bare feet through the bars.

"This is part of the all-out service to the condemned man. I send for the prison barber, a well-investigated 'trusty,' and he gives No. 6503 a pedicure.

"Then, without warning, No. 6503 shows definite signs of being a 'jump-off' (the doomed man with suicidal intentions). He plans to cheat society . . .

"He asks for a haircut. And a shave. So, all right, since we have the barber in the cell block. The usual precautions are set in motion. Two extra guards arrive, with the portable barber's chair. The cell door is opened and we all go inside. For the haircut, a round-edged clipper. No scissors in the area . . .

"But then comes the shave.

"THE regular setup is to sit the prisoner in the portable chair. If he has shown 'jump-off' tendencies in the past, we use the arm straps while the razor is near him.

"In this case, it all happens in a second. Just one of those things. Number 6503 is brushing hair clippings from his shirt, moving slowly toward the portable chair.

Released as safe by UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

New doctor prescribed wonder drug does away with all special diets!

BONDED OFFER!

YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU $14.00!

Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it – there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription—until this electrifying discovery . . . has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors . . . when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news . . . news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking . . . slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably—chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work . . . it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you $14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back – you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies, vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE . . . that's why the United States Government released it as safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you $14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days . . . 18 pounds in 20 days . . . 27 pounds in 30 days . . . and 49 pounds in 8 weeks . . . or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer—read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose	You must lose
49 POUNDS in 8 weeks or we'll pay you **$14.00**	**27 POUNDS** in 30 days or we'll pay you **$7.00**
18 POUNDS in 20 days or we'll pay you **$5.00**	**9 POUNDS** in 10 days or we'll pay you **$3.00**

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for $3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for $5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for $7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for $14.00. Did you ever read an offer like this in your life? No—and you NEVER WILL — because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!

The only reducing product where you see these words on the label!
"FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"
The law doesn't permit any other type of reducing product to print this on the label. Any government agent can tell you why. Because other types of reducing products just don't work. Unlike these other products, the miracle drug contained in RX-120 is a real medicine, a tested formula—now exclusively "he reduces excess weight." It really works! You don't have to count calories, follow a dull plan, exercise, eat special foods, resort to iron will power. Take these tiny, tasteless pills as directed! You'll be amazed at how fast you really take off ugly fat! You may lose up to 49 pounds or we'll pay you $14.00.
RX-120
Treatment of Overweight
Each tablet contains:

HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet—

(1) It depresses your appetite.
(2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
(3) It acts in your intestinal tract—fights hunger contractions—telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
(4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula—that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs – your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food . . . excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life—feel better than you ever did in your life—while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug—without a prescription!

HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits – practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake—off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight . . . without your ever being conscious of it!

GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary dietary supplement—it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients! . . . according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription . . . but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1958. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—if you act now! So hurry—order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you $5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get $7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you $14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

FILL out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want us to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds—merely send us proof of purchase. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for $14.00. Don't wait—check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money—your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!

©Wilson-Williams Inc.,
273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Avenue, Dept. 127, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Rush my RX-120 immediately. I must lose pounds guaranteed by you above or you will pay me the amount specified.

☐ Rush 10 day supply. I will pay postman only $3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.
☐ Rush 20 day supply. I will pay postman only $5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.
☐ Rush 30 day supply. I will pay postman only $7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, or ☐ money-order for ☐ $3.00, ☐ $5.00 or ☐ $7.00 and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Same money back guarantee.

The barber is stropping the razor approximately four feet from the prisoner. One of the guards is adjusting the chair. The other guard turns — only one second — to lock us inside the cell. Then I see the blaze in the prisoner's eyes . . . the half-sudden movement toward the gleaming razor in the barber's hand.

"He never makes it.

"Those blue sneakers look harmless. But they're not. In the heels . . . a couple of well placed lead sinkers. One forward step and I come down on the toes of No. 6503's right foot. He crumples with a cry of pain. Not enough to hurt him, you understand. Just enough to break that suicidal circuit. . . .

"I say to him gently, 'It won't do any good to behave like this. You lose out on a lot of privileges.'

"The other prisoners are hooting, some with rage and hysteria. Although they could not see, they knew by the commotion what No. 6503 has tried to do. I say to No. 6503, 'If you try anything like this again, the other guys will make your life hell. It's another rule of the game that must not be broken. We can keep you out of their sight, but never their hearing. Nor away from their words. You would be better off in solitary. . . .'"

Shortly after noon on April 22 they escorted No. 6503 into the tiny "exercise" yard — three tight walls, a 125-foot square space and a patch of blue sky far above. There he is handed a rubber ball. Standard routine for each day: the prisoner can bounce the ball, whack it against the walls, or simply throw it aside and patrol the enclosure . . . in silence. Once more the politeness over-extends itself: The "CC" offers to play a game of handball with the prisoner, or catch. The "CC" may be bored stiff with the rubber-ball system, but the warden says he must offer to play a game.

Number 6503 elects to walk, and brood, in silence . . .

• • •

In the extreme northern wing of the death house, in the shadow of the dim, practically airless death chamber, Robert Brown, the electrocutioner, has arrived to discuss those "preliminaries."

There will be a slight delay. Number 6503, still in the exercise yard, has temporarily interfered with a procedure which, mercifully, he knows nothing about. Mr. Brown needs some physical measurements. The prison "tailor," actually an electrical technician, does not yet have the head size, thigh width, nor general body size of No. 6503. But while the tailor waits for No. 6503 to return to his cell, Brown finishes a number of his chores.

It being his first trip to Sing Sing "equipment," Brown carefully examines the solid oak chair. He tests the adjusting screws and the wires in the binding posts. As Brown puts it:

"The electrodes are of the sponge type. The preparation of them is very important. So I must get familiar with all these things . . . long before the actual event. I soak the electrodes in common salt and water and take them to a test area near the chair. I set the lead-in wires to the face mask, head electrode and the leg electrodes.

"I SQUEEZED out the sponges to leave a condition of moisture that experience has taught me is right. I find, with this setup, that if the electrode sponges are too wet and drip, a brilliant spark follows the excess water. No good. And dangerous.

"At the switchboard the voltmeter shows 2,000 volts. Just about right for sponges with the exact amount of moisture.

"In a while, the tailor comes back from the cell of No. 6503 . . . the man I'll never see — not even the moment when I throw the switch on him, from behind the steel screen in the death chamber.

"But I need a perfect picture of him.

"The so-called tailor, has all the measurements and physical oddities. I ask,

"Does he really get a new suit?"

HE SMILES, sadly, answering, "Of course, a ready-to-wear prison uniform from the stockroom. But he doesn't know that. He thinks like the others, that he is getting more extra attention by being fitted for a suit."

"I get the exact head size from the 'tailor.' This is very important because the skull electrode must be fashioned to order and the sponge cut just right.

"The head electrode must fit accurately because the face mask at Sing Sing not only shields the face but fastens to the rear springs locking into the electrode on the skull. It must work and fit properly, or the head will not be held absolutely still.

"The chair itself at Sing Sing is a bit different from others, like in Pennsylvania or New Jersey. It has two legs behind but only one broad one in front, to which are fastened the ankle grips. You've got to know the length of the man, especially the limbs and the width of the arms and shoulders, or he might slide when the current hits him . . .

"Anyway, I shall have to return later for the final check-outs, in case he loses much weight due to anxiety. Once I had a guy who became so emaciated during imprisonment that the electrode slipped down his shrunken leg, and I had to do some fast emergency work on the leg electrodes, buckles and straps and lead-in wires . . ."

• • •

As doom Thursday approaches for No. 6503, he has not lost much weight. The doctors watch him narrowly. He speaks little and shows "minor exterior agitation" when word is brought to him that his legal maneuvers for delay failed.

Forty-one hours before the 2,000-volt surge that will hurtle him into eternity, No. 6503 has no other hope except a last-minute reprieve from the governor.

His demands remain mild. He likes the 75-cent Havana cigars and smokes them with long, jerking puffs and in great numbers. He also likes to play checkers with two other inmates.

This calls for elaborate planning by the "CC" guards, who must watch the condemned man closely as his final hour nears.

Says the "CC" who supervised No. 6503's last hours:

"Inmates play checkers in the Sing Sing death house by remote control. We've rigged up ledges that are attached to the front of every cell. You draw your chair up close to the cell gate and stick your hands through the bars.

"In this way, No. 6503 can play a game with his immediate cellmate — or any other prisoner in the death block, no matter how far away he might be.

"You don't see the opponent's checkerboard. Nor do you ever see him. The 64 squares on each board are numbered in sequence. Each condemned man arranges two sets of checkers on his board — his own and the set representing his opponent.

"Each player calls his move by numbers.

"There is a horrible comedy played out in the final hours of a man who elects to play checkers. All the other prisoners, with more time in this life remaining to them, kibitz on the games of the man who must die in the chair very soon.

"All of them, with one or two of the 'silents' staying out, demand the ledges and checkerboard equipment so they can push checkers around and follow the game played between the man who must die within hours and his chosen opponent.

"In the case of No. 6503, it is clear that he's become deeply agitated. He makes silly mistakes. He takes reckless chances with his kings. At once, the kibitzers begin to call out to him: 'Come on, pal, you can do better than that!' or 'Take your time, fellah'."

"When he makes a smart play, they cheer him . . . too loudly.

"He plays game after game. Very often he wins because his opponent, mercifully, lets him.

"About three hours before he is to be transferred to the death solitary chamber, he curses and sweeps all the checkers into the aisle. 'You're all against me!' he screams, exactly opposite the attitude of the other prisoners.

"And that's the way No. 6503 breaks — sweeping the checkers into the aisle . . ."

Precisely 24 hours before 11 P.M. of "the last Thursday," No. 6503 is transferred to his pre-execution chamber. He has seen his wife for the last time. He refuses to talk to any clergyman. But he continues to enjoy every possible luxury — partially because he can "sweeten" his guards with cash in the bank.

The opinions of former "CC" men are mixed as to how much influence a doomed man can exert with a death house bankroll. While his privileges are many — compared to the ordinary inmate — it is possible for him to improve these privileges with a pay-off in the right place at the right time.

One former "CC" says:

"Take the mattress in the pre-execution chamber. The number of poor bastards who toss and sweat on it in the final hours adds up to an awful lot of perspiration.

"Changing the sheets on it doesn't help much. We've got a perfumed spray for that situation. And the boys in the death cell block know of it. They call it The Funeral Juice and they hate it and fear it. The regulation says the spray must be used on the mattress for the new guest in the chamber. It leaves a sweet, clinging, not unpleasant odor. But I guess it *is* the smell of death . . ."

BUT $5 or $7.50 will unofficially "cancel" that gruesome ritual. Seven-fifty is the maximum allowed to a prisoner in a seven-day period, although he can have unlimited funds on deposit in the death house safe.

Another former "CC" man remarks:

"The real racket in the death house is the smuggling *out* of the better-type food to inmates in the main prison who will pay a good price for extra, finer-tasting rations.

"During the long and terrible wait for the Last Day, the death house occupants are supposed to get the better eats. But the prison cook assigned to death house food supplies, cooking the meals in the death house kitchen, often works out a fine deal for himself.

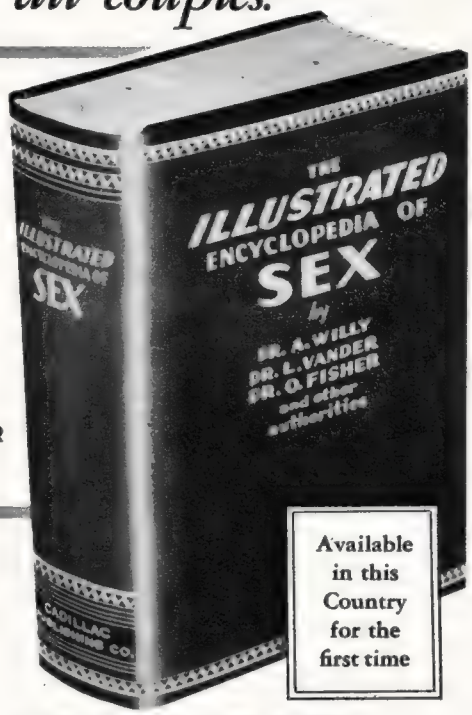
"The prison cook wants to get in good with the hacks. So he passes on to them some of the choicer stuff. But, mostly, he can pick up some nice extra change from the boys in the main prison by diverting to them, for a price, the undiluted round steak, the roast chicken and the ice cream."

Sing Sing officials deny this version of death house racketeering. At least at the present time. But sometime ago, they admit, a shakeup of prison cooks and

at last...a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples.

Illustrated SEX FACTS

By DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES



Available in this Country for the first time

THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS — *many in life-like color.*

Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures (many in true-to-life color), plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. This book is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind — both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for $5.00—but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only $2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

PARTIAL LIST OF 61 BIG CHAPTERS EACH A "BOOK" IN ITSELF

- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act for male and female
- What causes climax in women
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female sex organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
- Woman's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
- Causes and treatment of male and female sterility
- Feminine self-satisfaction
- Causes of sexual urge in men
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to use preparatory love towards greater satisfaction in sex act

Just a few of hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

PARTIAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS WITH AUTHENTIC COLOR PICTURES!

- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Showing areas of woman's organs producing highest sensations
- Watch step-by-step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Woman's Sex Organs
- Pictorial Story of Woman's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Cause of Woman's sexual ills
- Picture Story of normal Sexuality in male
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female Bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

...plus many more pictured instructions

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

CADILLAC PUBLISHING CO., Dept. F153
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked "personal." I will pay postman $2.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for $5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon only $2.98. Same Money-Back Guarantee!
(CANADIAN ORDERS $3.50. NO C.O.D.'s.)

death house guards was ordered by a principal keeper when the condemned men "started to tear the joint apart."

• • •

Today, No. 6503 must die.

In the death cell block there is a festive air with chilling overtones. At 3 P.M., with eight hours left for No. 6503, the inmates are subdued, polite and filled with a strange kind of contentment.

They are smoking the Havanas No. 6503 has sent them. He ordered three full boxes and this, being his final day on earth, he got them. The honored guest in the distant pre-execution chamber is behaving as the "right guy" should behave. Already he is relegating to the other condemned men major portions of deluxe meals he will never eat. Two-inch steaks with onions. Half-gallons of ice cream.

Great boy, this No. 6503. With their stomachs full, the death house denizens relax and a new hope floods their veins. They are alive and will remain so longer. They may die, sometime, but not TONIGHT; and with No. 6503 out of earshot in his private chamber, the chatter is about reprieves, new trial evidence, smart lawyers who have sent encouraging letters and days, months, even a year, still ahead for most of them.

"On a Thursday (official date in New York) of an execution," one distinguished psychiatrist told this writer, "the men in the death cell block are on their very best behavior. The jokes are good. The laughter is frequent. And so it will remain until 10:55 P.M.

"Then, the reaction sets in . . . And tomorrow is black Friday. For tomorrow the reality of their own predicament will come back with an overwhelming rush. The voice of No. 6503 will be gone. And his cell will be empty . . ."

By 7:25 P.M. the chaplain comes, quietly and gently, leaving some simple prayers to read. He stays around, too, because No. 6503 may change his mind (as many of his predecessors have done) about spiritual comfort.

He has been given his own portable radio. And a portable phonograph. The pre-execution chamber, ironically, is more cheerful, with a softer bed plus a soft chair and a nice table.

And, in the case of No. 6503, he goes on ordering and demanding. More steaks, layer cakes; more cigars and imported cigarettes. Now his callers are more frequent: the "tailor" (who views him expertly for changes in weight and appearance), the prison doctor (looking for oncoming hysteria) and the "CC" guards anxious to cater to his every whim. And to watch, closely, his every movement.

AT 9:27 P.M., Robert Brown, the electrocutioner, arrives from the Ossining station carrying a small black bag. He looks like a doctor in his somber blue suit and black tie. In his black bag, however, he totes the professional equipment of his trade: electrical gadgets, accurate test meters and a full diagram of the circuits leading to the electric chair.

Talking pleasantly, with a frown in his eyes, Robert rehashes those last hours:

"A motor generator, not outside current from the Westchester Lighting Co., is used for the ah — task. I checked it for last-minute assurance there will be no burn-out. With the special type of death house generator, the voltage can be controlled to exacting output.

"It makes a hell of a difference. Once, some years ago, the generator burned out three hours before an electrocution. Desperate last-minute repairs failed to do the job — because the parts were not available. Some wires were strung out to the highway system of the Westchester Lighting Company. But this was an uncontrolled 2,600 volts. The current could not be regulated and the result was sparking and considerable burning of the poor condemned man when the master switch was thrown in the death chamber."

At 10:22 P.M. the prison doctor calls on No. 6503. There is little conversation. The doomed man sits motionless in a chair, staring fixedly at the steel walls. He no longer smokes. Nor does he eat the two broiled lobsters, mixed salad, four or five fresh vegetables and the plate with the two-pound filet mignon and mushrooms.

Once again he waves this abundance of edible luxuries to the other men in the death cell block.

At 10:44 Robert Brown, executioner, stands less than 200 feet from the cell of No. 6503, condemned.

BEHIND the steel screen in the death chamber, now lit with an eerie glow of concealed overhead lights, the executioner makes his final check-up of the master switch and the current output which he can regulate from 500 to 2,000 volts.

At 10:50 the witnesses file into the tiny pews.

At 10:51 an assistant warden sits before a telephone connected directly to the state capital at Albany . . . just in case the governor's last-minute reprieve should come through. The chances, at this hour, are thousands to one against this.

From 10:52 to 10:58 the death house officials, the prison doctor, the chaplain and the executioner confer in muted voices.

Even the executioner is scrutinized, but not openly. He seems to be in good shape.

"As I stand there listening to the final instructions," Robert Brown recalls, musingly, "I bolster my mental state with the merciful facts. The doctor has assured me that when a person is subjected to 2,000 volts with good contact, the feeling is very likely about the same as would be experienced from a terrific blow on top of the head.

"Number 6503's consciousness will vanish instantly. The 2,000 volts — the first smashing shock — will enter the top of No. 6503's head and travel to his brain faster than the nerves carrying the terrible message of burning explosion . . ."

At 10:59 Brown takes the electrodes to the chair, places the lead-in wires to the binding post and is ready. He nods to the "CC" men watching inquiringly.

At 11 P.M. sharp, the "CC" men leave the death chamber and turn sharply down a narrow, dim-lit corridor. It is seldom used, for it is the promenade of doom between the chair and the pre-execution chamber.

"The other prisoners call it the 'dance hall,'" explains a former "CC" man, "because men who are condemned to die within scant minutes walk its length so often with uncertain, twitching gait.

"At 11:01," the "CC" man continues, "we are back in the death chamber, with the principal keeper leading, followed by the chaplain and the prison doctor. We come last, holding No. 6503 by the arms.

"He seems drugged. But he isn't. We *never* use narcotics or tranquilizers on condemned prisoners. Number 6503 is mercifully drugged with the numbness of terror. It's a kind of emotional drug — and, thank God, it hits most of the doomed prisoners as they walk toward the chair.

"Number 6503, then, is going to be easy. In the past, we've had to drag them screaming and punching. But they are dragged. Sometimes they are strapped to a wheelchair. But it doesn't happen often.

"Number 6503 walks steadily between us with a forced, jumpy movement. Then he starts to sob. He lets go with one scream. At this indication we have a hidden switch that automatically closes all ventilators leading into the death cell block. Now those men in there hear nothing . . .

"He sits in the electric chair, now absolutely quiet. As his body makes contact, the chair, by precision spring, tilts backward and throws his weight to the rear, like a dentist's chair. This is a built-in device to make it difficult for the condemned man to leap outward. If he attempts to leap, we are prepared for him because of his tilted position.

"The straps and electrodes are put on him and we step back after the final adjustment of the face mask . . ."

At 11:03 Robert Brown pulls the switch.

"It hits No. 6503 with the full 2,000 volts," the executioner says, softly. "Thus, he loses possession of his faculties at once. I glance at my wristwatch. Five seconds. Then I decrease the voltage to 1,000. Another five seconds. Then I cut the shocks to 500 volts . . . three, four and five 500-volt shocks."

The prison doctor steps up to the motionless body — a minute before convulsed in a twisting frenzy. After a careful investigation with his stethoscope and other instruments, the doctor announces: "The heart is stopped. The body temperature is 138 degrees. This man is dead . . ."

In the death cell block extra guards watch and listen. But the other condemned men are silent. Somewhere down in the Hudson River Valley a New York Central train wails and pounds through the Ossining station. It is the 11.09 night express to New York. In 72 hours, another express will carry the last remains of No. 6503 — in a wooden box. ▲

The Only Time

(*continued from page 12*)

than my old lady and maybe my big brother Roland. There would probably be zero for me to eat at the house, and on top of that I would undoubtedly quarrel with the old lady. So I said all right, I would go with him. I was trying to figure out something I could get from this fat dumb nurse too.

"Tell me if you see any good angles," Bobo said to me on our way to her house.

"Sure," I replied. But actually I was not so sure. I was getting a bit tired of Bobo after an entire summer, and I really did not relish cutting him in any more. If he wasn't smart enough to figure out his own angles, then to hell with him. I had myself to look after.

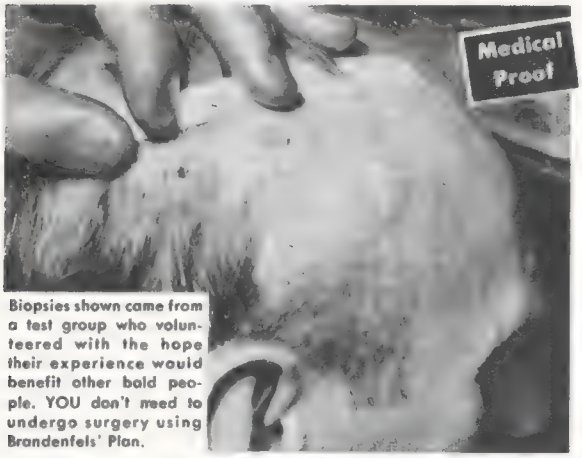
This new pig of his lived nearly halfway across town, as you would expect, but we had so little dough between us that we could not afford to hop a street car, so we hiked it to her place. Neither of us had had dinner, and my stomach was roaring with anguish.

Just before we got to the nurse's house, we stopped in a diner and had a greasy hamburger and a cup of coffee each. That revived me.

"She has a terrific rear end," Bobo informed me, as we started up the stairs of the brownstone rooming house where our nurse lived. "A piece of art," he went on, and described it with his arms. "I like women big, something you can get a grip on. I don't go for this skimpy stuff. You get all cut up on the bones."

Big, little, skinny, plump, I thought I liked them all and I told Bobo that. I

First Pictures INSIDE THE LIVING BALD SCALP



Biopsies shown came from a test group who volunteered with the hope their experience would benefit other bald people. YOU don't need to undergo surgery using Brandenfels' Plan.

Prove Hair Roots Can Be Alive!

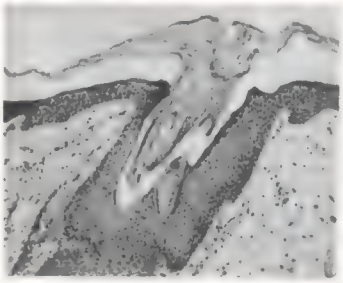
This is a report of a remarkable medical test made to find out why many people — even totally bald — have been able to grow new hair after use of the Brandenfels Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage. It was discovered that even though your scalp may be entirely smooth, your hair roots (follicles) may actually still be alive beneath the skin, lacking only proper stimulation to again grow hair. Carl Brandenfels has 23,467 letters and statements (CPA audit) reporting renewed hair growth, lessening of hair fall, relief from dandruff scale and benefits in other scalp ailments. Now read on . . .

1. *Surgical Removal of Section of Scalp for Microscopic Analysis*

Many individuals, with varying scalp conditions, volunteered to participate in the Brandenfels tests conducted by medical doctors and technicians. One phase was removal of a small section of scalp tissue for microscopic analysis. The picture above shows the incision after the tissue had been removed.

2. *Scalp Section*

Biopsy section surgically removed. Since scalp conditions of test group varied widely these sections provided comparison of normal scalps and those not showing normal hair growth.



3. *Unproductive Hair Follicle*

Microscopic examination of tissue from bald area revealed follicle openings clogged with sebaceous gum. Also, follicles were noted distorted from proper form and position. Hair was not growing but these follicles (hair roots) were actually alive beneath the skin!

4. *What This Research Means*

Microscopic analysis of these scalp sections proves it's possible for hair roots to be alive yet not growing hair.

5. *Results Proven:* After use of the Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under direction of medical doctors, many of the test volunteers experienced an increase in hair growth, and other scalp benefits.

"I have photographed the miracle of hair regrowth"

"I am Von Smith of St. Helens, Oregon. As the photographer who took pictures of these three men I can verify that Roy Smith (no relative), Oiva Wittika and Eldon Beerbower have actually regrown hair, thanks to the Brandenfels Home Plan. I have seen how true it is that even on smooth areas it is obvious the roots were still alive when new growth followed use of the Brandenfels Plan."

Hair regrowth for Roy Smith, rancher, was so marked after almost 20 years of near-baldness that friends could hardly believe what they saw.

Air Force doctors were unable to help Oiva Wittikka when he lost all his hair, and he was bald when he was discharged. What a change!

From complete baldness to light fuzz in 8 weeks (picture he's holding), Eldon Beerbower's final reward was a full head of hair.

Brandenfels' HOME plan of Scalp Applications and Massage offers real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial number of cases although as with any remedy, results may vary with individuals—because of systemic differences, general health or localized scalp conditions.

If you have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT. Send right now for a 5-weeks' supply and immediately begin use of these wonderful formulas and special massage method — at home! Only $18. Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

Nationally advertised for 13 years!

Brandenfels

SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

Only applications of their kind in the world.

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon **MM 118**

Please send me — in plain wrapper — a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ I encloss $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.

☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).

☐ C.O.D.— I agree to pay postman the $18 plus postal charges.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

Explore Oregon — Centennial Exposition 1959

had not yet reached the discriminating stage. The mere thought of sex was enough to catapult me into a fantasy of wild action.

I stopped at the door and looked over the front of the huge rooming house, casing it. Looking for entrances and exits, fire escapes, alleys, the nearness of the next building.

Bobo knew where Marie — the nurse's — rooms were and we went right to them without having to collar anybody for directions. In the downstairs rooms little women clerks were entertaining little men clerks, striving desperately for some bleak pleasure. They giggled at everything that was said. Ugh.

BOBO was flushing and rubbing his hands in anticipation of the pleasure he was going to have with his queen of the bedpans. He kept up a running speculation on how many things she would do with him and how great her capacity would be. I was coldly excited about what I could steal.

"Play it safe now," Bobo cautioned me. "Don't let her suspect anything. I don't want her to know I'm trying to do her."

Shove it, Bobo! I wanted to say. I knew now to handle myself. I could think rings around that jerk. What did he mean by advising me?

Marie was a cow. She greeted us dressed in a loose red housecoat. She could not control her big red face. It kept smiling and smiling and her mouth opened and closed, opened and closed. I looked immediately around her room for her purse and anything else of value. I saw nothing, and this depressed me.

"Who's your cute young friend?" she asked Bobo.

"Yogi," he told her, calling me by a nickname that had been slapped on me in the park because I could do somersaults and stand on my hands.

"Are you a Hindu or something?" she said, smiling lewdly.

I told her I could be. I never gave my real name if I could help it. It was safer that way. Never let anybody know who you really are. You will live to regret it if you do. I had already learned that.

We chewed the fat for a while and then Bobo persuaded Marie to go into an adjoining room with him. He told me to run downstairs and get some cigarettes, making it very plain that I should not rush myself. The itching bastard! When was I going to get my share? I shuffled downstairs and bought the cigarettes at a garish drug store, whose walls were plastered with suave advice about your bodily functions, and walked leisurely around the block three times, and then returned to Marie's.

In a few minutes she and Bobo came out of the adjoining room, looking as though they had been wrestling on the floors and walls and on the ceiling and under the bed. Still smiling that uncontrollable stupid cow smile, she seemed deliciously proud of herself. She was whorishly quite desirable, but all my thoughts were on stealing. Bobo flopped on the couch and smoked a cigarette, and I talked to Marie about blood banks and operations; I knew I could have her if I wanted her. She kept smiling at me.

Finally I managed to maneuver jewelry into our conversation, and after a bit I asked about hers. I said I had heard she had a fine collection, and wouldn't she display it.

"Why do you want to see it?" she asked me, drawing back.

"I'm studying jewelry-making in trade school," I lied. "I like to see new designs."

This explanation relaxed and flattered her. She brought out her meager collection. Cheap school rings, graduation presents, signifying advancement to new levels of mediocrity; necklaces, fraternity pins bought with the quick prone position so dear to her ilk. The usual triumph of sordidness, those jewels. I examined each item carefully to determine whether it was worth stealing. The stuff barely made the grade.

Then Marie related to me the stifled, sweaty experiences behind each shiny piece. She must have thought I was compiling an anthology of frustration. I felt it was the least I could do to listen to these tales of love and success, but it was hard on me, I'll tell you.

"Now are you satisfied?" she asked me, putting the stuff away.

"Completely," I replied, watching where she put the stuff.

"He's a real genius," Bobo said from across the room. "He knows more about jewelry than a lot of jewelers."

Marie thought this was funny, but I feared she was unconsciously beginning to sniff something rotten in Denmark. This would be a good time for me to pull out. I went into the little kitchen and made myself a ham sandwich while Marie and Bobo grappled some more, and coming out, munching, said I had to go home.

Marie said to come back and see her sometime. That's just what I had in mind, dearie.

NEXT morning, shortly after everyone else in the world had committed themselves to their daily death chambers of office work, I returned to Marie's rooming house. The place was deserted except for an old hag of a cleaning woman who was down on her knees polishing the stairway banister. She asked me what my business there was.

"I left a letter in Marie's room last night," I said. "I've come back for it."

She examined me and decided I was passable. That was the big thing in my favor; I did not look in the least like a thief. I looked more like a choir boy. Mothers' bosoms yearned for my curly head.

"The door's open," she said, resuming her life's cleaning. "Make it snappy. Don't you fool around in there."

I told her not to worry. Inside Marie's room I quickly picked out the few solid gold pieces of jewelry and put the jewel box back in its place. Maybe she would not notice the robbery for a few days. On my way out I noticed one of Bobo's dirty socks on the floor, at the foot of the bed. So the big slob had slept with Marie all night. I tried to imagine what she would be like. All that blubber! It was sort of exciting in a stinking way.

Downstairs I thanked the old hag for letting me in, and we threw each other loving grimaces. She smelled of floor wax and sweat and old age and anxiety, an almost overpowering blend. From the way she smiled at me, I knew she ached to get her stained unfulfilled paws on me, on my sweet youth, but I slipped past her too fast, and got outside safe.

I beat it out of that district and to money's pimp, the pawnbroker. In the first shop I explained to the proprietor that I was not interested in selling the jewelry, I only wanted to find out how much it was worth. He weighed the pieces in the palm of his hand, and told me about 15 dollars. I walked around the block to another pawnbroker's. I knew now how much I should get for the stuff, so I could not be cheated too badly. Pawnbrokers never tell you right when you say you want to sell. Cheating is their business.

The little hunchbacked swine in the second cheatery offered me 10 bucks for the lot, after disdainfully pushing it around on the counter as though it were dog offal. I demanded 15, shouting that I knew it was worth that much.

"It's junk," he said, almost spitting on the stuff. "I'll give you 11 dollars. I'm too tired this morning to argue."

"Fifteen!" I shouted.

"All right, all right. Twelve. You're hurting my eardrums."

"Fifteen!"

"It's almost not worth melting down. Thirteen."

"Thirteen fifty!"

"Stop shouting," the man said. "All right, thirteen fifty. I won't make a cent on it. I'm doing you a favor buying it."

I gave him a fake name and address, for the list he had to turn over to the cops on such deals as this, and left with the cash. It had been a profitable haul. I could live luxuriously for the next two weeks on the money. I could eat three good meals a day and gamble recklessly at the park. Thirteen fifty! I could even give my old lady a couple of bucks. Bobo? Not a cent to that cretin! He had already got his share of the gravy. To each his own.

The money made me anxious, put me in heat, and I could not wait to spend it. I went into a Negro lunch counter and, amid that rich taboo sensuality of color, ordered a beef stew and rolls and coffee from a giant black man behind the counter who smiled at me and said, "That is a man-sized meal, son."

"That's my favorite dish," I said.

"All right then," he said. "Don't let me see you leave any of the sauce."

I used two whole rolls wiping up the exotic juices on my plate, just to please my friend the counterman. I felt so good in there that I wanted to tell him about the jewelry haul, but I finally turned thumbs down on that enthusiasm.

I made a lot of noise slurping up the coffee, and my friend smiled appreciately at me. I tipped him a dime and said so long.

"You take it easy now," he said. "Don't you work too hard."

"That's just what I'm not going to do," I said, and waved goodby to him.

What a first rate day it was! I thought I would like to see a movie before heading for the park, where I would confer with the gang. I went into the first double-feature house I saw — and so to dreamland for three hours, with my stomach happy and my pockets loaded with easy money.

FOR three hours I submerged myself in a twilit conspiracy against "reality." For three hours I was Oedipus in a cowboy suit, Achilles with a .45 Browning automatic in my hand and a scar on my cheek, Napoleon in a dive bomber. I watched my huge dreams of love and conquest and betrayal and revenge and savagery come true, and I felt purged and happy.

This was life, not that Sahara desert outside. That was for suckers.

Bobo was in the park with the other guys when I got there later that afternoon. He was showing off as usual, this time by baiting the ancient, half-dead park policeman. He had been pulling this particular stunt ever since he was a kid. The other guys had seen it too many times for it to interest them, so they started a card game in the summerhouse. By society's standards, they were all of them failures of one kind or another, but they were the only kind of people I felt comfortable with. We were all sick together.

There was Renny, a loss both to him-

STOP WORRY about your Future!

IT'S EASY TO **TRAIN AT HOME** IN YOUR SPARE TIME

DIESEL OR BODY-FENDER training is included in your training program—at no extra cost. Only CTI offers this *extra* choice. Thousands of mechanics are needed in these top-pay fields.

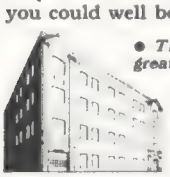
OVER 100,000 JOBS ARE WAITING FOR Auto Mechanics ...EARN TOP PAY OR OPEN A SHOP

Do you *like* your job? Is it *secure?* Does it *pay enough* to meet the high cost of living? If your answer is "no" to any of these questions, you should get into the auto field! *It offers jobs.* (A national magazine said, "100,000 mechanics are needed.") *It offers top wages.* (A famous motor executive wrote, "technicians not only have excellent security but can count on good pay.") *It offers opportunity.* (A trade magazine reported, "60 million cars and trucks are on the road, and one-third are in the heavy-repair classification.") Find out how *you* can train at home for a secure future in America's No. 1 industry. *Mail coupon for free facts.*

You Can Start Earning Money Soon After You Begin Training

Many students start fixing cars soon after they enroll. They work "on their own" or in local shops, evenings and week-ends. They add to their incomes, earn enough to pay tuition. Some even earn enough extra cash to bank or to buy shop equipment. It's not unusual for students to have a going business by the time they graduate. CTI will send you information on how to earn as you learn, and get valuable experience, too.

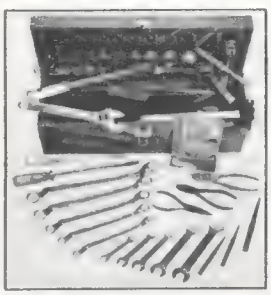
CTI trains you to become an all-around mechanic. You learn tune-up and overhaul; electric, cooling and lubricating systems; power steering and brakes; automatic transmissions; many other subjects. Such training paves the way to going in business for yourself. *Thousands of shops are needed.* With sound training and ambition, you could well become your own boss.



● *This is the home of CTI, one of the world's great home study institutions. CTI offers training you can trust—all the advantages of a seasoned, proven training program.*

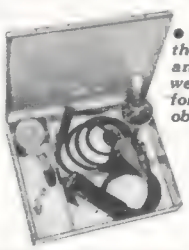
COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

YOU PRACTICE—*YOU GET EXPERIENCE*—USING ENGINE TUNE-UP KIT AND TOOLS



RIGHT—These are instruments that skilled mechanics use to locate engine troubles. Kit includes Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; and portable, steel case. Instruments are of top quality, professional in design.

CTI's practical home training is easy to understand, well illustrated. It's almost like having an instructor at your side! As part of your training, you receive a set of mechanic's tools (including socket set), and an engine tune-up kit. See photos. You practice as you train, get experience. *No extra charge for tools and instruments.*



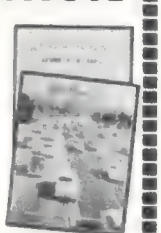
● *First get the facts—then decide. Just fill out and mail coupon and we'll send complete information. No cost nor obligation. Act today!*

MAIL TODAY FREE BOOKLETS

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE

1400 GREENLEAF AVENUE Dept. A-904
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

Mail me your two opportunity booklets: Big Money in Auto Mechanics; and Sample Lesson. Both are FREE.



Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

self and the world at large. But Renny was so good-looking that men and women paid him money for the pleasure of going to bed with him. One winter he had been kept simultaneously by a banker and the wife of a traveling salesman. Each of them thought he was theirs and theirs alone. Renny actually had sexual interest only in women, but the men were good business when times were tough, and besides, it amused his warped ego to be what the queers called "rough trade."

There was Happy Calder, who had been a tennis champion when he was a boy and was now a disgusting, puking, hopeless drunk, and this particular afternoon he had passed out cold on the croquet field. He was a decent sort, but utterly disgusting physically. He sometimes begged on the streets for money.

The only person who could stand very much of him was a one-armed guy named Billy Brown. Billy came from rich people and could have been a society playboy, but he preferred the company of thieves and the underworld, a pool table to a cocktail bar, a three-horse parlay to a club cotillion. He always had a copy of the scratch sheet on him. He had once put a man's eye out with his arm stump during a brawl over a parking space.

Among the others in the crew at the park was Jimmy, who clerked part-time in the post office; Piper, who labored from time to time as a river hog and, next to Bobo, was the hardest man in that part of our lovely city; a mechanic named Barton who had served time in jail for handling hot cars; and Ace, a tall, tubercular guy who was a numbers runner for a couple of bookies, and who knew where all the good prostitutes lived.

There were a few others around us, hangers-on, but I did not have much to do with them. They were only voyeurs, and we had little respect for them. There are such peepers surrounding all activities, even crime. They have to get their fun somehow.

"How did it go?" I asked Bobo when we were all sitting in the summerhouse, most of the guys playing showdown. I was not playing, having told everybody I was broke. I was not going to tell Bobo about my haul, not yet anyway.

"She's a lovely piece," he said, banging me hard on the back. "It's like screwing a small whale."

"What kind of a whale?" somebody asked. "A sperm whale? A long-nosed blue whale? What kind?"

"Any kind. I don't know what kind."

"Did she give off ambergris?"

"What's that?"

"It's no use. I can see you don't have a scientific mind."

We were always having academic discussions like that. "Is that all?" I asked Bobo. "Is that all you got? Her?"

"Yes," he said.

I nonchalantly said Marie's jewelry was a lot of junk, and I was so convincing he agreed with me.

I SPENT the rest of the afternoon in the summerhouse watching the card game and sipping from a pint of whisky being passed about, and I watched the tennis players nearby and the young lovers disappearing into the park arm in arm. And then I watched Happy stagger drunkenly off the croquet field and down through the woods to the creek to throw himself in to sober up. He made me think of the old man, both of them being so much alike. What a world it was, what a miserable rat's life. I was getting so depressed I was forgetting the money in my pocket.

In the early evening we all broke up. I told the fellows I might see them later at George's Bar, and I wished Bobo good luck with his stupid swords. What a blasted idiot.

On the way home I bought some meat and vegetables for my dinner. My brother Roland said he would put a roof over my head but he would not feed or clothe me. I had to work for that. My old lady sometimes sneaked me food from their dinner, which they ate together that summer without me. Even in my own house I was a scavenger.

"Did you steal this?" my mother asked me, looking at the food in my arms.

"No," I said. "I helped a friend of mine on his truck today and he gave me three dollars."

"You're lying, aren't you?" She suspected everything I did.

"Stop accusing me!" I yelled. "Goddamn it, can't I bring a little food home for myself without you screaming at me?"

"You will be my death," she said, intoning her mother's catechism.

She let up then. She hated these screaming matches as much as I did. She had had enough of them with the old man years ago; he had worn her out with fighting. While I was washing myself in the tub, she fixed the food for my dinner. It was a good meal, except for the fact that during it my mother told me Roland had asked her again if I had a job yet, a steady job. He said he would not put up with me very much longer the way I was going on. I told the old lady I did not want to discuss it, and I wolfed my food down and went out. The entire world was ganging up on me, I thought, and even now I had lost some of the desire to throw away my money. Everything is ruined sooner or later, and you may as well face that fact.

First I went to a bowling alley where I knew a couple of guys, and hurled huge balls at helpless, dumbfounded pins with them for an hour, standing the guys to cokes afterward, and then I went to an indoor swimming pool.

THE moment I set foot in the park on the next day, Barton informed me that the cops were searching for me. Marie had discovered the robbery and shrieked for the police as though she were the Bank of England and her vaults had been looted of all their gold bullion. They never would have known who to look for if Bobo had not told them who I was, the yellow son of a bitch. They had picked him up in the park and were holding him until they nabbed me. Maybe he was squealing because I had not cut him in. They had been prowling around the park once today, and they would undoubtedly be back.

"Lay low for a few days, Yogi," Barton advised me. "Let it all calm down. The cops aren't going to look for you forever, just for a cheesy haul like that. They've got less important things to do."

Now the chase began: me versus the police department and my ancient rival, organized society. I got the hell out of the park and walked several blocks south to a drug store where we sometimes hung out. I ordered a ham sandwich and some milk, but instead of serving me the counter boy leaned across the counter and whispered that the cops had been there too. He told them he never saw me. He was a good boy. I thanked him and scrammed.

I walked three blocks west to Penn Avenue where I thought I could get lost in the anonymous crowds, but when I got there I felt that everyone around me was a potential captor, needing only the shouts of Stop him! Stop him! to transform them into rabid bloodthirsty pursuers.

Suddenly I saw a police car cruising slowly toward me. I ducked into the 10-cent store, almost knocking over an old lady with her arms full of bargain miracles, and scurried toward the exit facing the other street. My body was a block of iced fear. I was afraid to let myself feel luxuriantly scared because then I knew I would disintegrate into hysteria, which is what I may have wanted to do anyway. I paused by the candy counter to look back for my enemies, but they had not seen me after all. Then, like a stalked leopard, I glided unhurriedly through that strange jungle of lurid smells and bright screaming knickknacks and somnolent salesgirls, to the other side, and out into the street.

NO POLICE around. From there I made it to a poolroom on Potomac Avenue, but instantly the owner came to me and said to clear out because he had heard the cops were on my tail. He didn't want them picking me up there, it would ruin his business. Out I went. The only smart thing for me to do now was to stay clear of the neighborhood for a few days until things cooled off.

There was only one place that I could hide out for any stretch of time, and that was home. Well, at least it was good for something. Walking around was too dangerous, so I hopped a trolley and got home that way. They couldn't get me here because nobody knew where I lived; I always kept that a secret too.

At home the old lady nagged me for being such a no-good son, and I agreed with her. "Why aren't you like your brother?" she asked me for the millionth time. "Why don't you do something to make me proud of you?"

"I wish I knew," I said. Comparisons with my brother always depressed me. I was worthless and I knew it, so why keep yapping about it?

Finally she went out to shop, and I gave her money to buy food for me for a couple of days. Also, I told her to buy me a shirt at the corner haberdashery. I needed a new one desperately, and besides, I was afraid I would not get a chance to enjoy all of the money I had picked up so easily.

For two days I lay around the house, reading and listening to the radio and going out to the movies and then coming right back. My brother Roland did not molest me; we were not on speaking terms then. After two days I thought I was going stir crazy. I had to get out, I had to get back to the neighborhood of the park and see how things were progressing.

I was aware that I should not do this but I could not help myself. Something drew me back into the area of the chase. This was my obligation to the game I had set in motion.

My behavior had begun to make my mother suspicious, and that too wore me down. To make things look more natural, I took an old tennis racquet along with me as I returned to the park. Maybe I could get up a game, I told myself, a few good rallies to take my mind off my troubles.

The guys at the park were not too conscious of my presence and we said only a few words about the theft and the cops being after me. They were now bored with the whole business, though they did think it sort of funny that I should return so soon. I explained that the cops would never figure me to come back to the park, and for that reason they would be looking elsewhere. I persuaded Happy, who was only slightly tight so far, to play me a couple of games.

It was a chaotically imaginative few games, with Happy making unbelievable, weird shots and howling like a maniac

A NEW MOLD-PRODUCED FORMULA FOR

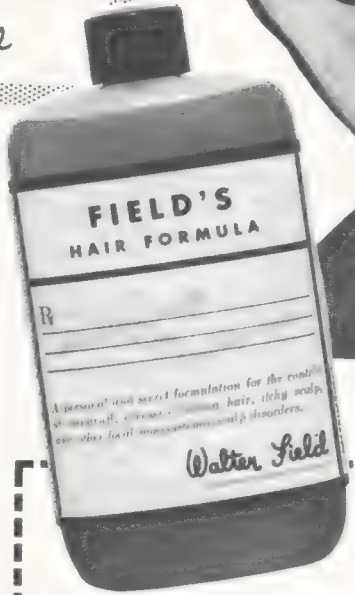
BALDNESS

ODORLESS • NON-OILY
EASY TO APPLY

Twenty-seven years of research and development have contributed to the successful processing of Field's Hair Formula. My Formula, which has brought relief and satisfaction to thousands since I first had it manufactured for retail consumption in 1950, uses no oils, requires no heat, emits no odor on application. Only the results will reveal to others that you are treating your scalp at all. I do not claim that Field's Hair Formula will cure all cases of baldness, but the testimonials below, quoted from many grateful letters I have received, show clearly that it has benefitted a great many of my clients, even my most skeptical ones. No matter how long you have suffered from falling hair or from a receding hairline, my Formula has grown new hair for other people in a situation similar to your own. It may very well help you too.

Field's Hair Formula can be applied to the hair in the privacy of your home and in a matter of a few minutes a day. No one needs to know that you are treating your scalp. No additional paraphernalia is required to render my formula effective. A solution of organic chemicals allowed to mold before filtering, this remarkable Formula works directly in conjunction with nature to revitalize hair follicles and stimulate their growth. Read what this amazing product has done for others, then send for FREE additional information at no obligation whatsoever. Or fill out and mail the coupon below, so that I may start your treatment at once.

Walter Field



FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, LETTERS REPORT SATISFACTION

CALIFORNIA, Santa Ana: " . . . friends commented on my 'new crop.' My wife is most enthusiastic over the results. I am surely encouraged to see my hair growing again . . . "

OHIO, Mansfield: " . . . I must admit I was skeptical at first. After using your Formula for two months . . . I readily admit that your Field's Hair Formula has done everything you said it would. I would not hesitate to recommend it to anyone with hair and scalp problems."

NEW YORK, Lynbrook: "I have only used two bottles so far . . . you have the best dandruff cure in the world . . ."

CALIFORNIA, Altadena: "I have almost as much hair as I had in 1932 at the age of 18."

MAINE, Oldtown: " . . . I have used two bottles since June . . . no dandruff . . . all itching stopped."

LOUISIANA, Westwood: " . . . today dandruff is totally eliminated, scalp is naturally oily and I see new hairs all over my scalp."

SOUTH DAKOTA, Aberdeen: " . . . please send me four bottles of Formula . . . new hair on my bald spot."

NEW YORK, Monroe: " . . . hair is still improving, no itch, no dandruff . . . getting thicker."

WASHINGTON, Bellingham: " . . . your Formula has been 100% effective . . . "

ALASKA, Fairbanks: " . . . the fuzz has not stopped getting thicker since it started."

SOUTH CAROLINA, Spartanburg: "I am well pleased with the results I am getting. My scalp has cleared up . . . I also have hair coming out and filling in the bald spots."

CALIFORNIA, Pasadena: " . . . for the past three or four years I was losing plenty of hair . . . Now, thanks to your wonderful Field's Hair tonic, my worries are over. I'm a user for life."

MINNESOTA, Duluth: "Have used two bottles of your Hair Formula and very much satisfied. Dandruff has disappeared and itching stopped."

NEW YORK, Brooklyn: " . . . my hair was becoming very thin until I used your tonic. Not only has this been remedied, but I find that I can set a wave in my hair."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

MR. WALTER FIELD
RAB *Industries*
6399 Wilshire Blvd. Dept 73
Los Angeles 48, Calif.

☐ Please ship me in plain wrapper two 8 oz. bottles (2 months' supply) of Field's Hair Formula. I enclose $10.00 for postpaid shipment and instructions.

☐ Please send free literature.

NAME _____

STREET AND NO. _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Please ship my order C.O.D. I enclose $_____ (⅓ or more deposit)

for _____ 8 oz. bottles of Field's Hair Formula.

every time he scored a point. We finally had to call it quits because he had got so drunk during the game, sipping from a pint in his pocket. He sprawled right out on the tennis court for a snooze. I was hungry and decided to go to the corner delicatessen for a sandwich. At the entrance to the park I passed the old park cop.

"You shouldn't have done it, Yogi," he said, shaking his gnarled head. "They catch up with you every time," and he walked away. To hell with him too. I didn't ask the old bugger for his senile advice or sympathy. He better save it for himself.

In the delicatessen I ordered a bologna sandwich and a coke, and just as I swallowed the first bite, the cops walked in.

"Are you Yogi?" one of them demanded beefily.

"Yes, sir, that's me."

"O.K. You're coming with us," he said. We both knew what he was talking about. He grabbed me by the back of my pants so that I could not get away.

"You don't have to do that," I said, trying to twist away from his grip. "I'm not going to run."

"Come on, come on," was all he said, tightening his grip on my pants, hurting my crotch, and we got into the squad car outside.

The grocer and his wife came outside to gape, to live for a few filthy seconds on my tough luck, to get their daily transfusion of slime. The neighborhood brats were swarming all around the squad car. They looked at me as though I were Al Capone or Mad Dog Coll. And I felt like it.

Riding downtown to the police station, imprisoned in the back seat, I did not even think once of jumping out of the car. Escape was out of the question. The cops ignored me and chatted boyishly about baseball. On their short-wave radio the police broadcaster was ominously announcing the score: a robbery at Tenth Street, a shooting on F Street, a screaming lady on a roof, a man beating his wife, a corpse floating in the canal. It was divine; you could not have asked for anything better.

"O.K. Get out," they growled.

We were at the station house, a bleak red brick structure with bars on the lower windows. I stumbled goofily out of the squad car and we resumed our parade, one cop in front, one cop in the rear, me with a huge red Irish hand holding up the back of my pants. The people on the sidewalk stopped and stared at us.

There he is, I knew they were saying. The Boy Killer. He looks so sweet and innocent too, but that's the way they all are, murderers behind their baby blue eyes. Behind that face lies a roomful of shotguns. Fiends. They should be killed at birth, left out in the snow.

"Well, we finally got the little bastard," one of the cops announced to the sergeant behind the big desk. The cops loafing around the room there looked me over and laughed.

"HE AIN'T going to be using that in here," one cracked, motioning toward my tennis racquet. I had forgotten I even had it. Everybody there thought this crack was a riot. They laughed and laughed. As for me, I would never laugh again as long as I lived.

They put my name and address down in a huge book, and in that second I became a member of the Legion of Dishonor. I now had a police record, and as far as the police were concerned, I had just been born. This was only the beginning. From now on, any time you wanted to see how I was growing, you could refer to the police blotter.

I was getting tired of standing, so I asked one of the policemen what I was supposed to do.

"What do you think, you little jerk? Take a stroll around the block?" He turned me around suddenly and kicked me hard in the ass toward some chairs. I got the idea, and sat down. All the cops laughed at this too. They had a vast unquenchable sense of humor. I imagine they went into hysterics and rolled on the floor when they saw a cat-o'-nine-tails in action.

After three hours of waiting, during which I pictured myself doing a six-month stretch in the reformatory, maybe working in the fields, a small, fat, bottle-shaped detective waddled in, and the cops told him I was the criminal they had been looking for. The detective stood in front of me, his hands plunged arrogantly in his jacket pockets, and surveyed me up and down as though he were the official tailor measuring me for a striped convict suit. "All right," he said, sounding very bored. "What did you do with the stuff?"

I had no will left to resist him, no desire to deny or lie. Once I was caught, I relinquished all rights to ingenuity. I told him where I had sold the jewelry, and how much I had got for it.

He shook his head and grimaced contemptuously. "Thirteen lousy bucks. Jesus H. Christ. I could send you up for six months for those thirteen crumby bucks, you know that?"

"Yes sir," I said, expecting him at any moment to slap me right off the chair.

"But you're in luck, son, you're really in luck. The lady you stole the stuff from doesn't want to put you in jail. She just wants to get the stuff back. Now all you got to do is dig up 13 bucks to buy it back with. I bet you ain't got a cent of it left, now have you?"

The son of a bitch. I knew he wanted to prolong this for hours. The cops standing by were loving every sordid second of it. This was really living to them, the high life, better than Park Avenue.

December MAN'S

on sale October 21

with these important stories:

"I ESCAPED THE RUSSIANS"

2 MILLION DIVORCED MEN

the great search for sexual adjustment

POISON IN YOUR PORK

I told the detective that I had five dollars of the dough left, and I took it out of my pocket to prove it. He said all I had to do now was to get eight fifty more before the night was over; otherwise he would toss me in the lockup. He said, let's get going right now and locate that money, boy.

I did not have the remotest idea where I was going to hustle it up. I didn't know anybody who had eight fifty, and if they did have it they would certainly never give it to a sorry punk like me.

We went first to my house, where my mother put on a spectacular show. She screamed and fell on the floor and cried and clawed her face and said she was going to die and it was all my fault. I didn't ask for the show, all I wanted was the eight fifty and she didn't have it. The fat detective and I were momentarily united by our mutual embarrassment. When I asked Roland for the money, saying I would do anything for him if he gave it to me, he merely turned his back on me. He said it would serve me right if I went to jail for a while, because I was and always would be a moral criminal. Then he went back to his reading. I could have killed them both right on the spot.

I THOUGHT I was a goner. Outside my house the detective and I paused on the steps and he waited for me to tell him where we should go next for the money. But all I could do was stare stupidly into the street and wish I were dead. Everything in the world seemed suddenly to have deserted me, my life stretched out behind me, there was nothing ahead.

"I haven't got all year, boy," he said, nudging me. "And you ain't either."

I wanted to tell him, all right, let's go to jail; I'm licked. But as a final long shot, I thought of scouting the section of the park. We drove there quickly in the detective's car, and he waited in it while I went in bars and poolrooms and searched street corners for someone I might know. I had just about given up when I saw Renny standing in a dark doorway facing the street. He was dead drunk and he was laughing to himself.

"If it isn't old Yogi," he said, reaching out his hand to me and drawing me in. "Yogi, you look bad. You look like you're running your last lap. You know something, Yogi? All day I've had the feeling that you would come looking for me. No crap. I'm prophetic about these things. And goddamn if you aren't here. And I know just what you want, Yogi, my frazzle-assed friend. You want some money to get back that jewelry, don't you?"

"Listen, Renny," I fairly screamed, grabbing his arm. "I'll pay it back to you in a week, honest to God I will. You've got to lend it to me. I'll go to jail if you don't, Renny. These ----- want to take me out of circulation. Please, for God's sake, lend it to me. You'll get it back. You know you will."

All this time the detective was standing near the curb blandly watching us, and from time to time looking wearily at his wrist watch. I didn't have much time left.

Renny swayed drunkenly in the doorway and smiled grotesquely. "Weep no more, Yogi, weep no more today. I'll let you have the lousy money and you can tell that police bug to shove it. But let this be a lesson to you. In the future don't pull any jobs with guys like Bobo. Stay away from the cretins and the cowards. Remember that, Yogi boy, and you will be an unmitigated success in this world."

I grabbed the money from his hand, and walked quickly to the curb and shoved it at the inspector. Redemption: price, eight fifty. It was a bargain that would never repeat itself. The inspector smiled and shook his head. "You guys," he said. He walked to his car, but before he got in it he turned to me and said, "See you later, son."

"No you won't," I said.

"Oh yes I will."

"Toodle oo, inspector," Renny shouted.

I took Renny by the arm and said, "Let's go somewhere and sit down."

"No. Let's stand here for a minute and watch the people," he said. "Just for laughs. They kill me, Yogi."

"I can't do it," I said, and then I ran to the curb and threw up — threw up on humanity, threw up on my junkyard past and present and future. ▲

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation – also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal life.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a complete command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate, *just fill out and send the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain a command of English quickly and easily at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E8211, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet, How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

"I call it a bad day if I don't make $25 before noon"

(This chair alone brought $4.50 with twenty-five minutes work and 32¢ in cleaning materials.)

by Harold Holmes

"Just a few months ago I made the big move. I gave up my job and started spending all my time in the little business I had been running on the side. It wasn't an easy decision, but, now I'm tickled to death I made it. Not just because I'm my own boss or because I have an excellent chance of making over $10,000 this year. It goes deeper than that.

"You see, this idea has caught on like wildfire in my town. Not a day goes by without my phone ringing with women calling for appointments. The beauty of it is that once a woman becomes my customer, she calls back year after year. Not only that, she tells her friends, too, and they call me. Before I know it I'm swamped with work. (And at $7.50 an hour net profit it doesn't take long before my bank account is really mushrooming.)

"Funny thing, but back last year before I started, I never realized the money there was in this business waiting for someone to come along and collect it.

Concentrates On Better Homes

"Just think: every house in town has furniture and most have rugs or carpeting. I concentrate on just the better homes and have more work than I can handle. You know why? Because women are fussy about their furnishings. Can't stand to see them dirty. That's why they call me over every year.

"The average job is worth $25.00 to me and takes a little over 2 hours. Out of this, after paying for materials, advertising and other expenses I net about $15.00 clear profit. This means I need just 3 jobs a day to clear $11,250.00 in a year. Frankly, since this will be my first full-time year I'll be glad to hit the $10,000 mark. But after that this business should grow larger each year until I have to hire men to help me handle the business.

Trained by Another Dealer

"Believe me there's nothing magic about it. I didn't know a thing about cleaning home furnishings before I became a Duraclean dealer. But after my application was accepted I was trained right in town by a successful dealer from another city.

"I was astonished by the short time it took me to become an expert. Actually, much of the credit must go to the Duraclean process, which is so safe it has earned the Parents' Magazine Seal.

"The portable machine you see is just one of the electrical machines I use. It manufactures a light aerated foam with a peculiar action chemists call 'peptizing'. It means that instead of being scrubbed deep into the fabric, dirt is gently ABSORBED by the foam, leaving the fabric clean all the way down.

"Women can't believe their eyes when they see how it works. Colors appear bright again, and rug pile unmats and rises like new.

"I don't have to soak rugs or upholstery to get them clean, which ends the problem of shrinkage, and means the furnishings can be used again the very same day. This alone has brought me a lot of customers.

Offers Five Different Services

"As a Duraclean dealer I make money with four other services, too: ***Duraproof*** . . which makes furnishings immune to moth and carpet beetle damage (it's backed by a six year warranty). ***Durashield,*** a brand new dirt-delaying treatment. It coats fabrics with an invisible film that keeps dirt out. ***Duraguard,*** another new service, flameproofs draperies, upholstery and carpets to reduce charring and the tendency of fires to flame up. And ***Spotcraft,*** which consists of special chemical products for removing stubborn spots and stains. On jobs where I perform all five services, I multiply profits!

"One of the nicest things about being a Duraclean dealer is that whenever I need help—whether it concerns advertising, lining up local retailers as agents, keeping business records, almost anything at all—I can write or phone Headquarters and I get prompt, expert guidance. They maintain a staff of experts who are going "all out" to make my business a success. My services are nationally-advertised in famous magazines like McCall's, House Beautiful and many others. I also get a complete advertising kit prepared by experts. (There's even a musical commercial!) I get a monthly magazine full of methods to build business and I can meet with other dealers at Duraclean conventions. I'm also backed by insurance. In fact there are over 25 regular services I get under their unique System.

Operates From Home

"Maybe you too would like to break away from your job and make a fresh start in a business of your own. Do you need a shop? Certainly not. I operate from home. Need a lot of money to start? Not at all. Duraclean finances reliable men, after a moderate down payment, and furnishes enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

"You get everything you need: equipment, supplies, advertising matter, personal training, and regular help from Headquarters. To get all the details, just fill out the coupon. There's no obligation and you can *decide for yourself.* I'll say one thing: if you DO become a Duraclean dealer, you'll be glad for the rest of your life that you took time today to write."

Irl H. Marshall, Jr., International Headquarters
Desk 8-F2N 839 Waukegan Avenue, Deerfield, Ill.

IRL H. MARSHALL, Jr., International Headquarters
Desk 8-F2N 839 Waukegan Avenue, Deerfield, Ill.

I'm interested in owning my own business. Please send illustrated booklets and full details FREE outlining the Duraclean Dealership Program and territory arrangement.

Name.....
Please print

Address.....County.....

City.....State.....

"He Made Me Feel Like A Bride Again"

A dramatization posed by professional models.

IT'S hard for me to believe that a few weeks ago I actually thought about leaving my husband! He had become so nervous and irritable — so cross with the children and me that there was just no living with him. He was always "too tired" to do anything — too run-down to have fun with his family. Even our children were puzzled and hurt by his week-in, week-out grumpiness. Frankly we bickered and fought so much I thought our marriage was over.

When Jim finally went to our family doctor, the examination proved there was nothing really wrong. The doctor said Jim's condition was merely caused by an easily corrected *nutritional deficiency* in his diet. You can imagine how shocked *I* was to discover that even though Jim was well-fed, he was actually poorly *nourished* due to a lack of vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors.

Just when things looked blackest, we learned about the famous Vitasafe Plan through an ad in our newspaper. It told how other people with Jim's condition had been helped by taking just one Vitasafe Capsule a day. Naturally, we sent for a trial month's supply. What a difference it has made! Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules have helped him snap back with increased vigor and vim. I'm so happy, I feel *like a bride* again! Perhaps someone in *your* family feels tired and run-down because of a nutritional deficiency. Why don't you take advantage *right now* of this sensational trial offer as we did?

25¢ *just to help cover shipping expenses of this*

FREE 30 days supply HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, VITAMINS and MINERALS

Safe nutritional formula containing 27 proven ingredients: Glutamic Acid, Choline, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoid, 11 Vitamins (including blood-building B-12 and Folic Acid) plus 11 Minerals.

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitasafe Plan . . . we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C, and D . . . *five times* the minimum adult requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the *full concentration* recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12 — one of the most remarkable nutrients science has yet discovered—a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

Glutamic Acid, an important protein derived from natural wheat gluten, is also included in Vitasafe Capsules. And to top off this exclusive formula, each capsule now brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE FOR MEN CONTAINS

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Niacin Amide	40 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Glutamic Acid	50 mg.	Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Calcium	75 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Phosphorus	58 mg.
		Iron	30 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	2 mcg.	Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE.

CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

WHY YOU MAY NEED THESE SAFE HIGH-POTENCY CAPSULES

As your own doctor will tell you, scientists have discovered that not only is a daily minimum of vitamins and minerals, in one form or another, absolutely indispensable for proper health . . . but some people actually need *more* than the average daily requirements established by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. If you tire easily . . . if you work under pressure, subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains . . . then you may be one of the people who needs this extra supply of vitamins. In that case, VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES may be "just what the doctor ordered" —because they contain *the most frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category!*

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! When you use VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be sure you're getting exactly what the label states . . . *pure* ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and again!

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY — FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES for just one reason. So many persons have already tried them with such astounding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of improved well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! A month's supply of similar vitamin capsules, if it were available at retail, would ordinarily cost $5.00.

AMAZING PLAN SLASHES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF

With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. *You are under no obligation to buy anything!* If after taking your free capsules for three weeks you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the handy postcard that comes with your free supply and that will end the matter. Otherwise it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of capsules *on time* for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only $2.78 per month — *a saving of 45%* — Mail coupon now!

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN

Women may also suffer from lack of pep, energy and vitality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a lady in your house, you will do her a favor by bringing this announcement to her attention. Just have her check the "Woman's Formula" box in the coupon.

© 1958 Vitasafe Corp.

FILL OUT THIS NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

VITASAFE CORP. F-41
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the Vitasafe Plan as advertised in Man's Magazine.

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high-potency Vitasafe Capsules as checked below:

☐ Man's Formula ☐ Woman's Formula

I ENCLOSE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for packing and postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per person.

IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.
(Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.)

Mail Coupon To **VITASAFE CORPORATION,**
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N.Y.

or when in New York visit the VITASAFE PHARMACY, 1860 Broadway at Columbus Circle

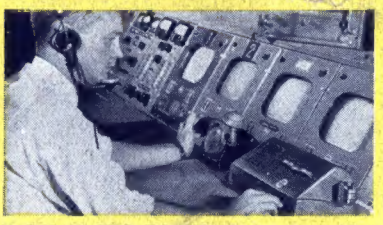
IN CANADA: 394 Symington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario

Learn Radio-Television

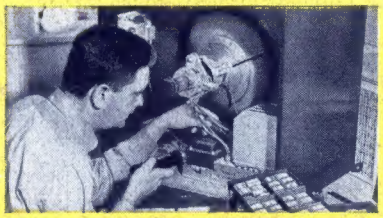
Servicing or Communications

by Practicing at Home in Spare Time

N.R.I. SENDS kits with which you practice building circuits common to Radio and TV sets. You LEARN-BY-DOING to locate Radio-TV troubles. As part of N.R.I. Servicing Course, you build Vacuum Tube Voltmeter and AC-DC receiver. Use VTVM to conduct experiments, earn extra money fixing sets in spare time.



RADIO-TV BROADCASTING (see above) offers important positions as Operators and Technicians. RADIO-TV SERVICING Technicians (see below) needed in every community. Their services are respected, their skill appreciated.



Fast Growing Field Offers You Good Pay, Success, Bright Future

J. E. SMITH
Founder

Bigger than ever and still growing fast. That's why Radio-TV has special appeal to ambitious men not satisfied with their job and earnings. More than 4,000 Radio and TV stations. More than 150 million home and auto Radios, 40 million TV sets. Color TV promises added opportunities. For the trained man, there are good jobs, bright futures in Radio-TV Servicing or Broadcasting.

Training PLUS opportunity is the *ideal combination* for success. So plan *now* to get into Radio-TV. The technical man is looked up to. He does important work, gets good pay for it. Radio-Television offers that kind of work. NRI can supply training quickly, without expense of going away to school. Keep your job while training. You learn at home in your spare time. NRI is the OLDEST and LARGEST home study Radio-TV school. Its methods have proved successful for more than 40 years.

Added Income Soon - $10, $15 a Week in Spare Time

Soon after enrolling, many NRI students start to earn $10, $15 a week in spare time fixing sets. Some pay for their training and enjoy extra luxuries this way. Some make enough to start their own Radio-TV shops. NRI training is *practical*—gets quick results. Easy to understand, well illustrated lessons teach you basic principles. And you LEARN-BY-DOING by practicing with kits of equipment which "bring to life" things you study.

Find Out What NRI Offers

NRI has trained thousands for successful careers in Radio-TV. Study fast or slow—as you like. Diploma when you graduate. Mail coupon now. Paste it on a postcard or mail in envelope. ACTUAL LESSON FREE. Also 64 page catalog that shows opportunities, shows equipment you get. Cost of NRI courses low. Easy terms. **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 8ME7, Washington16, D. C.**

N.R.I. TRAINED THESE MEN FOR SUCCESS

"I was repairing Radios by 10th lesson. Now have good TV job." M. R. LINDEMUTH, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Doing spare time repairs on Radio and TV. Soon servicing full time." CLYDE HIGGINS, Waltham, Mass.

"I had a successful Radio repair shop. Now I'm Engineer for WHPE." V.W.WORKMAN, High Point, N.C.

"There are a number of NRI graduates here. I can thank NRI for this job." JACK WAGNER, Lexington, N. C.

VETERANS Approved Under G.I. Bills

SEND FOR BOTH FREE

National Radio Institute
Dept. 8ME7, Washington 16, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name_____ Age___

Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL